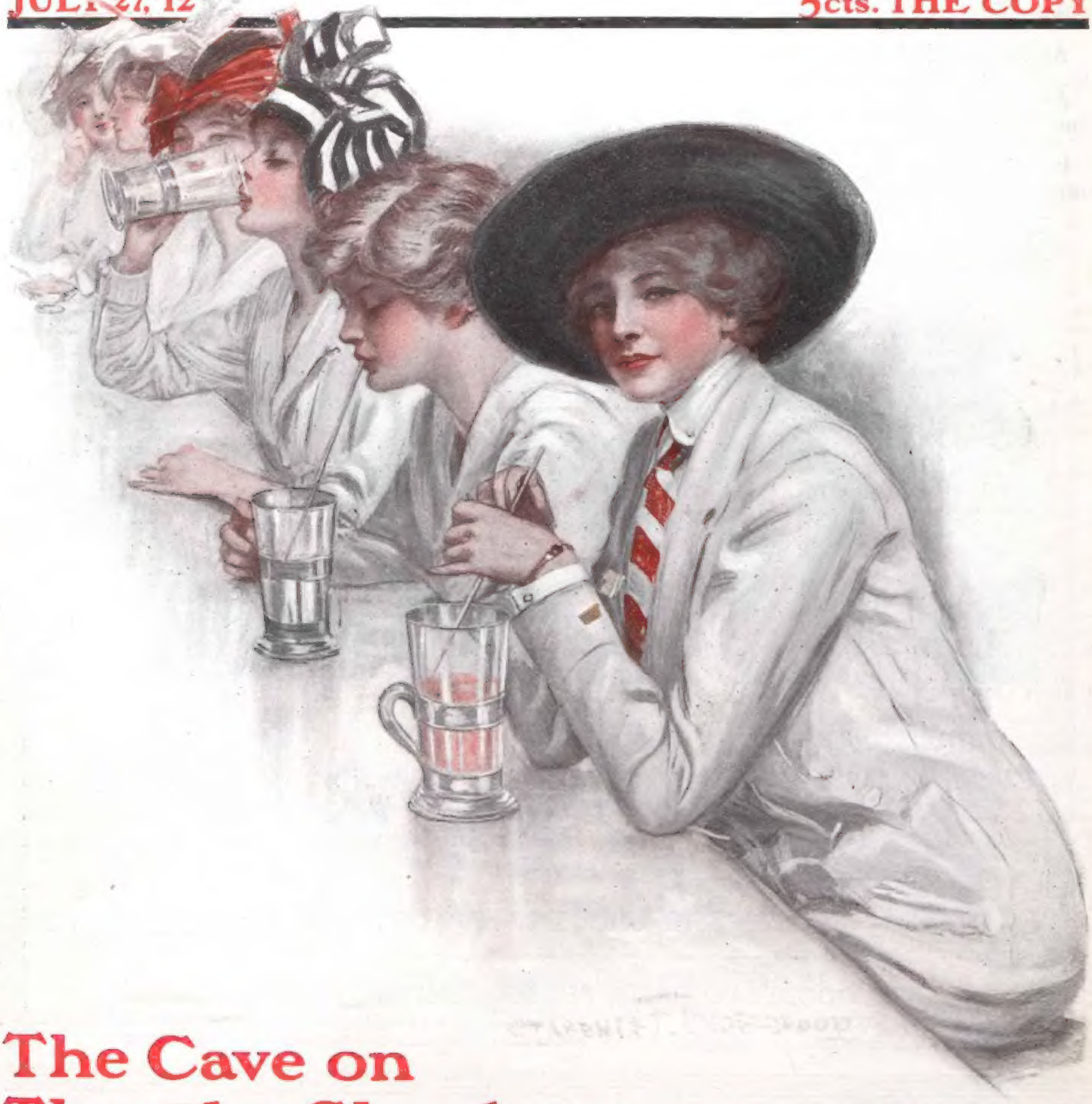
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 27, '12 — 5cts. THE COPY



The Cave on Thunder Cloud—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

In the 10-Year Race for Favor Here's the Tire That Won

In the first ten years of this 20th century came a race for supremacy in pneumatic tires.

All the leading makers were in it.

And all of us knew that the tire which won must excel all others in the test of use.

In the past three years came the verdict, in vivid, unmistakable terms.

In 1909 No-Rim-Cut tires began to be preferred. In 1910 the sale doubled. In 1911 it doubled again. So far this year it has trebled over last.

Now the most popular tire that the world ever knew is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

And now an output of nearly 100,000 tires monthly fails to keep pace with the call.

Voices the Verdict of Over 200,000

Over a million and a quarter of these premier tires have now gone into use.

They have been tested out on some 200,000 cars.

So the status today of No-Rim-Cut tires voices the verdict of 200,000 who have tried them out.

A verdict like that is too overwhelming for any tire user to question.

Six Times Larger Than in 1909

In the year 1909—our tenth year of tire making—we sold 105,127 Goodyear tires.

In the past twelve months our output has been 649,147 pneumatic automobile tires.

So the demand for these tires, since 1909, has more than multiplied six times over. It doubles now every few months.

These figures tell, in a vivid way, how users regard No-Rim-Cut tires.

How Goodyear Won

We brought to our factory years ago the best rubber experts we knew. And every year we've added to the corps.

To compare their ideas we built a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions.

Every new idea in formula or fabric, material or method, was put to the mileage test. And those which won were adopted.

Thus we compared 240 formulas and fabrics. Thus we compared every factory method. Thus we compared rival tires with our own.

As the years went by, in this ceaseless selection, Goodyear tires became better and better. At the end of ten years we had come close to finality in wear-resisting tires.

Rim-Cutting Ended

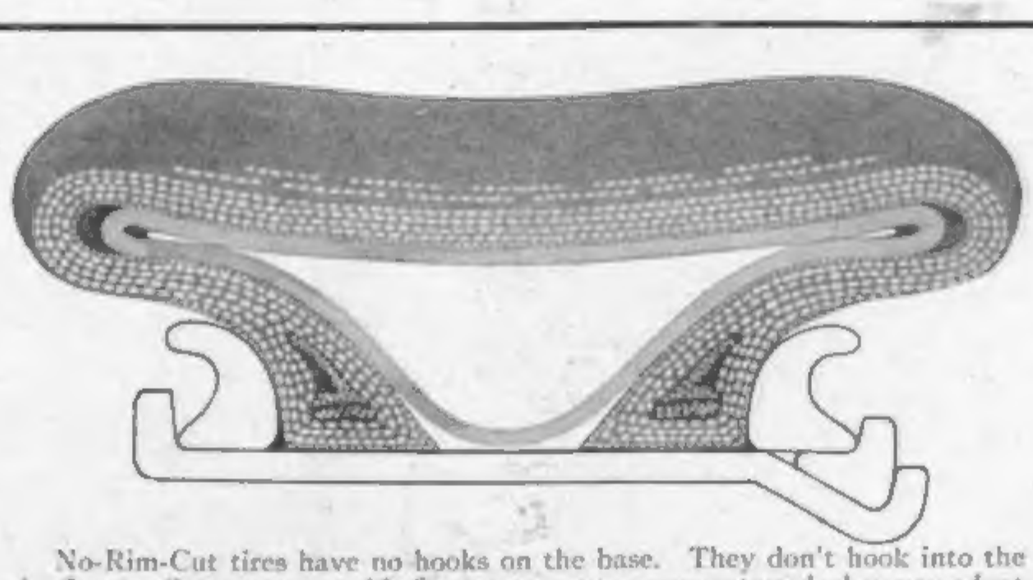
During this time we brought out our patent type of tire.

This type—the No-Rim-Cut type—makes rim-cutting forever impossible.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined old-type tires are rim-cut. And rim-cut ruin cannot be repaired.

This new-type tire saves that 23 per cent.

We control by patents the one way to make a practical tire of this type. So the multiplying demand for tires that can't rim-cut has centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.



No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They don't hook into the rim flange. So your removable flanges are set to curve outward when you adopt this tire. Just move them to the opposite sides.

Through the base of this tire run six flat bands of 126 braided wires. These make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can force it off the rim. But unlock a flange and the tire slips off like any quick-detachable.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

No-Rim-Cut Tires–10% Oversize

10% Oversize

Then we made these tires 10 per cent over the rated size. That meant 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. It saved the blow-outs due to overloading.

This 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 23 per cent to the tire mileage.

By these two features—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—we cut the average tire bills very materially.

Profit Reduced to 8½ Per Cent

These new-type tires, made oversize, cost more to build than old-type tires of just rated size. And Goodyear is the costliest quality that goes into tires.

Yet Goodyear prices have kept close to other standard tires.

As a result, our profit last year averaged 8⅓ per cent.

By giving most we have gotten most. Those are the only reasons why No-Rim-Cut tires now dominate in Tiredom.

And those are the reasons why you will employ them when you once find them out.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(604)

THE confident "know-how" of Firestone builders explains the confident security of Firestone users. The elimination of chance at the factory eliminates chance on the road.

The choice material of the world's choicest markets,—the highest skill of the world's most skilled tire builders, form the basis for Firestone extra mileage.

In all climates, on all roads, under every service condition, Firestone Tires have maintained supremacy for a period of 12 years.

Their Consistent Quality Has Established
Their Persistent Leadership

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY AKRON, OHIO—All Principal Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

CRISCO

For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Is superior to butter and lard and costs less

Crisco is superior for frying

—because:

It is strictly vegetable; it does not give food that greasy animal fat flavor.

It cooks food more quickly than lard, making the crust crisp and dry, and the inside light and wholesome.

It can be heated hot enough for frying without burning; no smoke in the kitchen, no specks on the food.

It has but a slight odor which is quite pleasant; no strong smell when cooking, no disagreeable odor to the food.

Crisco is superior for shortening

—because:

It mixes readily with the flour, requiring very little handling; makes pie crust tenderer and more flaky.

Its vegetable origin gives a more delicate flavor and makes the foods easier to digest. This is especially noticeable in hot biscuits, rolls and bread.

It is always the same; can be depended upon to bring you "good luck" every time.

Crisco is superior for cake making

—because:

It is richer than butter; butter is almost one-fifth water, Crisco is all shortening.

It contains nothing to dry out; the cake keeps twice as long.

Its delicate flavor and perfect color make white cake, for instance, seem like angel food.

Its absolute uniformity makes you surer of success than ever before.

Crisco costs less

—because:

It does not soak into foods frying in it; more remains for future use.

It absorbs no odors or flavors; the same Crisco can be used several times as often as the same lard.

It is so rich that it requires a fifth less than butter in cake making.

It does not spoil; none ever need be thrown away. In three words, *Crisco goes further.*

In addition to all these advantages Crisco costs less in the first place.

It come in packages containing 1½ pounds, 3 pounds, and 6 pounds net weight, exclusive of can, and the price per pound is less than that of pure lard and about half that of butter.

Whether you are using Crisco or not, send for this Cook Book

It tells why Crisco makes better foods at less cost and gives over 100 tested recipes showing the best way to use it.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., DEPT. K, CINCINNATI

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 27, 1912 Number 4

POST-MORTEM

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY HENRY J. JOULEN

What Happened at Chicago

WHAT happened at Chicago—the renomination of Taft and Sherman—was merely what was bound to happen in the natural course of political events. The performance never will be repeated. That was the last of the Republican National Conventions, historic because of that fact, typical of conventions for thirty years, but it was the closing demonstration of the Old Guard, the final display of the power of the machine.

There never will be another Republican National Convention like that. The next one in all probability will be only a ratification meeting, where the delegates assembled will vote for the man selected for them by the people in presidential preferential primaries, where the result will be known as soon as the primaries are over, and where the convention, instead of being a body gathered to make a choice, will be a body convened to express the choice of the people in the same manner the electoral college expresses the will of the people when it meets to complete the formalities of electing a president.

Republican National Conventions since the close of the Civil War have been machine conventions, each one in all essentials like the preceding one. The Republican National Committee really has been the convention, for, owing to the enormous power it has in making the temporary roll, it, in fact, is chief factor in the selection of the nominee. The course of the National Committee at Chicago was traditionally accurate. It was antagonistic to one leading candidate and favored another, not because of personal loyalty or because the committee's majority thought him the stronger candidate, but for purely selfish, personal, political, machine reasons. There was no patriotic or party consideration in the alignment for Taft by the committee, or a large majority of it. That alignment came because the Old Guard politicians, the followers of the old system, the members of the old machine, driven to their last stand, determined to hold all they could, to keep their individual grips on as much of the organization as they could save, and the only way they could hold anything was to use Taft as their medium. Not a man wanted to nominate Taft, but their kind of politics made Taft's nomination imperative, for the nomination of Roosevelt spelled ruin for them personally and politically, and they knew it. They preferred to name Taft and take the chances of defeat, rather than to name Roosevelt and take the chances of party victory but personal elimination.

The Machine's Defeat in Victory

REDUCED to its simplest terms, the Chicago convention was a contest between the men who controlled the machinery on the one hand, and the people on the other. The machine won—won by a narrow margin, and won because the people had not established a sufficient line of attack, but won nevertheless. In four years the people will have their forces—as put into operation by the extension of the primary system that is inevitable—sufficiently powerful in scope to make another national convention on the old lines an impossibility. The machine can never win again, for there never will be another machine.

No convention of the future will allow a national committee to decide contests or make up a temporary roll. No convention of the future will give the National Committee the power to say who shall and who shall not sit in the convention, thus making the committee virtually the president maker instead of the delegates chosen by the people. All that is over, gone. But—and here is the point superficial or excitable observers of political affairs in this country did not consider fully—this Taft and Sherman result was inevitable from the first, not because of any popular demand for Taft and Sherman, but because not sufficient states had primary laws to end the domination of the machine. Primary laws in two or three more states than those that had them would have made the nomination of Roosevelt sure, but those primary laws did not exist. Hence the machine retained control and all the machine methods were invoked, as it was certain they would be from the first and as I pointed out in these columns some months ago.

The Southern delegates were utilized. In reality Taft was nominated by delegates from states where no Republican majority ever has been obtained, and where in many instances there is no Republican vote worth mentioning. He was nominated by the force and power of Federal patronage, by the power of the place he holds, by the use of machine coercion and by machine domination, ruthless and expert. The delegates who voted for Taft didn't vote for Taft because they wanted Taft, but because the machine made them vote for Taft. The primary delegates were almost all for Roosevelt. Taft was nominated by the non-Republican South and by that portion of the North where the old order still prevails. Four years will bring in the new order in most of those Northern states, and then the negro delegate from the South will lose his importance, the machine will be out of business, and the presidential nominee will be the man who gets most popular support, not the man who has the organization with him.

The Real Issue of the Campaign of 1916

MOREOVER, it is doubtful if the Republican party of the past survives until another convention time. The old party is practically dead now. Instead of a compact, cohesive fighting force, it is hopelessly split along lines of radicalism and conservatism. In reality the Republican party is two parties, a radical party and a conservative party. The radicals are in the majority, and if they get a proper medium for expression of their opinions at the polls this will be shown clearly in November. Whether they do or not, the time is coming when the radical Republicans will join with the radical Democrats and form a country-wide radical party, thus giving the conservatives the option of combining, or being reduced to non-representative, factional minorities. Republicanism and Democracy, as described by those terms, are dead and almost buried. The real issue in this country is radicalism against conservatism, and that issue will be met, in part at least, in this campaign. In some future campaign it will be met squarely, for the division is coming.

The Chicago convention showed this clearly. It proved the advent of the new order by the appearance of new men and the invoking of new principles, and it proved also the decadence of the Republican party as it has been. An illustration was the preliminary to the first session. Imagine a Republican National Convention where not only most of the Republican leaders for the past three decades were absent, but where the majority of the delegates did not know, by sight even, those who were present. Think of a Republican National Convention where the best that could be done in the way of convention machine leadership was Jim Watson and Sereno E. Payne and William O'Connell Bradley. Consider a party in such straits on the machine side that there

was no other one man, aside from Taft, who could be brought into the arena as a machine alternative candidate. Think of the depths to which the organization of the party that has only been defeated twice in presidential elections since 1860 has fallen when, after canvassing its entire strength, no man could be found to replace a candidate distinctly unpopular, not only with the people but with the organization itself. They worked for weeks trying to produce another candidate, and the only results were Mr. Justice Hughes, who wouldn't let them make a joke of him, and Charles Warren Fairbanks.

The day of the old bosses is over. The day of national committee domination is past. New methods and new men are rapidly succeeding the old, and the people will presently get an opportunity to divide along natural lines instead of being held to illogical and oppressive political affiliations by the fetish of party.

The Last Stand of the Old Guard

BUT that is of the future. What happened at Chicago deserves explanation, not only because the proceedings were interesting and instructive, but because they were typical of the past and of much historic value as illustrating the last organized stand, in a big way, of the exponents of the politics of the old days. Unpopular, in a general sense, as the work of the Old Guard may have been, it won admiration for its expertness, its courage, its dogged determination, its use of every available resource to gain its end, and its indifference to what the bulk of the Republican party demanded, or seemed to demand, when set alongside the political, personal exigencies of the situation. The Old Guardsters were in the last ditch and they knew it. They were fighting their final fight and they knew that. They came to Chicago determined to put Taft over, and they put him over, and they were content with the fruits of that victory and went home flushed with that success and careless of the future. They won their fight. They preserved their rusty, creaking machine, their relic of the palmy days, and they put what they had done up to the people without apology or excuse. They had nerve, those organization men, and they proved it.

To begin at the beginning, it has been apparent for three years that Mr. Taft, as president, commands no popular support, nor any real, loyal, Republican organization support. Since Mr. Taft has been president the Republican party has been shot all to pieces, and when the actual work of organization for the renomination of Taft began the machine leaders were lukewarm to Taft, but for him because there was nobody else in sight. So long as two years ago the big men in the party had foreseen defeat with Taft in 1912, owing to the popular revolt as typed in the congressional and state elections, and for other reasons; but they saw no way of choosing another candidate, because they knew a repudiation of Taft by the organization that nominated and elected him in 1908 was a repudiation of the Republican party.

It was very true the people had in a large measure repudiated the Republican party, but the organization could not do that, as an organization, for political if for no more patriotic reasons.

The organization men acquiesced in the renomination of Taft. Taft demanded it as his right, and they were content to let him have it. At first there seemed to be no opposition, except the non-machine opposition and grumbling of the people, which the machinists did not take into account. It was the general opinion Taft would be renominated and defeated. Then, last February, Roosevelt came into the field. That changed the entire situation. Instead of being a perfunctory task, the renomination of Taft immediately became a battle. Roosevelt got off badly, but with the Illinois and Pennsylvania primaries showed such strength that for a time the Taft program seemed impossible. However, Roosevelt's strength, though apparently overwhelming in the primary states, was really more spectacular than substantial in denoting the concrete sentiment in the Republican party, except as to Taft himself, for only about forty per cent of the Republican vote came out in the primaries, and not more than thirty or thirty-five per cent in some states. Still, the Roosevelt strength came out, and the Taft strength did not, if there was any Taft strength.

The situation when the National Committee met in Chicago on June sixth to consider contests was terrifying to the organization leaders. Roosevelt was, by a great majority of the votes cast in the primary states, the choice of the people for president. Taft's strength in the convention was largely in states where no Republican electoral votes can be secured. The Old Guard knew if Roosevelt were nominated it meant the end of the Old Guard. Every one of them would be out of business, politically, for all time. They resented this. All of them hate Roosevelt, have hated him for years, and his fight for the nomination at Chicago intensified that hate. They did not care for Taft either, these men of the Old Guard, but they preferred Taft to Roosevelt a hundred ways. They were not pro-Taft. They were anti-Roosevelt; and that is the way the two opposing factions lined up when the fight began.

The National Committee is appointed by the National Convention. At the close of each convention the state delegations, having caucused on the matter, hand in the names of the men to represent them on the committee for the next four years. Thus the life of the committee runs from the end of one convention to the end of the next. This National Committee was appointed at the end of the convention of 1908, where Taft, by the expert aid of Mr. Roosevelt, was nominated, and it was in full power until the end of the convention this year. As soon as Roosevelt became formidable a poll of the committee was taken—a real, heart-to-heart, stand-by-forever poll—and the Taft or old-organization men verified what they knew: Taft had a good working majority on the committee, ranging from thirty-three to thirty-eight out of the total fifty-three members.

The chief work of the full committee, prior to a convention, is to make up a temporary roll of delegates and to designate a temporary organization. The temporary roll is in reality the backbone of the convention, for, though it is referred to the credentials committee for final verification, it usually stands as the committee makes it, for the very good reason that the men on the temporary roll have the selection of the members of the credentials committee that will pass on the temporary roll and make it permanent. Men who want to sit in the convention may be relied upon to put men on the credentials committee who will keep them there.

The Strategy of the Contests

FROM the start Roosevelt's campaign was divided into two sections. The first was the personal appeal against the bosses, made by Roosevelt in the states where there were primaries; and the second was the institution of contests in states where the Taft men had control, mainly in the South and in states that have not yet adopted the primary plan of selecting delegates. Considerably over two hundred contests were made by the Roosevelt managers, not because they had any great hope of winning that number of delegates before a pro-Taft National Committee, but for the political reason that in the tables of claimed delegates it was far better for the Roosevelt cause to cut the Taft strength down by claiming contests than to allow the full Taft strength to be shown in the tables as contrasted to the full Roosevelt strength. For example, the people, not being particularly wise on political manipulation, would be held in line better by a table that claimed 100 delegates for Taft and 127 for Roosevelt and 150 contested than by a table that showed 250 for Taft and 127 for Roosevelt.

Many of the Roosevelt contests were instituted for this reason only. They were admittedly political, and not based on fact or on hope of ultimate recognition by the committee. When it was all simmered down, the Roosevelt people claimed that only eighty or ninety delegates were seated by the committee for Taft who should have been for Roosevelt. The rest of the contests were bogus and merely for effect.

Legitimate contests aside, leaving out of consideration those delegations where there was an argument of fact, neither Taft nor Roosevelt had a sure majority of the convention when the National Committee began its work. Neither Taft nor Roosevelt had the 540 sure votes required to nominate. Thus the job of the Taft men was to secure enough of the doubtful ones and the job of the Roosevelt

men was exactly similar. Moreover, there was another job, made imperative by the situation, and that job was not only to obtain delegates but to retain them. Taft men were after Roosevelt delegates and the doubtful ones, and Roosevelt men were after Taft men and the doubtful ones. One cause for all the uncertainty that existed in the early stages of the fight was that, though the Taft men knew—they thought—how many of the Roosevelt delegates they had secured, they had no means of knowing how many Taft delegates the Roosevelt men had captured. The Roosevelt men were in similar case.

The committee began hearing contests two weeks before the convention. It was early apparent what would happen. The first and strongest efforts of the organization leaders had been on the members of the committee. They were stiffened up in every available way. They were shown how desperate were the straits of the machine, and that it was absolutely necessary for Taft to be given all the contests, else Taft would fail of renomination and the machine would be smashed.

Right here the Old Guard came into full operation. They were in desperate straits and they used desperate measures. They put the clamps on every old-line committeeman and held them there. The machine was oiled and geared and manned by good, hard-headed politicians. It was put in motion and it never stopped once. Taft delegates were seated in almost every instance. The Roosevelt men cried fraud and treason and all that, but the Taft men never wavered. They had a job of work to do and they did it, and—as was shown by the result—they did it successfully, not because they cared for Taft, but because they had a very tender regard for themselves and their own organizations and their own political lives.

How The Colonel Was Put on the Defensive

COINCIDENTALLY with the arrival of the National Committee the leaders for Taft and Roosevelt moved to Chicago and opened their headquarters. The selection of Senator Elihu Root, of New York, for temporary chairman, had been announced by the sub-committee on arrangements, and the Roosevelt men had protested. Thus it was clear that the first fight would come on Root, and that the result of that fight would show, in a way at least, the full strength of the opposing forces, though not in a final way—for it was soon discovered that some of the Roosevelt delegates would not follow their leader in his opposition to Root, but would vote for the Senator, and vote for Roosevelt later.

Speaking of Roosevelt, some days before the convention met and before Roosevelt went to Chicago, Mr. Taft said he knew that eventually in the contest Roosevelt would lose his head, and that his downfall would begin at that moment. Taft said that, in his opinion, Roosevelt's opposition to Root was the time when he lost his head. A good many politicians agree with Mr. Taft in this diagnosis, for the election of Root for temporary chairman by the convention was the first and hardest body blow the Roosevelt forces had. Roosevelt could not rally his full strength against Root and, even with his tremendous popularity, could not make negligible his former enthusiastic indorsements of Root. Root's selection was the best politics of the entire struggle, for it put Roosevelt on the defensive—a position in which he does not shine.

Each side had swarms of so-called leaders, but the men who did most for Taft were Senators Penrose and Crane, Harry S. New, former Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, and William Barnes, Junior, of New York. Many of the old-line politicians helped, and Chairman McKinley, of course, continued his functions—but these men were the backbone of the Taft forces. Before Roosevelt came Senator Dixon, who ran the preliminary Roosevelt campaign, was in command, and with him—or in reality not with him but about him, each in his own sphere—were Governor Hiram Johnson and Francis J. Heney, of California, the rest of the seven governors, James R. Garfield, George W. Perkins, Frank A. Munsey, former Senator A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana, Senator Borah, of Idaho, Governor Hadley, of Missouri, William Flinn, the new boss of Pennsylvania, E. A. Van Valkenburg, the Philadelphia editor, William R. Nelson, the Kansas City editor, Gifford Pinchot, and many other militant gentlemen, to say nothing of Bill Ward and Tim Woodruff, of New York, who were present in a band-wagon capacity and hovered round the Roosevelt outfit ready to annex any glory that might come.

There were dozens of others on each side—dozens of men who thought they thought deep thoughts and who plotted crafty plots; but these were the principals in each cast, excepting, of course, the star performer of them all—The Colonel. There was a lack of harmony on each side, but the Taft men held closer together than the Roosevelt men. The trouble with that combination was that it had too many stars. Too many of them wanted the star dressing room and the center of the stage all the time. And at moments when some of them secured the center of the stage it was proved conclusively that instead of being stars they belonged in the rear rank of the chorus.

When the Taft people got into their stride in committee they allowed nothing to stop them, brushed all opposition aside, and made it clear that it was their intention to seat all Taft delegates, with not more than half a dozen possible exceptions. Senator Dixon had been yelling fraud at the top of his voice for several weeks, and he emitted a series of amazing whoops over this procedure.

A Piece of Bad Stage Management

MEANTIME Francis J. Heney, appearing before the committee for various Roosevelt contestants, had been so bitter in his speeches that the Taft men were sore and angry, and more than ever determined to put through their program. The era of ill feeling had begun. What the Roosevelt people said of the Taft people was only limited by the vocabulary of each speaker, and the Taft people used up all the words they had and invented new ones in order adequately to stigmatize the Roosevelt people. They yammered at one another, and shook fists, and applied epithets and made charges until it seemed possible that all of them would be stowed away in padded cells before the final week had passed.

Roosevelt's coming to Chicago was the first of Roosevelt's two big mistakes. He gained nothing and lost much by coming. If it was necessary for him to come at all he chose the wrong time. What he should have done, when he found he must come, was to wait a few days and then stampede across the country and arrive at the convention at some crucial moment—say during the fight on the temporary chairmanship—demand the platform, make a speech and carry the crowd with him.

He came too soon. The people and the delegates were used to him by the time the convention opened. What he said after the first day of his stay was anti-climax. There was a psychological condition in that convention on the first day that he might have forced into a nomination, provided he had been fresh on the job instead of four days present, with every speech and denunciation a twice-told tale. After you call a band of men traitors and thieves and bandits and highwaymen once, you cannot go much farther in denunciation, and the accusations stale and lose their force with repetition. Instead of making his big speech in Chicago from the balcony of the hotel on Saturday, he should have made it in the convention about two o'clock on the following Tuesday afternoon. Then it would have amounted to something more than yells of "We want Teddy!" by the crowd. The crowds have few votes in conventions. And the delegates were bored by his vehemence the opening day.

On the Sunday before the convention both sides were scared stiff. Each side realized the other side might have something in reserve, and each side knew deep down that its own position was not secure. Sunday was the day when Roosevelt was nearest to victory. On that day the secret, inside, confidential, brass-tacks poll of the Taft people showed they had but a majority of two votes for Taft. Just two votes, and no more, out of a total of 1078. Then is when the compromise talk was strongest. A good many of the weak-kneed on both sides, basing their lack of nerve on for-the-sake-of-the-party reasons, talked of a third man.

A compromise might have been made, provided both sides had mentioned the matter at the same time. It would have been fatal for the Taft people officially to propose a compromise to the Roosevelt people, because the minute the proposition was made the Roosevelt people would have gone screaming down the corridors, yelling: "They're weakening! They're weakening!" And it would have been the same the other way about. Various tentative discussions were held between the Roosevelt people and the Taft people—unofficially, of course—but when the Taft people were worst scared Roosevelt would not listen to compromise talk, and when the Roosevelt people thought compromise might be a good thing—not The Colonel, but some of his satellites—the Taft people had regained their nerve.

Another trouble with compromise was the lack of material with which to compromise. After raking both wings of the party assiduously, the possible compromise list came to this: Mr. Justice Hughes, Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa; Senator W. E. Borah, of Idaho; Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana; with Robert T. Lincoln and L. Y. Sherman casually mentioned. Cummins and Borah were held to be progressive enough to suit the Roosevelt people, and not so all-fired progressive that the old-liners couldn't vote for them. Crane and Penrose, knowing Cummins, thought well of him, if it came to a case of force. Later Governor Hadley's name was brought in, but that is all it amounted to, except that Hadley inherited a big Roosevelt demonstration on the second day in his capacity as Roosevelt floor-leader.

The really fine work of the Taft men began on Sunday before the convention. Up to that time they had been skirmishing and trying out and getting information. They had decided that if Roosevelt came to Chicago it would help them. And when the Taft men looked over the situation after a day of Roosevelt in Chicago they saw he hadn't helped himself any, and probably had hurt himself. So with that out of the way they went at it in regular machine style.

Now it must not be thought the Taft people had any monopoly of machine methods or any monopoly of machine politicians. Affiliated with the Roosevelt combination were some very practical politicians, such as Flinn and Dixon and Bill Ward and various others, who know the game as well as Crane and Penrose and Barnes. Each side had all the money that was necessary. The struggle was to get the colored brother for Roosevelt against the effort to keep him in line for Taft. In reality the nomination of this candidate for president, by a party that has been in power—except eight years—since 1860, was determined by a handful of negro delegates and a handful of white delegates from states that cast no Republican vote worth computing and where there can be no Republican electoral vote.

It isn't necessary to go into details as to how these delegates were obtained or how they were retained. It is sufficient to say the inducements were powerful enough to bring about the desired result. Each side had scouts out, scores and hundreds of them, working with doubtful delegates, and each side, while claiming victory, was privately frightened almost to nervous prostration.

The Roosevelt threat of a bolt was used, but it did not change the situation, except that it had a bad reflex effect on Roosevelt. There were a good many delegates there who were for Roosevelt in the convention, but who would not go out of the convention with him, and that was soon made apparent to Roosevelt and his workers. In fact, after the first day Colonel Roosevelt had hard work to hold what he had before he came.

A Delicate Situation

THE Taft people got their nerve back on Monday. A meeting of the real men was held and it was decided there was nothing to do but to name Taft. Not a man in the meeting felt Taft can be elected, but they considered it a greater accomplishment to stop Roosevelt than to try to find a man on whom both sides could unite. Still they were justified, for the fight was then at such a stage that neither side could give in an inch. It was a most delicate situation. A mistake on either side might have made the victory certain for the other.

The Taft men apportioned the work and divided the delegates into compact little bodies. Trusty men mounted guard on each body. They were watched night and day. Then the most vigorous efforts were made to round up enough to swell that majority of two into one of fifteen or twenty. The panic was over. The Taft men had got hold of themselves and the machine was working steadily. All they had to do was to hold what they had. On the day the convention met the inside figures showed 555 votes for Taft, safe and sure, and that was the number Mr. Taft had on the supreme test. Also that shows how perfectly the machine knew its business, and how narrow was its margin between victory and deadlock. Still, fifteen majority is as good as fifteen hundred, as the machine looks at it. Enough is sufficient.

Roosevelt made no headway. He couldn't subtract from that 555 of Taft's. After the arrival of The Colonel every one of the former leaders became a lieutenant—he was the real leader. He worked harder than all of them put together. He received delegates, talked to them, issued pronunciamentos and directed strategy. His headquarters were constantly crowded with excited, shouting, gesticulating men, and his nightly conferences with his lieutenants were full of sound and fury. However, The Colonel was under no delusions after Monday. He knew the Taft people had enough votes to control the convention, and he knew he couldn't get any of that stanch 555 away. He knew he was beaten, but he kept it up until the end, asserting that 80 of the 555 Taft delegates were fraud-tainted, and that he would respect no affirmative action taken by the convention if they sat in it.

Every sort of political machine pressure was brought to bear on the Taft delegates to hold them steady. They were rounded up by the politicians on the ground and commanded by the politicians at home by telegraph and letter, all instigated by the Taft leaders in Chicago. Promises of all kinds were made and not a bet was overlooked. Meantime there began to come to the various delegation leaders from all parts of the country hundreds and thousands of telegrams from men not politicians, but Republicans, demanding that both Taft and Roosevelt be thrown overboard and the party saved from wreck by the selection of a third man. This movement was about half spontaneous and half engineered by advocates of possible compromises. It was too late. The Taft men couldn't compromise and the Roosevelt men wouldn't. So it settled to a

(Concluded on Page 36)

The Cave on Thunder Cloud

BEING THE TRUE STORY OF AGGIE'S MISSIONARY DIME

Aggie said the Cordial Had Gone to Her Head and She Could Go No Farther

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IT IS doubtful if Aggie and I would have known anything about Tish's plan had Aggie not seen the advertisement in the newspaper. She came to my house at once in violent excitement and with her bonnet over her ear, and gave me the newspaper clipping to read. It said:

"Wanted: A small donkey. Must be gentle, female, and if possible answer to the name of Modestine. Address X 27, Morning News."

"Well?" I said when I had read it, "did you insert the advertisement or do you propose to answer it?"

Aggie was preparing to take a drink of water, but, the water being cold and the weather warm, she was dabbing a little on her wrists first to avoid colic. She looked up at me in surprise.

"Do you mean to say, Lizzie," she demanded, "that you don't recognize that advertisement?"

"Modestine?" I reflected. "I've heard the name before somewhere. Didn't Tish have a cook once named Modestine?"

But it seemed that that was not it. Aggie sat down opposite me and took off her bonnet. Although it was only the first of May, the weather, as I have said, was very warm.

"To think," she said heavily, "that all the time while I was reading it aloud to her when she was laid up with neuralgia she was scheming and planning and never saying a word to me! Not that I would have gone; but I could have sent her mail to her, and at least have notified the authorities if she had disappeared."

"Reading what aloud to her—her mail?" I asked sharply.

"Travels with a Donkey," Aggie replied. "Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey. It isn't safe to read anything aloud to Tish any more. The older she gets the worse she is. She thinks that what any one else has done she can go and do. If she should read a book on poultry-farming she would think she could teach a young hen to lay an egg."

As Aggie spoke a number of things came back to me. I recalled that the Sunday before, in church, Tish had appeared absorbed and even more devout than usual, and had taken down the headings of the sermon on her missionary envelope; but that, on my leaning over to see if she had them correctly, she had whisked the paper away before I had had more than time to see the first heading. It had said "Rubber Heels."

Aggie was pacing the floor nervously, holding the empty glass.

"She's going on a walking tour with a donkey, that's what, Lizzie," she said, pausing before me. "I could see it sticking out all over her while I read that book. And if we go to her now and tax her with it she'll admit it. But if she says she is doing it to get thin don't you believe it."

That was all Aggie would say. She shut her lips and said she had come for my recipe for caramel custard. But when I put on my wraps and said I was going to Tish's she said she would come along.

Tish lives in an apartment, and she was not at home. Miss Swift, the seamstress, opened the door and stood in the doorway so we could not enter.

"I'm sorry, Miss Aggie and Miss Lizzie," she said, putting out her left elbow as Aggie tried to duck by her; "but she left positive orders to admit nobody. Of course if she had known you were coming—but she didn't."

"What are you making Miss Letitia?" Aggie asked sweetly. "Summer clothes?"

"Yes. Some little thin things—it's getting so hot!"

"Humph! I see you are making them with an upholsterer's needle!" said Aggie, and marched down the hall with her head up.

I was quite bewildered. For even if Tish had decided on a walking tour I couldn't imagine what an upholsterer's needle had to do with it, unless she meant to upholster the donkey.

We got down to the entrance before Aggie spoke again. Then:

"What did I tell you?" she demanded. "That woman's making her a ——"

But at that very instant there was a thud under our feet and something came "ping" through the floor not six inches from my toe, and lodged in the ceiling. Aggie and I stood looking up. It had made a small round hole over our heads, and a little cloud of plaster dust hung round it.

"Somebody shot at us!" declared Aggie, clutching my arm. "That was a bullet!"

I stooped down and felt the floor. There was a hole in it, and from somewhere below I thought I heard voices. It was not very comfortable, standing there on top of Heaven knows what; but we were divided between fear and outrage, and our indignation won. With hardly a word we went back to the rear staircase and so to the cellar. Halfway down the stairs both of us remembered the same thing—that it was Tish's day to use the basement laundry, and that perhaps ——

Tish was not in the laundry, nor was Hannah, her maid. But Tish's blue-and-white dressing sacque was on the line, and the blue had run, as I had said it would when she bought it. In the furnace room beyond we heard voices, and Aggie opened the door.

Tish and Hannah were both there. They had not heard us.

"Nonsense!" Tish was saying. "If anybody had been hit we'd have heard a scream; or if they were killed we'd have heard 'em fall."

"I heard a sort of yell," said poor Hannah. "I don't like it, Miss Tish. The time before you just missed me."

"Why did you stick your arm out?" demanded Tish. "Now take that broomstick and we'll start again. Did you score that?"

"How'll I score it?" asked Hannah. "Hit or miss?" She went to the cellar wall and stood waiting, with a piece of charcoal in her hand. The whitewashed wall was marked with rows of X's and ciphers. The ciphers predominated.

"Mark it a miss."

"But I heard a yell ——"

"Fiddle-de-dee! Are you ready?" Tish had lifted a small rifle into position and was standing, with her feet apart, pointing it at a white target hanging by a string from a rafter. As she gave the signal Hannah sighed, and, picking up a broomhandle, started the target to swaying, pendulum fashion, Tish following it with the gun.

I thought things had gone far enough, so I stepped into the cellar and spoke in ringing tones.

"Letitia Carberry!" I said sternly.

Tish pulled the trigger at that moment and the bullet went into the furnace pipe. It was absurd, of course, for Tish to blame me for it, but she turned on me in a rage.

"Look what you made me do!" she snapped. "Can't a person have a moment's privacy?"

"What I think you need," I retorted, "is six months' complete seclusion in a sanitarium."

"You nearly shot us in the upper hall," Aggie put in warmly.

"Well, as long as I didn't shoot you in the upper hall or any other place, I guess you needn't fuss," said Tish. "Ready, Hannah."

This time she shot Hannah in the broomhandle, and practically put her *hors de combat;* but the shot immediately after was what Tish triumphantly called a clean bull's-eye—that is, it hit the center of the target.

That is the time to stop, when one has made a bull's-eye in any sort of achievement, I take it. And Tish is nobody's fool. She took off her spectacles and wiped the perspiration and gunpowder streaks from her face. She was immediately in high good humor.

"Every unprotected female should know how to handle a weapon," she said oracularly, and, sitting down on the edge of the coal-bin, proceeded to swab out the gun with a wad of cotton on the end of a stick.

"The poker has been good enough for you for fifty years," I retorted. "And if you think you look sporty, or anything but idiotic, sitting there in a flowered kimono and swabbing out the throat of that gun ——"

Just then the janitor came down, and Tish gave him a dollar for the use of the cellar and did not mention the furnace pipe. Aggie and I glanced at each other. Tish's demoralization had begun. From that minute, to the long and entirely false story she told the red-bearded man in Thunder Cloud Glen several days later, she trod, as Aggie truthfully said, the downward path of mendacity, bringing up in the county jail and hysterics.

We went upstairs, Tish ahead and Aggie and I two flights behind, believing that Tish with an unloaded gun was a thousand times more dangerous than any outlaw with an entire arsenal loaded to the muzzle.

We had a cup of tea in Tish's parlor, but she kept us out of the bedroom, where we could hear Miss Swift running the sewing machine. Finally Aggie said out of a clear sky:

"Have you had any answers to your advertisement?"

Tish, who had been about to put a slice of lemon in her tea, put it in her mouth instead and stared at us both.

"What advertisement?"

"We know all about it, Tish," I said. "And if you think it proper for a woman of your age to go adventuring with only a donkey for company ——"

"I've had worse!" Tish snapped. "And I'm not feeble yet, as far as my age goes. If I want to take a walking tour it's my affair, isn't it?"

"You can't walk with your bad knee," I objected. Tish sniffed.

"You're envious, that's what," she sneered. "While you are sitting at home, overeating and oversleeping and getting fat in mind and body, I shall be on the broad highway, walking between hedgerows of flowering—flowering—well, between hedgerows. While you sleep in stuffy, upholstered rooms I shall lie in woodland glades

in my sleeping-bag and see overhead the constellation of—of what's its name. I shall talk to the birds and the birds will talk to me."

Sleeping-bag! That was what Aggie had meant that Miss Swift was making.

"What are you going to do when it rains?"

"It doesn't rain much in May. Anyhow, a friendly farmhouse and a glass of milk—even a barn ——"

Aggie got up with the light of desperation in her eyes. Aggie hates woods and gnats, has no eye for Nature, and for almost half a century has pampered her body in a featherbed poultice, with the windows closed, until the first of June each year. Yet Aggie rose to the crisis.

"You shan't go alone, Tish," she said stoutly. "You'll forget to change your stockings when your feet are wet and you can't make a cup of coffee fit to drink. I'm going too."

Tish made a gesture of despair, but Aggie was determined. Tish glanced at me.

"Well?" she snapped. "We might as well make it a family excursion. Aren't you coming along, too, to look after Aggie?"

"Not at all," I observed calmly. "I'll have enough to do looking after myself. But I like the idea, and since you've invited me I'll come, of course."

At first I am afraid Tish was not particularly pleased. She said she had it all planned to make four miles an hour, or about forty miles a day; and that any one falling back would have to be left by the wayside. And that if we were not prepared to sleep on the ground, or were going to talk rheumatism every time she found a place to camp, she would thank us to remember that we had really asked ourselves.

But she grew more cheerful finally and seemed to be glad to talk over the details of the trip with somebody. She said it was a pity we had not had some practice with firearms, for we would each have to take a weapon, the mountains being full of outlaws, more than likely. Neither Aggie nor I could use a gun at all, but, as Tish observed, we could pot at trees and fenceposts along the road by way of practice.

When I suggested that the sight of three women of our age—we are all well on toward fifty; Aggie insists that she is younger than I am, but we were in the same infant class in Sunday-school—three women of our age "potting" at fences was hardly dignified, Tish merely shrugged her shoulders.

She asked us not to let Charlie Sands learn of the trip. He would be sure to be fussy and want to send a man along, and that would spoil it all.

What with the secrecy, and the guns and everything, I dare say we were like a lot of small boys getting ready to run away out West and kill Indians. In fact, Tish said it reminded her of the time, years ago, when Charlie Sands and some other boys had run away, with all the carving knives and razors they could gather together, and were found a week later in a cave in the mountains twenty miles or so from town.

Tish showed us her sleeping-bag, which was felt outside and her old white fur rug within. Aggie planned hers immediately on the same lines, with her fur coat as a lining; but I had mine made of oilcloth outside, my rheumatism having warned me that we were going to have rain. I was right about the rain.

I had an old army revolver that had belonged to my father, and of course Tish had her coal-cellar rifle, but Aggie had nothing more dangerous than a bayonet from the Mexican War. This being too heavy to carry, and dull—being only possible as a weapon by bringing the handle down on one's opponent's head—Aggie was forced to buy a revolver.

The man in the shop tried to sell her a small pearl-handled one, but she would not look at it. She bought one of the sort that goes on shooting as long as one holds a finger on the trigger—a snub-nosed thing that looked as deadly as it was. She was in terror of it from the moment she got it home, and during most of the trip it was packed in excelsior, with the barrel stuffed with cotton, on Modestine's back.

Which brings me to Modestine.

Tish received three answers to her advertisement: One was a mule, one a piebald pony with a wicked eye, and the third was a donkey. It seemed that Stevenson had said that the pack animal of such a trip should be "cheap, small and hardy," and that a donkey best of all answered these requirements.

The donkey in question was, however, not a female. Tish was firm about this; but on no more donkeys being offered, she bought this one and called him Modestine anyhow. He was very dirty, and we paid a dollar extra to have him washed with soap powder, as our food was to be carried on his back. Also the day before we started I spent an hour or so on him with a fine comb, with gratifying results.

I must confess I entered on the adventure with a light heart. Tish had apparently given up all thought of the aeroplane; her automobile was being used by Charlie Sands; the weather was warm and sunny, and the orchards were in bloom. I had no premonition of danger. The adventure, reduced to its elements of canned food, alcohol lamp, sleeping-bags and toothbrushes, seemed no adventure at all, but a peaceful and pastoral excursion by three middle-aged women into green fields and pastures new.

We reckoned, however, without Aggie's missionary dime.

Aggie's church had sent each of its members a ten-cent piece, with instructions to invest it in some way and to return it multiplied as much as possible in three months. This was on Aggie's mind, but we did not know it until later. Really, Aggie's missionary dime is the story. If she had done as she had planned at first and invested it in an egg, had hatched the egg in cotton wool on the shelf over her kitchen range and raised the chicken, eventually selling the chicken to herself for dinner at seventy-five cents, this story would never have been written.

What the dime really bought was a glass of jelly wrapped in a two-day-old newspaper. But to go back:

We were to start from Tish's at dawn on Tuesday morning. Modestine's former owner had agreed to bring him at that hour to the alley behind Tish's apartment. On Monday Aggie and I sent over what we felt we could not get along without, and about five we both arrived.

Tish was sitting on the floor, with luggage scattered all round her and heaped on the chairs and bed.

She looked up witheringly when we entered.

"You forgot your opera cloak, Lizzie," she said, "and Aggie has only sent five pairs of shoes!"

"I've got to have shoes," Aggie protested.

"If you've got to have five pairs of shoes, six white petticoats, summer underwear, intermediates and flannels, a bathrobe, six bath towels and a sunshade, not to mention other things, you want an elephant, not a donkey."

"Why do we have a donkey?" I asked. "Why don't we have a horse and buggy, and go like Christians?"

"Because you and Aggie wouldn't walk if we did," snapped Tish. "I know you both. You'd have rheumatism or a corn and you'd take your walking trip sitting. Besides, we may not always keep to the roads. I'd like to go up into the mountains."

Well, Tish was disagreeable, but right. As it turned out the donkey, being small, could only carry the sleeping-bags, our portable stove and the provisions. We each were obliged to pack a suitcase and carry that.

We started at dawn the next day. Hannah came down to the alley and didn't think much of Modestine. By the time he was loaded a small crowd had gathered, and when we finally started off, Tish ahead with Modestine's bridle over her arm and Aggie and I behind with our suitcases, a sort of cheer went up. It was, however, an orderly leave-taking, perhaps owing to the fact that Tish's rifle was packed in full view on Modestine's back.

I have a great admiration for Tish. She does not fear the pointing finger of scorn. She took the most direct route out of town, and by the time we had reached the outskirts we had a string of small boys behind us like the tail of a kite. When we reached the cemetery and sat down to rest they formed a circle round us and stared at us.

Tish looked at her watch. We had been an hour and twenty minutes going two miles!

II

WE WERE terribly thirsty, but none of us cared to drink from the cemetery well; in fact, the question of water bothered us all that day. It was very warm, and after we left the suburban trolley-line, where motormen stopped the cars to look at us and people crowded to the porches to stare at us, the water question grew serious. Tish had studied sanitation, and at every farm we came to the well was improperly located. Generally it was immediately below the pigsty.

Luckily we had brought along some blackberry cordial, and we took a sip of that now and then. But the suitcases were heavy, and at eleven o'clock Aggie said the cordial had gone to her head and she could go no farther. Tish was furious.

"I told you how it would be!" she said. "For about forty years you haven't used your legs except to put shoes and stockings on. Of course they won't carry you."

"It isn't my feet, it's my head," Aggie sniffed. "If I had some water I'd b-be all right. If you're going to examine everything you drink with a microscope you might as well have stayed at home."

"I'd have died before I drank out of that last well," snapped Tish. "One could tell by looking at that woman that there are dead rats and things in the water."

"You are not so particular at home," Aggie asserted. "You use vinegar, don't you? And I'm sure it's full of wrigglers. You can see them when you hold the cruet to the light."

We got her to go on finally, and at the next well we boiled a pailful of water and made some tea. We found a grove beside the road and built a fire in our stove there, and while Modestine was grazing we sat and soaked our feet in a brook and looked for blisters. Tish calculated that as we had been walking for six hours we'd probably gone twenty-two miles. But I believe it was about eight.

While we drank our tea and ate the luncheon Hannah had put up we discussed our plans. Tish's original scheme had been to follow the donkey; but as he would not move without some one ahead, leading him, this was not feasible.

"We want to keep away from the beaten path," Tish said with a pickle in one hand and her cup in the other. "These days automobiles go everywhere. I'm in favor of heading straight for the mountain."

"I'm not," I said firmly. "Here in civilization we can find a barn on a rainy night."

"There are plenty of caves in the mountains," said Tish. "Besides, to get the real benefit of this we ought to sleep out, rain or shine. A gentle spring rain hurts no one."

We rested for two hours; it was very pleasant. Modestine ate all that was left of the luncheon, and Aggie took a nap with her head on her suitcase. If we had not had the suitcases we should have been quite contented. Tish, with her customary ability, solved that.

"Look What You Made Me Do! Can't a Person Have a Moment's Privacy?"

"We need only one suitcase," she declared. "We can leave the other two at this farmhouse and pack a few things for each of us in the one we take along. Then we can take turns carrying it."

Aggie wakened finally and was rather more docile about the suitcases than we had expected. Possibly she would have been more indignant, but her feet had swollen so while she had her shoes off that she could hardly get them on at all, and for the remainder of the day her mind was, you may say, in her feet.

At four we stopped again and made more tea. The road had begun to rise toward the hills and the farmhouses were fewer. Ahead of us loomed Thunder Cloud Mountain, with the Camel's Back to the right of it. The road led up the valley between.

It was hardly a road at all, being a grass-grown wagontrack with not a house in a mile. Aggie was glad of the grass, for she had taken off her shoes by that time and was carrying them slung over her shoulder on the end of her parasol. We were on the lower slope of the mountain when we heard the green automobile.

It was coming rapidly from behind us. Aggie had just time to sit on a bank—and her feet—before it came in sight. It was a long, low, bright-green car and there were four men in it. They were bent forward, looking ahead, except one man who sat so he could see behind him.

Every Attempt at Escape Had Been Thwarted by the Terrific Fire of the Bandits

They came on us rather suddenly, and the man who was looking back yelled to us as they passed, but what with noise and dust I couldn't make out what he said. The next moment the machine flew ahead and out of sight among the trees.

"What did he say?" I asked. Aggie, who has a tendency to hay-fever, was sneezing in the dust.

"I don't know," returned Tish absently, staring after them. "Probably asked us if we wanted a ride. Lizzie, those men had guns!"

"Fiddlesticks!" I said.

"Guns!" repeated Tish firmly.

"Well, what of it? Our donkey has a gun."

And as at that instant the sleeping-bags and provisions slid gently round under Modestine's stomach, the green automobile and its occupants passed out of our minds for a while.

By the time we had got the things on Modestine's back again we were convinced he had been a mistake. He objected to standing still to be reloaded, and even with Tish at his head and Aggie at his tail he kept turning in a circle, and in fact finally kicked out at Aggie and stretched her in the road. Then, too, his back was not flat like a horse's. It went up to a sort of peak, and was about as handy to pack things on as the ridgepole of a roof.

For an hour or so more we plodded on. Tish, who is an enthusiast about anything she does, kept pointing out wild flowers to us and talking about the unfortunates back in town under roofs. But I kept thinking of a broiled lamb chop with new potatoes, and my whole being revolted at the thought of supper out of a can.

At twilight we found a sort of recess in the valley, level and not too thickly wooded, and while Tish and I set up the stove and lighted a fire Aggie spread out the sleeping-bags and got supper ready. We had canned salmon and potato salad. We ate ravenously and then, taking off our shoes and our walking suits, and getting into our flannel kimonos and putting up our crimps—for we were determined not to lapse into slovenly personal habits—we were ready for the night.

Tish said there were all sorts of animals on Thunder Cloud, so we built a large fire to keep them away. Tish said this was the customary thing, being done in all the adventure books she had read.

Aggie had to be helped into her sleeping-bag, her fur coat having been rather skimp. But, once in, she said it was heavenly, and she was asleep almost immediately. Tish and I followed, and I found I had placed my bag over a stone. I was, however, too tired to get up.

I lay and looked at the stars twinkling above the tree-tops, and I felt sorry for people who had nothing better to look at than a wall-papered ceiling. Tish, next to me, was yawning.

"If there are snakes," she observed drowsily, "they are not poisonous—I should think. And, anyhow, no snake could strike through these heavy bags."

She went to sleep at once, but I lay there thinking of snakes for some time. Also I remembered that we'd forgotten to leave our weapons within reach, although, as far as that goes, I should not have slept a wink had Aggie had her Fourth-of-July celebration near at hand. Then I went to sleep. The last thing I remember was wishing we had brought a dog. Even a box of cigars would have been some protection—we could have lighted one and stuck it in the crotch of a tree, as if a man was mounting guard over the camp. This idea, of course, was not original. It was done first by Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the detective.

It must have been toward dawn that I roused, with a feeling that some one was looking down at me. The fire was very low and Aggie was sleeping with her mouth open. I got up on my elbow and stared round. There was nothing in sight, but through the trees I heard a rustling of leaves and the crackling of brushwood. Whatever it was it had gone. I turned over and before long went to sleep again.

At daylight I was roused by raindrops splashing on my face. I sat up hastily. Aggie was sleeping with the flap of her bag over her head, and Tish, under an umbrella, was sitting fully dressed on a log, poring over her road map. When I sat up she glanced over at me.

"I think I know where we are now, Lizzie," she said. "Thunder Cloud Mountain is on our left, and that hill there to the right is the Camel's Back. The road goes right up Thunder Cloud Glen."

I looked at the fire, which was out; at Modestine, standing meekly by the tree to which he was tied; at the raindrops bounding off Aggie's round and prostrate figure—and I rebelled. Every muscle was sore; it hurt me even to yawn.

"Letitia Carberry!" I said indignantly. "You don't mean to tell me that, rain or no rain, you are going on?"

"Certainly I am going on," said Tish, shutting her jaw. "You and Aggie needn't come. I'm sure you asked yourselves; I didn't."

Well, that was true, of course. I crawled out and, going over, prodded at Aggie with my foot.

"Aggie," I said, "it is raining and Tish is going on anyhow. Will you go on with her or start back home with me?"

But Aggie refused to do either. She was terribly stiff and she had slept near a bed of May-apple blossoms. In the twilight she had not noticed them, and they always bring on her hay-fever.

"I'b goi'g to stay right here," she said firmly between sneezes. "You cad go back or forward or whatever you please; I shad't bove."

Tish was marking out a route on the road map by making holes with a hairpin, and now she got up and faced us.

"Very well," she said. "Then get your things out of the suitcase, which happens to be mine. Lizzie, the canned beans and the sardines are yours. Aggie, your potato salad is in those six screw-top jars. Come, Modestine."

She untied the beast and, leading him over, loaded her sleeping-bag and her share of the provisions on his back. She did not glance at us. At the last, when she was ready, she picked up her rifle and turned to us.

"I may not be back for a week or ten days," she said icily. "If I'm longer than two weeks you can start Charlie Sands out with a posse."

Charlie Sands is her nephew.

"Come, Modestine," said Tish again, and started along. It was raining briskly by that time, and thundering as if a storm was coming. Aggie broke down suddenly.

"Tish! Tish!" she wailed. "Oh, Lizzie, she'll never get back alive. Never! We've killed her."

"She's about killed us!" I snarled. "She's coming back!"

Sure enough, Tish had turned and was stalking back in our direction.

"I ought to leave you where you are," she said disagreeably, "but it's going to storm. If you decide to be sensible, somewhere up the valley is the cave Charlie Sands hid in when he ran away. I think I can find it."

It was thundering louder now, and Aggie was giving a squeal with every peal. We were too far gone for pride. I helped her out of her sleeping-bag and we started after Tish and the donkey. The rain poured down on us. At every step torrents from Thunder Cloud and the Camel's Back soaked us. The wind howled up the ravine and the lightning played round the treetops.

We traveled for three hours in that downpour.

III

ONLY once did Tish speak, and then we could hardly hear her above the rush of water and the roar of the wind.

"There's one comfort," she said, wading along knee-deep in a torrent. "These spring rains give nobody cold."

An hour later she spoke again, but that was at the end of that journey.

"I don't believe this is the right valley after all," she said. "I don't see any cave." We stopped to take our bearings, as you may say, and as we stood there, looking up, I could have sworn that I saw a man with a gun peering down at us from a ledge far above. But the next moment he was gone, and neither Tish nor Aggie had seen him at all.

We found the cave soon after and climbed to it on our hands and knees, pulling Modestine up by his bridle. A more outrageous quartet it would have been impossible to find, or a more outraged one. Aggie let down her dress, which she'd had pinned round her waist, releasing about a quart of water from its folds, and stood looking about her with a sneer. "I don't think much of your cave," she said. "It's little and it's dirty."

"It's dry!" said Tish tartly.

"Why stop at all?" Aggie asked sarcastically. "Why not just have kept on? We couldn't get any wetter."

"Yes," I added, "between flowering hedgerows! And of course these spring rains give nobody cold!"

Tish did not say a word. She took off her shoes and her skirt, got her sleeping-bag off Modestine's back, and—went to bed with the worst attack of neuralgia she had ever had.

That was on Wednesday, late in the afternoon.

It rained for two days!

We built a fire out of the wood that was in the cave, and dried out our clothes, and heated stones to put against Tish's right eye, and brought in wet branches to dry against the time when we should need them. Aggie sneezed incessantly in the smoke, and Tish groaned in her corner. I was about crazy. On Thursday, when the edge of the neuralgia was gone, Tish promised to go home the moment the rain stopped and the roads dried. Aggie and I went to her together and implored her.

But, as it turned out, we did not go home for some days, and when we did ——

By Thursday evening Tish was much better. She ate a little potato salad and we sat round the fire, listening to her telling how they had found the runaways in this very cave.

"They had taken all the hatchets and kitchen knives they could find and started to hunt Indians," she was saying. "They got as far as this cave, and one evening about this time they were sitting round the fire like this, when a black bear ——"

We all heard it at the same moment. Something was scrambling and climbing up the mountainside to the cave. Tish had her rifle to her shoulder in a second, and Aggie shut her eyes. But it was not a bear that appeared at the mouth of the cave and stood blinking in the light. It was a young man!

"I beg your pardon," he said, peering into the firelight; "but—you don't happen to have a spare box of matches, do you?"

Tish lowered the rifle.

"Matches!" she said. "Why—er—certainly. Aggie, give the gentleman some matches."

The young man had edged into the cave by that time and we saw that he was limping and leaning on a stick. He looked round the cave approvingly at our three sleeping-bags in an orderly row, with our toilet things set out on a clean towel on a flat stone and a mirror hung above, and at our lantern on another stone, with magazines and books grouped round it. Aggie, finding some trailing arbutus just outside the cave that day, had got two or

three empty salmon cans about filled with it, and the fur rug from Tish's sleeping-bag lay in front of the fire. The effect was really civilized.

"It looks like a drawing room," said the young man, with a long breath. "It's the first dry spot I've seen for two days, and it looks like Heaven to a lost soul."

"Where are you stopping?"

"I am not stopping. I am on a walking tour, or was until I hurt my leg."

"Don't you think you'd better wait until things dry up?"

"And starve?" he asked.

"The woods are full of nuts and berries," said Tish.

"Not in May."

"And there is plenty of game."

"Yes, if one has a weapon," he replied. "I lost my gun when I fell into Thunder Creek; in fact, I lost everything except my good name. What's that thing of Shakspere's: 'Who steals my purse steals trash, . . . but he ——'"

Aggie found the matches just then and gave him a box. He was almost pathetically grateful. Tish was still staring at him. To find on Thunder Cloud Mountain a young man who quoted Shakspere and had lost everything but his good name—even Stevenson could hardly have had a more unusual adventure.

"What are you going to do with the matches?" she demanded as he limped to the cave mouth.

"Light a fire if I can find any wood dry enough to light. If I can't —— Well, you remember the little match-seller in Hans Christian Andersen's story, who warmed her fingers with her own matches until they were all gone and she froze to death!"

Hans Christian Andersen and Shakspere!

"Can't you find a cave?" asked Tish.

"I had a cave," he said, "but ——"

"But what?"

"Three charming women found it while I was out on the mountainside. They needed the shelter more than I, and so ——"

"What!" Tish exclaimed. "This is your cave?"

"Not at all; it is yours. The fact that I had been stopping in it gave me no right that I was not happy to waive."

"There was nothing of yours in it," Tish said suspiciously.

"As I have told you, I have lost everything but my good name and my sprained ankle. I had them both out with me when you ——"

"We will leave immediately," said Tish. "Aggie, bring Modestine."

"Ladies, ladies!" cried the young man. "Would you make me more wretched than I already am? I assure you, if you leave I shall not come back. I should be too unhappy."

Well, nothing could have been fairer than his attitude. He wished us to stay on. But as he limped a step or two into the night Aggie turned on us both in a fury.

"That's it," she said. "Let him go, of course. So long as you are dry and comfortable it doesn't matter about him."

"Well, you are dry and comfortable too," snapped Tish. "What do you expect us to do?"

"Call him back. Let him sleep here by the fire. Give him something to eat; he looks starved. If you're afraid it isn't proper we can hang our kimonos up for curtains and make him a separate room."

But we did not need to call him. He had limped back and stood in the firelight again.

"You - you haven't seen anything of the bandits, have you?" he asked.

"Bandits!"

"Train robbers. I thought you had probably run across them."

All at once we remembered the green automobile and the four men with guns. We told him about it and he nodded.

"That would be they," he said. As Tish remarked later, we knew from that instant that he was a gentleman. Even Charlie Sands would probably have said "them." "They got away very rapidly, and I dare say an automobile would be —— Did one of them have a red beard?"

"Yes," we told him. "The one who called to us."

Well, he said that on Monday night an express car on the C. & L. Railroad had been held up. The pursuit had gone in another direction, but he was convinced from what we said that they were there in Thunder Cloud Glen!

As Tish said, the situation was changed if there were outlaws about. We were three defenseless women, and here was a man brought providentially to us! She asked him at once to join our party and look after us until we got to civilization again, or at least until the roads were dry enough to travel on.

"To look after you!" he said with a smile. "I, with a bad leg and no weapon!"

At that Aggie brought out her new revolver and gave it to him. He whistled when he looked at it. "Great Scott!" he said. "What a weapon for a woman! Why, you don't need any help. You could kill all the outlaws in the county at one loading!"

But finally he consented to take the revolver and even to accept the shelter of the cave for that night anyhow, although we had to beg him to do that. "How do you know I'll not get up in the night and take all your valuables and gallop away on your trusty steed before morning?" he asked.

"We'll take a chance," Tish said dryly. "In the first place, we have nothing more valuable than the portable stove; and in the second place, if you can make Modestine gallop you may have him."

It is curious, when I look back, to think how completely he won us all. He was young—not more than twenty-six, I think—and dressed for a walking tour, in knickerbockers, with a blue flannel shirt, heavy low shoes and a soft hat. His hands were quite white. He kept running them over his chin, which was bluish, as if a day or two's beard was bothering him.

We asked him if he was hungry, and he admitted that he could hardly remember when he had eaten. So we made him some tea and buttered toast, and opened and heated a can of baked beans. He ate them all.

"Good gracious," he said, with the last spoonful, "what a world it would be without women!"

At that he fell into a sort of study, looking at the fire, and we all saw that he looked sad again and rather forlorn.

"Yes," Tish said, "you're all ready enough to shout 'Beware of woman' until you are hungry or uncomfortable or hurt, and then you are all just little boys again, crying for somebody to kiss the bump."

"But when it is a woman who has given the—er—bump?" he asked.

Aggie is romantic. Years ago she was engaged to a Mr. Wiggins, a roofer, who met with an accident due to an icy roof. She leaned forward and looked at him with sympathy.

"That's it, is it?" she asked gently.

He tried to smile, but we could all see that he was suffering.

"Yes, that's it—partly at least," he said. "That is, if it were not for a woman ——" He stopped abruptly. "But why should I bother you with my troubles?"

We were curious, of course; but it is hardly good taste to ask a man to confide his heartaches. As Tish said, the best cure for a masculine heartache is to make the man comfortable. We did all we could. I dried his coat by the fire, and Tish made hot arnica compresses for his ankle, which was blue and swollen. I believe Aggie would gladly have sat by and held his hand, but he had crawled into his shell of reserve again and would not be coaxed out.

"I have a nephew about your age," Tish said when he objected to her bathing his ankle. "I'm doing for you what I should do for Charlie Sands under the same circumstances."

"Charlie Sands!" he said, and I was positive he started. But he said nothing, and we only remembered that later. We were glad to have a man about. Heaven only knows why women persist in regarding men as absolute protection against fire, burglars and lightning. But they do. A sharp storm came up at that time, and ordinarily Aggie would have been in her sleeping-bag, with Modestine's saddle on top by way of extra protection. But now, from sheer bravado, she went to the mouth of the cave and stood looking out at the lightning.

"Come and look at it, Tish!" she said. "It's —— Good gracious! There's a man across the valley with a gun!"

We all ran to the mouth of the cave except the walking-tour gentleman, who had his foot in a collapsible basin of arnica and hot water. But none of us saw Aggie's man.

When we went back: "Wouldn't it be better to darken things up a bit?" he suggested. "If there are bandits round it isn't necessary to send out a welcome to them, you know."

This seemed only sensible. We put the fire out and sat in the warm darkness. And that was when our gentleman told us his story.

"Ladies," he began, "in saying that I am on a walking tour I am telling the truth, but only part of the truth. I am on a walking tour, but not for pleasure. To be frank, I—I am after the outlaws who robbed the express car on the C. & L. Railroad Monday night."

I heard Aggie gasp in the dark.

"Did you expect to capture them with a walking-stick?" Tish demanded. She might treat his ankle as she would treat Charlie Sands' ankle, but—Tish has not Aggie's confidence in people, or mine.

"Perfectly well taken," he said good-humoredly. "I left home with an entire arsenal in my knapsack, but, as I say, I lost everything when I fell into the flooded creek. Everything, that is, but my ——"

"Good name?" Aggie suggested timidly.

"Determination. That I still have. Ladies, I'm not going back empty-handed."

"Then you are in the Government service?" Tish asked with more respect.

"Have you ever heard of George Muldoon, generally known as Felt-hat Muldoon?"

Had we? Weren't the papers full of him week after week? Wasn't it Muldoon who had brought back the communion service to my church, with nothing missing and only a dent in one of the silver pitchers? Hadn't he just sent up Tish's own Italian fruit-dealer for writing blackhand letters? Wasn't he the best sheriff the county had ever had?

"Muldoon!" gasped Tish. "You Muldoon!"

"Not tonight or for the next two or three days. After that —— Tonight, ladies, and for a day or two, why not adopt me to be your nephew—what was his name Sands? accompanying you on a walking tour?"

Adopt him! The great Muldoon! We'd have married him if he had said the word, name and all. We sat back and stared at him, open-mouthed. To think that he had come to us for help, and that in aiding him we were furthering the cause of justice!

(Continued on Page 43)

His Back Was Not Flat Like a Horse's

TUTORING HENRY

The Home of Emerson, Eliot and the Flying Wedge

By HOLWORTHY HALL

HAVING resolved that Henry should go to Harvard, Stephanie remained firm in her determination. His advent in Cambridge would, she said, bolster up the family tree and add a dash of prestige to the dead weight of vulgar fortune. The family—meaning the parents of Henry and Stephanie—argued day and night for a month, bribed, threatened and cajoled, and finally capitulated with drooping spirits, leaving Stephanie in possession of a large collection of educational leaflets, the latest football guide, a volume of college songs, a copy of Who's Who in America, and the comforting realization that in after years brother Henry should rise among the fellowship of educated men to give three cheers for the aristocratic palace of learning-on-the-Charles—the home of Emerson, Eliot and the flying wedge. Henry had little to say about this. He was a very short, very stout, very flaccid youth, with a way of looking into vacancy over the ash of a cigarette that made the photographer pose him sideways and refrain from exhibiting the print in his advertising cabinet by the Main-Street entrance. It was a matter of complete indifference to Henry whether he went to Harvard or to Hoboken, provided that the customary allowance check was delivered to him on the first of each month and the world's supply of rice paper and tobacco was undiminished. Also, knowing Stephanie, Henry believed that she held a commission direct from the Fates and countersigned by the Furies, and he had never heard of the initiative or the recall.

There was just one trivial detail to be settled before the final arrangements were made: With the utmost urbanity in the world Henry had agreed to go to Harvard, but he balked when he discovered that some slight study of the ancient authors, of mathematics and of science was necessary to secure his admission. He professed to have relinquished such childish pastimes since he left the Blankville Academy the previous autumn; and, in short, Henry said he would be eternally damned if he went to Harvard. Stephanie said that he would be socially damned if he didn't. Enter at this juncture the family, rampant, to sustain the previous decision and announce that, owing to the aforesaid unanimous vote, Henry must go to Harvard whether Harvard liked it or not, and to that end must have a private tutor from June to September. Again realizing the grim responsibilities of life, Henry bowed assent—and wondered where Harvard was anyway.

There remained only the problem of finding a tutor, a problem which Stephanie accepted with gentle resignation. The family was unaware that Stephanie went to sleep with a fat red catalogue under her pillow, and dreamed of Henry playing halfback on the Varsity and leading his class in scholarship by a margin of fifty points. As a matter of fact Henry couldn't have made the bean-bag team at an orphan asylum or passed the entrance examinations to a reform school, but of these facts Stephanie wotted not. She knew only that the social status of the family required a representative in Harvard, and that Henry was elected.

So Stephanie held an active correspondence on scented paper with a mysterious department in far-off Cambridge, and received the names and qualifications of a dozen earnest young graduates whose highest aim in life was to prepare a fatted calf for the scholastic slaughter. Of the dozen candidates Frederick William Burlingame passed under the wire an easy winner. His degrees were many; he was fond of outdoor sports, a thorough gentleman, and a man fully equipped to grapple with any mental, moral or physical opponent. The man of the hour was obviously Frederick William Burlingame, and Stephanie was the time, the place and the girl.

Out in a small town in Ohio, where there is no society polite enough since father sold out to the trust for two millions in 1908, one retires early for the sake of something to do and rises early for the sake of stopping doing nothing. And so it happened that Stephanie, waking especially early one cheerful morning in June, insinuated herself into a judicious selection of garments and thought of the garden. The garden, indeed, was exquisitely lovely at that hour. The roses were almost as beautiful as the illustrations in the seed catalogues, and there was always the possibility that Stephanie might be seen in her romantic surroundings by a fairy prince, or a stray policeman, and once more be deified as the reigning beauty of R. F. D. No. 2, Blankville.

Stephanie hastily followed the trail of her imagination. Downstairs through the sun-parlor out to the terrace she ran, and burst into the garden like the car of Phœbus illuminating the universe—at least she was just about to burst into the garden when she stopped. Seated on a marble bench imported direct from Rome—Italy—was a strange young man, asleep. Stephanie coughed aloud to regain her poise and screw her courage up to the point of flight.

The man stirred, hunched his shoulders, shivered once or twice and opened his eyes. They met Stephanie's, and although they had never met hers before they looked strangely familiar to her.

"Good morning," said the man politely. "Beautiful day, isn't it?" He was wearing a black suit that fitted him here and there, but was wrinkled in both places. He was tall and thin and pale, and looked as though he would have made a good drug clerk.

"That bench is too hard," said the man, smiling in deprecation. "You ought to put a cushion on it—or something. It's really impossible."

"It's Parian marble," said Stephanie coldly. "Who are you?"

"It's Vermont limestone," said he. "But it's just as hard and just as cold ——"

"See here," said Stephanie, advancing a timid step, "this isn't a hotel, you know. You aren't requested to notify the management in case you don't like the service. These are private grounds, owned by a Mr. Powell. I am Miss Powell."

The young man smiled engagingly. Apart from his slightly unwashed appearance he was really rather good-looking.

"I'm sorry I haven't a card," he said. "My name is Burlingame."

"Bur—Burling ——"

"Burlingame. I meant to have some cards printed before I left Boston, but there wasn't time."

"Cards printed! But ——"

"My train pulled in at two-thirty this morning. Lovely view of the coalyards from the station, isn't there? I think you have the prettiest coalyards of any town I came through. A milkman told me how to find the house, so I came right up. And, by-the-way, may I ask at what hour breakfast is served?"

"Seven," said Stephanie, "or seven-thirty or eight, at the pleasure of the servants. But, see here, if you're Frederick William Burlingame—you don't look a bit like your photograph."

"That's a natural phenomenon," said the young man in the wrinkled suit. "People never do, do they? Breakfast, you were saying ——"

"You an athlete!" said Stephanie, her voice trembling with emotion as she saw her dream dissolving into cinders and a wrinkled coat. "Why, you wouldn't make a respectable goal post! Why—why ——"

The young man smiled his forgiveness, marring the effect by an enormous yawn.

"I was engaged as a tutor," he said finally.

Stephanie was shaking her head in sorrow rather than anger, although she was fairly good at both.

"There's a mistake somewhere," she said. "The Mr. Burlingame expected here was a very different man very different. But you stay here—" she took a step backward—"and later in the morning you can talk with father"—here she took several more steps—"I'm sorry I can't ask you in ——"

By this time she had backed up the terrace as far as the sun-parlor; following her inch by inch came the young man, with feet lifted high out of the wet grass at each step and nose straight ahead like a setter in the field. "Speaking of breakfast ——" said the young man politely.

"Father'll talk to you later," said Stephanie. "Just wait here, please"; and stepping backward inside the door she dismissed the intruder with a regal inclination of the head. Now that she was protected by a quarter-inch thickness of plate-glass Stephanie's heart softened a little.

"Seven o'clock," her lips said distinctly; and then, overcome by a sudden rush of pity, she added: "Make yourself quite at home."

"Oh, very well," said the young man wearily, and he went back out of sight toward the garden. Stephanie sat down in a wicker chair that was partly screened from the lawn, and pretended to read a book she picked up from a low table. In a few seconds the stranger reappeared carrying a large, battered tan suitcase, which he stood on end outside the sun-parlor. Then he yawned again and sat down on the suitcase. Stephanie looked at him sideways; the young man eyed her squarely; and so they sat and stared at each other while the roses in the garden bloomed unseen, until the laggard servants stumbled downstairs and set about the preparation of breakfast.

II

IT WAS perhaps six o'clock that afternoon when Stephanie, heartened and refreshed by a day of shopping followed by a luncheon and bridge given for her by the second lady in Blankville, a lady whom she could snub, motored up the driveway of the Powell estate and disembarked from the car in a very satisfactory flutter of skirts. On the great veranda she had observed a young man in summery clothes of correct cut, and surmising that they encased a village swain whom she could also snub, she made the flutter of skirts a trifle more pronounced than usual. Then she ascended the steps, wearing a slightly bored expression that played the dickens with the proletariat.

The young man rose comfortably.

"The breakfast," he observed, "was fine!" Stephanie's graces were shed automatically. "Your father asked me please to stay and teach the young idea how to shoot."

"I want to talk to you," said Stephanie, leading the way to a snug corner of the veranda. "Sit down, please. Now then," she went on, when she had taken up a strategic position, "I suppose you must be the man we ordered, because if you weren't, you wouldn't be here."

"I'm sorry I didn't explain that this morning," said the young man.

Stephanie, who had never dismounted from a through flier at two-thirty A. M. and waited five hours for breakfast, attempted to wilt the tutor with a stare, but somehow the point was blunted. Stephanie began to sense the presence of a well-poised man, and the realization hurt her.

"Perhaps you don't know that you owe your appointment to me."

"To you?"

"Exactly—to me. It was I who decided to send Henry to Harvard, and I wrote personally to your Appointment Office for information. Under the circumstances I'm pretty much interested in what and who you are."

"It seems," said the young man cheerfully, "that I'm the principal and you're the interest. What's the matter—don't I suit you?"

Stephanie slowly stripped off her long gloves and whipped them against the arm of her chair before she replied.

"What do you think of Henry?" she asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Henry?" queried the young man. He wrinkled his nose and cocked one eye at the roof of the veranda. "Henry?"

"Yes," said Stephanie impatiently. "Haven't you talked with him? What do you think about him? Can you get him into Harvard?"

The young man gazed at her in mild astonishment.

"Perhaps I'd better be frank with you. I believe that if Henry ever gets into college he'll be the most popular man in his class by the time of his Junior dance."

"Splendid!" cried Stephanie. "But you must remember, Mr. Burlingame, we didn't send for you just to get Henry started. Henry has got to be a credit to the family. It isn't enough for Henry to go East and learn how to turkey-trot and read Henry James in the original."

"Henry will make things hum," asserted the young man gravely. "Please go ahead; it'll help me in my work. What else?"

"That's all," said Stephanie. "Can you do it?"

Burlingame laughed as if familiar with the process.

"Miss Powell," said he. "Your brother Henry is a little—a trifle—er ——"

"Don't practice any longer than you have to," commanded Stephanie. "We all know he has a brain like a squash. It isn't his fault."

"Thanks," said Burlingame. "We know where we stand on Henry anyway." He breathed a long sigh and smiled again. "You understand," he went on, "that Henry has the ambition of the same or a similar squash. If he does get into college I don't know how long he can stay there. And then you want him to be socially prominent—in college he'll be about as important as the joker in a pinocle deck."

"But—but you said that by Junior year he'd be the most popular man in college!"

"A man often brings his sister to the Junior dance," said the tutor carelessly.

Stephanie went hot and cold. Especially since Papa Powell had made his money, the callow youth of the small town had plied her with compliments; but never in her life had she met with the flattery that has solidity of judgment behind it.

"Now I want things very distinctly understood," insisted Burlingame. "You've got to give me absolutely free rein if I take this position. If I do accept it I'll put Henry into Harvard or kill both of us—or at least him—in the attempt. No interference, you know—no one on the sidelines. I can't have it."

Stephanie nodded.

"I saw your father this noon. I told him what I expect and learned that you're the doctor. So if you say to go ahead I'll go. Shall I? I warn you, it won't be any joke—for Henry."

"Yes," cried Stephanie. "Go ahead! Anything you want if you'll only get him in! The athletics and the social part can wait!"

Burlingame grinned. From somewhere within the great house came the softly modulated notes of a Hindu gong, and the tutor was on his feet in an instant.

"Speaking of dinner," he said. "Oh —— Sure, I'll get him in!"

III

ANOTHER morning, bright, warm and rosy. Likewise Stephanie, who woke to the overture of bird notes that usually dovetailed nicely into her sentimental moods. As she lay among her billowing linen her consciousness gradually fastened a curious sound that was scarcely ornithological. It came from the general direction of the garden and sounded suspiciously like a small locomotive on an upgrade. Stephanie didn't care to listen to a locomotive of any size at that time in the morning.

Hastily clambering out of bed she found a gorgeous pink kimono, which ballooned about her as she ran to the nearest open window and drooped in artistic folds as she peered half apprehensively out into the new young day. In the garden were two people. One of them was short and fat; he was lumbering round the flower beds in elephantine misery, emitting stertorous sighs and puffs that could have been heard a hundred yards. That was Henry. In close pursuit of him was a tall, thin young man, who ran easily about three yards behind and wore the soul-weary expression of a policeman on fixed post. That was Burlingame.

"Henry! Mr. Burlingame!" shrilled Stephanie. "What's the matter? Are you crazy?"

The runners halted under her window, and Stephanie recalled, with a little shiver of alarm, that her hair was probably very disordered under her lace cap and that her costume wasn't appropriate even for Juliet. But she held her ground and waited, merely gathering the kimono as tightly as possible about her throat.

"Good morning, Miss Powell," said the tutor.

Stephanie's temper began to uncurl.

"What are you doing?" she demanded. "You're waking every one in the house. You must stop it this minute!"

"In five minutes," answered Burlingame. "Hit it up, Henry. On your mark! Set! Go!" and with a tremendous shove he propelled Henry into a bed of beautiful irises.

"There!" cried Stephanie. "Now see what you've done!"

"Signals, Henry!" snapped Burlingame. "Twenty-two—forty-eight—a hundred and sixty-six!"

Henry swung into a swaying gallop round the beds, and Stephanie jerked her head inside the window and sat down to think. She rapidly formulated a dozen speeches, any one of which would reduce the average young man to a gelatinous pulp, and rang for her maid.

The breakfast bell sounded when the maid was still causing her hair to perform strange and wonderful gyrations according to the dictates of the season, all of which meant that this morning Stephanie had spent half an hour more than usual on her toilet.

Frederick William Burlingame was delving vigorously into his third egg when a vision of fluffy loveliness floated into the breakfast room and brought him to his feet with his mouth open—and it was a large mouth.

"Good morning, Miss Powell," he said deferentially.

"Good morning—again," said Stephanie frigidly. She kissed her father and mother, ignored poor Henry completely, took her seat, and ordered grapefruit in a tone that made the family prepare to dodge.

"A beautiful morning," said Papa Powell apologetically, as though expecting to be contradicted.

"Isn't it?" murmured Mrs. Powell, slanting one eye at her daughter.

For two minutes Stephanie said nothing; then meditatively: "I wonder why Mr. Burlingame and Henry were tearing round the garden at one o'clock this morning?"

"I'm sorry if we waked you," interposed Burlingame, flushing; "but I don't see how we did, Miss Powell, because we didn't even wake up Henry. You know he's to run a mile before breakfast each morning. Henry isn't fat-headed—he's only fat. Mr. Powell, do you want Henry to reduce?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Powell, averting his eyes.

Stephanie pushed back her chair and rose with all the imperiousness she could muster. "He can't keep it up! I won't stand such a fiendish noise under my windows!"

"Oh, come!" said Burlingame. "I ——"

"Patience," advised Mr. Powell gently. "I'm sure the boys will be more quiet in future, if you ask it, Stephanie. Now do sit down and eat your breakfast."

"Father," said Stephanie, throwing a choking sob into her deepest voice, "as long as Mr. Burlingame is directing the affairs of this family I shall take my meals in my own room."

She was gone—and she had delivered only one of the gelatinous speeches she had planned. Mr. Powell sighed heavily and ordered a second cup of coffee. Mrs. Powell also sighed and fingered a lace-bordered handkerchief suggestively. Burlingame took his fourth slice of toast and rescued two from the overfed Henry; and as for Henry, he accepted the morning's proceedings as a part of the irony of the game of life and waited for some one to coach him to second.

In her own boudoir Stephanie breakfasted in increasing fury, but with the appetite of one on shore leave. A dozen possible courses of action filtered through her mind; the only one that appealed to her at all was a projected siege of nervous illness that would inevitably result in the complete subjugation of the family as heretofore. This idea, too, she finally rejected with regret, for she felt that at the mature age of twenty-five she should be able to wage war without the aid of Fabian tactics. Under the soothing influence of toast and marmalade she began to weaken—began to realize that after all she had been afflicted with the simplest form of matutinal grouch that is as common in Ohio as in Massachusetts. She thought of Henry lumbering round the flower beds, and she laughed. Her spirits bounded upward. Yes, she could forget and forgive, and to complete the regeneration of her sense of humor she would steal quietly to the music room and make the final application of panacea to her sensibilities.

Stephanie stepped out of her room and made a flank attack on the drawing room, which, as she had supposed, was vacant. A quick sortie brought her to the grand piano and as she softly touched the keys she prodded herself to recollect an air that would convey to the world at large her gentle resignation and her magnanimity.

For a hushed moment she pondered, then she crashed boldly into the Marche Militaire.

"For the love of Mike!" said a harsh voice behind her.

Stephanie whirled about, her face crimson.

"Don't be unreasonable," warned Burlingame, who stood there with a textbook in his hand. "Henry and I are going ten rounds with Cicero in the library, and Henry's down for the count already. We can't work with music like that. What is it, Moonlight in a Boiler Factory?"

"Mr. Burlingame!" said Stephanie, rising to her full height of five-feet-seven without French heels.

"Now just think a minute," returned the tutor in a conciliatory tone. "You want Henry to land in college, don't you? Well, it's up to me to get him there. What chance has he if you don't give us a fair start? We need quiet, that's all."

"It seems queer," said Stephanie almost tearfully, "that after I found you this job, as you call it, you absolutely disregard me in every particular. Haven't you any consideration at all for your employer?"

(Continued on Page 40)

The Importance of the Powell Fortune Dwindled

THE TRICKY TRADERS

Old Reliable Takes a Flier in the Market of Khartum

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

SINCE the first pale hint of dawn, Said, the scrawny Dongolawi, had been keenly alert and watching at the gate. This gate was no more than a square breach in a mud wall behind which stood the Grand Hotel of Khartum. In front ran a white road and then the sluggish Nile; there were four equidistant parallels—the river, the road, the wall, the piazza.

Said squatted upon his haunches, talking with the stringy-necked porter, who reclined upon an *angereb*. At times he rose and walked apart, whispering with those who came to seek his counsel. There were Achmet, the camel-driver; Hamuda Hamad, who trafficked in donkeys; and Mohammed ben Idris, cloth-seller in the bazar. Singly these men did talk with Said; yet, as if of one mind, each glanced hawk-ishly over the wall into that vacant garden and along the deserted piazza. Said counseled patience, and to each his tongue dripped pearls of wisdom: The Black Effendi has not yet roused from his sleep; he will soon appear; they must wait; the Black Effendi is a great one in his own land, with gold like unto the sands of the desert or the drops of the Nile. Allah hath consumed him with craving for a camel; he burneth to possess a donkey; he yearns for the rich stuffs that Said hath already shown him in the bazar of Mohammed ben Idris. He, Said, alone could persuade the Black Effendi to shower them all with gold. He, Said, was a poor man and must have just reward. So he spake unto each according to his desire, until they departed each unto his own place, waiting in peace until Said should fetch the customer. Achmet, the insistent, returned and came again—Achmet, whose arms were of brass and whose kick could break a bullock's thigh. Said trifled not with Achmet, but gave heed as he extolled his beast. Verily this camel was a jewel and the foal of a jewel, with marvelous fringed *makloofa* and striped trappings from Syria. While they discoursed together Hamuda Hamad came almost upon the twain, which would not have been to Said's liking; for Hamuda desired to sell a wondrous donkey. Said persuaded Achmet to depart, so that no clamor of contention uprose between them.

Dawn warmed into morning. A white-hot sun slanted across the narrow, dusty garden. Old Reliable emerged from the great front door and the wind immediately began to flirt with the streamers on his helmet. There was never a helmet so white, nor streamers so long and blue with such dancing polka-dots upon them. Clothes may not wholly make a man, but Zack's new khaki trappings made a sight of Old Reliable. "Huh! Got hitched up wrong," he mumbled, stopping on the piazza to tighten a bellyband and loosen the breeching. Then he lifted his head and shouted: "Whar he? Side!"

"Effendi—Excellency!" Said emphasized his usual homage.

"Lissen to me, Side; us gwine travelin' today, an' I got to buy a lot o' things from de sto'." He gazed thoughtfully upward and clinked the coins in his pockets. "I needs a silk hankercher, an'—a walkin'-stick, an' er—er—a seegyar, an' ——"

"Excellency say he buy one camel," Said suggested humbly.

"Dar now, I like ter fergot dat camel. 'Cose I can't be ridin' dese here runty little hosses no mo'."

"And buy much donkeys ——"

"Suttinly, suttinly. Donkeys is heap better fer short rides."

"And robes of honor which great ones wear ——"

Zack barely nodded: "'Cose I got to have plenty good clo'es." He gazed complacently at his present attire and Said bowed to the very floor.

Colonel Spottiswoode strode out of his own door at the far end of the piazza, while Zack hurriedly instructed Said: "Soon as Cunnel goes uptown you an' me is goin' to de sto'—fus'-class white folks' sto'. Mawnin', Cunnel, mawnin', suh."

"Good morning, Zack. How do they fit?"

"Fine, Cunnel, fine; leetle too tight in some places an' den too baggy. Dey got to git sot to my figger."

Said retired to the gate and waited—the East is always waiting.

Mahomet Mansour served the Colonel at the breaking of his fast, then the White Effendi took his seat at another table, after the manner of scribes, and began writing interminable letters. The Black Effendi followed that pig of a German steward about the garden, talking endlessly. Said watched and waited; he spat vehemently upon the ground; he loathed them both. "Patience of Allah! How long, how long!"

"Ah! Here is One Not So Bad—Not So Very Bad"

Zack, beamingly unconscious of his servant, had found somebody who could understand that regular old United States talk. Germans and Greeks understand every human lingo.

Four black women, naked to the waist, with dirty rags twisted around their middles, brought water from a canal that came gurgling under the wall. Reinhardt directed their irrigation of his flowers. Zack dogged the steward's footsteps and a tiny Nubian waiter-boy dogged his own—an owl-eyed child who stood and marveled. Old Reliable gabbled on: "Yas, suh, mister, dat sho' is de troof. But dat ain't de Cunnel's way o' tradin'. Cunnel walks into de sto' an' say: 'John, gimme a hat; you knows what kin' I wants.' De clerk he pulls out de same kin' o' hat what Cunnel's been wearin' sence de s'render. Ev'ybody in Vicksburg, white an' black, is well 'quainted wid dat hat. Joe—dat's de nigger porter what works in de sto'—he's been makin' like he's wipin' off de showcase, and Cunnel says: 'Here, Joe, take dis ole hat. It'll keep off de sun when you goes fishin'.' Ef I didn't look mighty sharp, Cunnel would give away his breeches ev'y time he tuk 'em off to buy a new pair. Cunnel claps dat hat on his head an' marches out. He don't never know what he pay fer nothin' till de bill comes round."

The steward lifted a warning finger: "Ach! But it must not be so in this land; he will at once pay the large price already."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh; dat's 'zackly what I tells him. He say: 'Shucks! life's too short an' full o' blisters; I can't be rasslin' an' fussin' 'bout a nickel.'" Zack cut his eye round at the planter, who was absorbed in his writing. Then Old Reliable drew breath for extensive conversation. "Me an' de Cunnel went over dar to—how you speak de name o' dat landin' on t'other side de river?"

"Omdurman."

"Sholy, sholy—dat's what I said. Me an' de Cunnel wanted to buy some o' dese feddahs what ladies wears in dey hats. Cunnel's got a niece what's plum' crazy 'bout 'em. Lordee, mister, dat sho' is one more sharp yaller nigger what runs de awstrich-fedder sto'."

The German smiled, having recommended his American guest to Osman ben Issa, the most artful dealer in the Sudan—and the best; for had he not taken premiums at Paris and Vienna?

The four glistening black women came and went. Zack stuck at the steward's elbow, walking as he talked. Money jingled in his pocket and Said followed his every movement with ravening eyes. "Dis nigger, 'Homet, he specify to Cunnel we kin git feddahs mighty cheap, dat feller is nachelly givin' 'em away. Huh! Dat yaller nigger pulls out a lot o' tin boxes an' piles up feddahs on de flo' 'nuff to stuff a bolster. Jes' soon as Cunnel picks out one he 'low he don't want to sell dat'n, cause his grandaddy gin it to him; but he'll let Cunnel have it fer one hunderd plasters. Ef Cunnel wouldn' give dat, how much would he give? Leas'ways dat's what 'Homet specify he say. He sot cross-legged and kep' on axin': 'What'll you gimme? What'll you gimme?' Dat riled de Cunnel mightily when 'Homet told him dem words. He riz up, he did, an' 'lowed he warn't gwine to do no tradin' wid him. Yas, suh, Cunnel! Comin', suh."

Colonel Spottiswoode clapped his hands and shouted: "Wahid! Mahomet!"

"Effendi," Mahomet Mansour answered promptly, and went running through the gate.

"Here, Mahomet, take these letters to the post-office."

"Very good, Effendi." The russet Berberine started briskly, his pink gown flapping out behind him as he hurried.

"Hold up. Has that man come with the feathers?"

"Him no come, Effendi. Him maybe come soon."

The Colonel glanced at his watch. "I can't wait any longer."

"Him come." Mahomet's obsequious face showed no symptom of his anxiety. "Effendi will wait."

Said glanced uneasily at Mahomet. Both of them knew where Ibrahim waited, close at hand, until he should be sent for when his customer had become too impatient to make a successful barter. "Him come bimeby, bimeby." Mahomet glanced along the river bank to a group of barges and the Ingleezi devil-boat, which was already belching smoke before it started to the Shilluk country.

"Reinhardt! Oh, Reinhardt!" Colonel Spottiswoode called to the German. "Reinhardt, I couldn't trade with your ostrich fellow in Omdurman, so I told him to send fifty of his best feathers to you with the lowest price marked on each. I will buy on your judgment."

"It is very good, very good; I will choose him for you. We look maybe at some feather today and send man away; he come back tomorrow and ——"

"No tomorrow about it; got to buy 'em right off."

"Much days it takes to buy feathers. When he come we smoke cigarettes; tomorrow we drink some coffee; by-and-by we begin talk of feather."

"None of that today. I can buy a railroad in Grand Rapids and lay it down in Arizona while you fellows are haggling over a dime's worth of feathers. I'm going now; tell him he didn't come in time and I couldn't wait."

In a panic Said glanced at Mahomet, then suggested: "At the bazar is Sheik Ibrahim; bimeby he come with blumes."

The Colonel turned abruptly; Said abased himself to the earth. "Ibrahim is servant from Osman ben Issa—very good blume."

"Oh! You know where he is? Go get him—quick."

"Better not so," the steward objected. "Ibrahim will think you want much to buy; he will then raise the price."

"No, the price will be marked on every feather—take it or leave it. Run along, Said."

Mahomet lingered and glared at Said, who started off at a willing trot. Mahomet himself whirled away like a dust-devil, for he had no mind to let the Dongolawi usurp his rights in chaffering with Ibrahim.

Colonel Spottiswoode hurried back to his room. "Here, Zack, you get everything ready for that two-o'clock boat. Don't budge out of this room until the packing is done."

"Now dar you is agin, Cunnel, talkin' to me like I was goin' to run off somewhar. Huh! Dis here little dab o' packin' is jes' good as did; it'll be right dar on de boat waitin' for you." Old Reliable fell upon the scattered contents of a suitcase. The Colonel went out and waited upon the piazza, but not for long. "Hello! Who's that? Can't be a feather peddler; must be 'Abou ben Adhem, may his tribe increase.'"

It was even he—the feather man from Osman ben Issa. Mahomet and Said flanked a venerable white-bearded man, clad in a cascade of spotless robes surmounted by a turban that looked like a huge twisted drop of confectioner's icing. Three abreast they paused middlewise of the gate. The porter salaamed profoundly: "May Allah increase thy goodness."

"On you be peace and the blessing of Allah." Ibrahim moved majestically along the wide path and halted at the piazza steps. After exchanging elaborate salutations

Sheik Ibrahim presented to Reinhardt his letter from Osman ben Issa, turning then to the American Pasha. He opened his bulky parcel reverently as if unbinding the Sacred Carpet of Mecca, and proceeded to lay out some twenty plumes. Reinhardt promptly swept the bunch aside. The unmoved Ibrahim spread another lot upon the table, another and still another. "Trash; litter; rubbish," said Reinhardt.

"What's wrong with those feathers?" demanded the Colonel.

The steward stooped, brushed a feather on the floor, then held it close to his bare arm. "See? It does not cling. The bird was dead already." He went on stolidly picking them over. "Ah! Here is one not so bad—not so very bad." Again Reinhardt brushed the plume in the dust; when he brought it near his arm every fiber reached out as if attracted by a magnet. "Good feathers always so."

It was a long, wide plume, uncleaned and uncurled, yet exceedingly beautiful. "I'll take that one," said the Colonel, looking it over for the price-mark. "What is the price, Reinhardt? You'll find it in that letter."

"No, the letter say for me to get most price—it is always so."

The psychological moment had arrived for Mahomet Mansour. Rapidly he questioned Ibrahim, rolled his eyes in horror and stamped his foot. "He say hundred piaster. Too much. Bad feather, very bad. I say him you pay five piaster, no more. It is a robb'ry for five piaster, that feather."

"Five piasters make one shilling," Reinhardt explained; "make the twenty-five cent in your money."

"Is that a pretty good feather?"

"Oh, so-so, so-so," with a depreciating shrug.

Old Reliable kept peeping out of the door, but he couldn't see all that was going on. He now came shuffling along the piazza with a flannel shirt in his hand. "Cunnel, you wants dese here kind o' shirts to go in dat littlest gripsack, don't you?"

"Yes; tuck 'em in anywhere—don't bother me."

Zack side-stepped behind the Colonel's chair, listening to Mahomet's noisy chaffering. Piaster by piaster Mahomet advanced his bid to eleven, while Ibrahim dropped doggedly to fifty. Suddenly they struck a bargain—quick, decisive, violent. Mahomet thrust the Sheik aside with—"Eighteen piaster!" triumphantly depositing the purchase in his master's lap. Sheik Ibrahim lifted both hands to heaven and burst into bewailing; he was being robbed; his master would be beggared; he would appeal to the Mudir. Mahomet confronted him with a fierce glint in his eye.

Zack ducked backward and watched them through the door-crack. Colonel Spottiswoode jerked himself up to intervene. Reinhardt proceeded calmly to select another feather. Four times Zack bolted at false alarms; at the fifth outbreak he stood hitched. Colonel Spottiswoode had now acquired a lapful of feathers and nobody was killed. Mahomet's stormy purchases aggregated some forty plumes; having cowed old Ibrahim into a succession of moans, he named his own figures.

"Stop, stop, Mahomet! That's plenty," broke in the Colonel. The Berberine bought two or three others before his master could apply the brakes, then counted all the feathers out in front of Ibrahim. These he wrapped swiftly and handed the package to Zack—"Take away! Take away!"

"How much do I owe him?" asked the Colonel, opening his purse.

"Nine hundred piaster and eighty," the honest Mahomet answered.

Reinhardt shook his head: "Not so! It comes to five hundred and ninety-two piaster for the lot." Reinhardt seemed not to hear the frenzy raised by Mahomet and the Sheik. From the American's purse he counted six gold pieces and seven of those coins that Zack regarded as nickels.

"It is of the cost of about thirty dollars and thirty cents of America," he said.

Ibrahim bundled up his rejected plumes. No sooner had his greedy fist closed upon the cash than Mahomet rushed him down the steps.

"Here, Mahomet! Stop that!" With apologies to the old Arab, Colonel Spottiswoode pressed half a sovereign into his hand. Mahomet stared; Said's jaw dropped open. They were madmen, these unbelievers. Ibrahim clutched the manna from Heaven and passed swiftly round the corner of the piazza. Once out of sight, he paused under the palms in the garden and began counting his gains. Said slunk away behind Ibrahim and nobody noticed—except Mahomet, who raged inwardly. The soft-footed Mahomet Mansour took one backward step, thinking to escape through the rotunda before Said could have truck with the departing Sheik, but his master called—"Wahid! Mahomet! Come here, Zack." With Zack at his heels the Colonel strode down the long piazza to the room where his belongings lay scattered. Mahomet followed surlily, for his mind went chasing after Said, who would surely cheat him. When the linen-clad American reappeared Mahomet dodged out of the door behind him, dropped off the piazza and went bounding like a panther toward Ibrahim and Said. Being sure that the Colonel had gone, Zack thrust his black face through the doorway and the Nubian boy peeped out underneath his arm. "Did anybody ever see de beat o' dat? 'Homet specs me to do all de work whilst—Lawd Gawd! Look yonder! Dey's fightin'!"

Zack peered cautiously round the corner. The three Arabs were not actually fighting, merely clutching one another's wrists with much tussling and many ferocious words. "Huh! Lissen! Dey mus' be cussin' scan'lous!" Seeing no weapons and the Nubian boy being wholly unafraid, Zack moved nearer step by step. Mahomet wrested a gold piece from Ibrahim; Said protested with a screech and Mahomet demanded more. Ibrahim sweated a few drops of silver to the clamorous Said, while Mahomet grabbed his wrist to make him quit. Old Reliable had never seen it done exactly that way, but kindred instinct laid the transaction bare. "Dar now! Jes' look at dem niggers 'vidin' up de Cunnel's money. I'll fix 'em." He moved back stealthily round the corner and faded into the room. First he peered from the window, then opened the shutter and called: "Whar he? Side! 'Homet!" Old Reliable leaned against the window-sill and shook with joy to see those Arabs scatter. Like a half-plucked rooster Ibrahim tore himself loose and went flapping through the garden; Mahomet wrangled and jowled with Said until they reached the very door. "Effendi!" these faithful servants answered together breathlessly.

"What you niggers been doin'? Hump yo'self, 'Homet, an' git busy wid dis here packin'. Come 'long, Side, I got business uptown." With one hand in his pocket Zack stirred up the coins, letting them drip back with a most pleasing sound. Mahomet glared at the fortunate Said, who followed his master—by a back way for fear of meeting the Colonel.

Spent money never troubled Zack; it was the unspent kind that gave him the fidgets. Colonel Spottiswoode knew nothing of those twenty sovereigns that fell into Old Reliable's lap at Alexandria. But Zack knew. They had fermented in his pocket and galled his thigh.

Said and Zack passed through the garden and out into the openness of a glaring street. Said turned suddenly and fell upon the Nubian boy, who would have followed them, then pattered on ahead, barefooted, with shifty eyes.

Rounding the first corner they came upon two men clipping a donkey—men in *jibbas* and scanty turbans, intent upon their work. Zack stopped and exclaimed: "Huh! Dat sho' mus' be one extry fine little mule dem niggers is trimming him up so pertickler." To one of the men Said whispered fiercely: "Hamuda, thy mind is as the mind of a sheep. Why dost thou wait here?"

"The place is good," responded Hamuda, undisturbed.

It had been the thrifty Said's desire that they go first to Achmet and buy his camel at a high price; but Hamuda waylaid them along the road.

Zack edged up closer beside the donkey and admired the lacelike patterns of his clipping. Hamuda turned smiling from his task, the donkey in truth being already clipped and further shearing only a pretense. Old Reliable stroked the friendly little beast. "Dat's 'zackly de kind o' mule I needs. Is he a good plow mule?"

Hamuda knew three words of English and he spoke them: "Excellency will ride?"

"Reckin I mought jes' as well try him; I tries ev'ything I buys, specially mules."

Hamuda looked to Said, who began earning his money: "Him very fine donkey; Excellency will ride."

They piled up goatskins on the donkey's back and strapped them down, a seat most soft. Then the three of them hoisted Zack straddlewise across the beast. He pulled the bridle tight, felt round with his toes for the absent stirrups, then clung with his knees, but could get no grip on that yielding mass of skins. "Eol' up, Side! Hol' him! I'm a-slippin'." Said and Hamuda strove to make him understand that donkeys must not be ridden with a pressure of the knees and a firm foot in the stirrup, after the fashion of horses. "No, no. La, la—not so. Effendi must spread his legs very wide apart. Let them dangle, so—and balance himself, so ——" Said stretched his arms like a soaring vulture. "Excellency must guide his donkey with a stick, not by the bridle."

"Jes' bat him over de haid on t'other side f'um de way you wants him to go? Lemme try."

Hamuda trotted at the donkey's head and Said jogged along behind. Zack grinned and guided with his stick. At a turn too sharp he careened, gripped frantically with his knees and would have fallen but for Hamuda, who balanced him again. Then they demonstrated again until Zack got the hang of it. "Dat's easy; jes' like a feller settin' on a tightrope wid a balancin' pole." With long legs and heavy feet there was no losing his balance. He rode alone, laughed aloud and forged ahead. But it was poor fun in an empty street. "Where none admire 'tis useless to excel." Beyond the corner Zack saw many people moving amongst the bazars: "I'm gwine up dis here street," he called to those behind him. Old Reliable whacked his donkey on the left ear, aroused a burst of speed and wheeled to the right—up the middle of the Street of the Bazars. Said stared aghast at Hamuda, for Achmet would be waiting—that desert man of the strong arm and savage mood. Hamuda had no mind to seek a crowd until his donkey was well sold. From the distant rear Said reviled Hamuda's beast, then he stopped, wiped the sweat from his face and resigned himself to whatever fortune Allah might be pleased to send. Hamuda was not to be so lightly cheated. He ran doggedly, and by calls, hisses, shouts and other private blandishments brought his donkey to a stop. Breathing very hard, Hamuda jerked the bridle and turned him back. Hamuda never ceased berating until he had dragged both runaways behind the corner.

"I hates to git off dis here little saddle mule. Gwine ter buy him right now. How much do he cost?"

"Ten pounds." Said panted out the price. Hamuda never blinked at the greatness of it. They lifted Zack to the ground and both men heard the rattle of money when the Black Effendi stamped his feet and stood critically observing the donkey.

"Him ten pounds," Said repeated.

"Huh! Is dat all? He mus' be some kind of a holler donkey. Drif', my dog, weighed a heap mo'n dat."

"What is That Stuff You've Got on Your Face?"

"Ten pounds, Ingleezi money, price," Said maintained.

"Oh! I thought you was argufyin' 'bout how much did he weigh. Ten pounds o' money? Fer dat donkey? Nigger, does you take me fer a plum' fool? Why don't you jes' specify a bushel o' money an' be done wid it?"

"Ten pounds—it is nothing, Excellency."

"Y'all niggers talk so foolish. What you mean by ten pounds o' money?" Zack drew out a handful of coins, twenty pieces of gold and some of silver. Hamuda grappled Said by the arm and whispered hoarsely: "Fool! Thou shouldst have named it twenty pounds; it is little."

The two of them—Said and Hamuda—put their heads close together above the Black Effendi's palm where the money glittered. Hamuda reached forward; Zack shut his fist.

"I show, I show"—Said spoke so pitifully that Zack opened his gold to the sunlight and to him. Said licked his dry lips and touched a sovereign with trembling fingers—"Ten pounds."

"Ten o' dese?" Zack turned them over one by one.

"Yes, yes," answered Said. "*Aiwah, aiwah*," chorused Hamuda.

The lust of gold having deafened their ears, none heard a rapid padding on the sands or suspected aught until a camel fell to his knees and Achmet thrust his blazing face amongst them. Zack withdrew and listened to their vilification.

"Huh! You niggers talks mighty scrapageous fer de little bit o' fightin' what you does." He turned away to the camel, that ungainly creature which fascinated him and he never yet believed to be real. Never, not even in the circus, had he beheld such a vision of luxury and striped tassels. His breath came fast; how those Vicksburg negroes would stare when he went riding past the Hot Cat eating house!

"Here, Side! Shet up dat jabber an' lissen to me. Dat gen'leman wouldn't sell dis here camel, you reckin?"

Said rejoiced to be called from a wrangle that promised no gain. His master had put the gold back into his pocket and faithful Said must coax it out again. Hamuda extricated himself from the mêlée and plucked Zack by the sleeve. Zack shook him off: "G'way f'um here! Don't you see me steddyin' 'bout dis here camel? I ain't got no time to be foolin' wid mules." Achmet sent Hamuda whirling like a spinning top and stood before the Black Effendi.

"Mister, is dem camels hard to ride?"

Said translated rapidly, and for answer Achmet waved his hand to that luxurious *makhafa*—a saddle the like of which no Vicksburg negro had ever sat upon.

"Honest, mister? Sho' nuff? Kin I ride? I'd buy dis camel in a minute ef I could ride him."

Achmet never hinted a promise to sell, but he helped Zack to a seat and crossed his legs round the little post that stuck up in front of the saddle. There was another peg behind, but Zack didn't know what that was for. With due solemnity Achmet placed the richly woven halter in Old Reliable's hand and stepped out of the way.

"Right About! The Boat's Waitin' an' Blowin' for Ye These Two Good Hours"

The camel snarled and reached round with his India-rubber neck. The upper lip had a beard; the lower lip hung loose enough to wrap round a nigger's leg when he bit out a chunk. Zack jerked his legs away: "Nev' min', mister, nev' min'. I wants to git down."

Achmet would not hear and the angels were far away.

"Gawd A'mighty! He's gittin' up!"

Said ran in front and bent his body forward, almost double. "Sit so!" he shouted. Zack got rattled and didn't understand; he got badly rattled before that camel finished getting up. The camel arose simultaneously, but in disconnected sections, like the folding and unfolding of a jointed rule. His front legs stiffened, which threw Zack violently backward. Then the creature elevated suddenly from his rear. Zack lunged forward and the saddle-peg punched him in the stomach. With four legs sprawling the great beast swayed from side to side. Zack clung to his saddle-peg and dropped the halter.

It might have been the scream of a whistle from the gunboat that frightened the camel; maybe it was Zack, who clutched like a kitten on a colt's back; but through some mischance the camel escaped from Achmet, whirled and started up the street. His first getaway was somewhat tentative; but no Achmet held the halter and that clinging creature upon his back was worse than scared. Then he moved like a camel who knew his business. Luckily for Zack, the camel-yard was only three hundred yards away, instead of three hundred miles across the desert. With his long neck craned ahead, that camel split the wide and sandy Street of the Bazars, scattering Arabs, who knew better than to get in the way of the beast.

"I wants to git off!" Zack yelled. Then he got off. There was nothing deliberate or dignified about it; neither man nor beast seemed to have a premonition of the halt. When a bolting camel stops he stops totally and completely—flat as a wet rag hurled upon the floor. All at once, like the collapse of a stepladder, he stopped. Zack did not. He proceeded.

(Continued on Page 28)

The Hunting of the Octopus

Being the Hunting of the Snark, With Political Interpolations

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

HOW can we tell the Octopus?
What are his Bertillon measurements?
How work the ways of that gobbulous cuss
Caught in the law of precedents?

He's a tail like a coal train, a head like an ox,
A heart like an oil can, a brain like a fox.
On widows and windmills he'll breakfast and sup;
And he says "Going down!" when he means "Going up!"

(From the Ravings of a Consumer)

SCREAM ONE—THE LANDING OF THE EXPEDITION

On the good ship Steam Roller they journeyed away
To the land where the Moneygigs dwell;
For a party necessity urged them to slay
The Octopus flabby and fell.

And the legal Chief Lawman who handled the crew
Upspake as the anchor he cast:
"It's almost election—what couldn't we do
With an Octopus nailed to our mast!"

Yet none of 'em knew which way the wind blew
Nor the size of the monster they sought,
Nor its habits and race, nor the law in the case,
Nor the manner to treat it when caught.

And none of 'em cared how the Octopus fared
In his progress of gobble-to-bust;
Which same, as you'll find, is the true state of mind
When you set out to murder a Trust.

"Just the place for an Oct!" the Lawman cried,
As he landed his crew with tact,
Supporting each one on the top of the tide
By a banking and currency act.

"Just the place for an Octopus—nine times ten
I have said it in grave surprise;
I have said it to Cox and Little Phil Knox,
I have proved it with alibis.

"For our duty is clear as the German stage
And straight as a circular saw——"
Here he turned to the hundred and ninety-fifth page
Of a volume marked Sherman Law.

The crew was complete: As a hunter of might
Came a banker equipped with a bow,
And as pledge of his zeal in the popular right,
A letter from Morgan & Co.

There was also a Judge from the Commerce Court brought,
His hatred of Trusts was intense.
He could stagger a Trust by a process of thought
Or a sentence marked "Held in suspense."

Though he seldom enthused about joining the mob
To prod the big-business oaf,
He consented to come, being out of a job,
"And I might as well hunt as to loaf."

There was also a Journalist famed for his skill
At writing up scenes of confusion;
He'd a picture-machine with all rights at the kill.
To picture this well-staged illusion.

There was Congressman Blank sending speeches—per frank—
And a Houn' Dawg kicked into the fray;
This mammal, though tame, oft confused the big game
By pointing the opposite way.

But who was the wight with the kerosene can
And golf balls and hymnbooks supplied,
Who lifted his wig as he walked in the van
With a courtesy no one denied?

His name was Poor John, and he said, out of breath:
"Though I would not be cruel to a Beast,
If they're after his skin, I'll be in at the death
As an intimate friend of deceased."

Still another one came, I've forgotten his name,
A Clerk of Statistics was he;
On tables of crime he was almost sublime;
On census reports he could be

So verbally sweet that you rose from your seat
With a quick, arithmetical leap,
And his banking percents were so very intense
That it put the most hardened to sleep.

"For," he said, "there is nothing in science or art
The Octopus' vitals to reach
Like the scent of my Harrisburg bond-issue chart."
The Journalist took down the speech.

The last on the muster, a husky Trustbuster,
He came as the Nimrod of courts;
He could splash like a porpoise through *habeas corpus*
Commixt with replevins and torts.

He had forty suitcases carefully packed
With lawsuits marked "Perfectly new,"
And a book of instructions called Just How to Act
When an Octopus Whistles at You.

"His form is ungainly, his intellect small"—
So the Lawman explained as he rocked—
"But his courage is perfect! And that, after all,
Is the thing that one needs with an Oct."

So at last on the beach they all stood with a screech,
Prepared for to do or to die;
Some reveled in song, others pounded a gong.
Yet others shot holes in the sky.

"If we keep on this way we will scare off our prey,"
Said the Houn' Dawg wig-wagging the dust.
"That's exactly what you are expected to do,"
Quoth the Judge, "when you're hunting a Trust."

But the Journalist asked—the inquisitive cuss:
"By what can we tell it's the Octopus?"
Whereat the good Lawman outanswered him thus:

"He's a tail like a coal train, a head like an ox,
A heart like an oil can, a brain like a fox.
On widows and windmills he'll breakfast and sup;
And he says 'Going down!' when he means 'Going up!'"

SCREAM TWO—THEY PAUSE AND HOLD AN OILY INVESTIGATION

They sought it with flaws and Sherman Laws,
They teased it with zeal and malt,
They charmed it with bricks and little Big Sticks
And shakers of table salt.

"Our time it is short," said the Judge of the court,
"And the Octopus Belt we are on;
In a crisis like this it is seldom amiss
To investigate Kerosene John."

"Come hither, Poor John," said the Lawman in tears,
"We're gwine to investigate you.
Our time's quite short—we have scarcely ten years—
So be brief in your speech and few.

"Now what of the Octopus bug we quest
And its higglety-piggulous way?"
Friend John laid his hand on his bright-green vest
Where the portrait of Wickersham lay.

"Oh, why ask me of the Octopi
And ways that are dark and dank?
A holy anchorite man am I
With a hut on the Hudson's bank.

"It's Almost Election—What Couldn't We Do With an Octopus Nailed to Our Mast!"

"I smoke no stogies, I know no bogies
Save those which the golf balls trim;
My golfing masters are seedy pastors,
My worldliest thought's a hymn.

"So what know I of the Octopi?
But once in a vision blest
I caught the spoor—pshaw, my memory's poor!—
Well, perhaps 'twas some Trust you quest."

The Houn' Dawg barked, the Lawman barked,
The Clerk of Statistics squeaked
And added four to a baseball score.
"How looked that Trust?" all shrieked.

"He was bright and fair with golden hair,
His eyes they were true and sure.
He was out for his health; for he garnered wealth
And gave it all to the poor.

"'Twas a good, good Trust of the snow-white kind,
In which—well, I have helped some,
For it's name was The Stan—— But never mind!"
Here modesty struck John dumb.

"Oh, what have you heard of the Proxy Bird
That flies o'er the Proxy Pool?"
Asked the Lawman, blunt as Samuel Unt,
That cross-examiner cool.

"Some poolish waters I've pierced," said John,
"But of Waters and Pierce—eh, what?
I almost suspect that I can't recollect"——
Here standardized John forgot.

He forgot his name, he forgot his dates,
He forgot the folks he'd met;
And the only quirk where his mind would work
Was remembering what to forget.

"I will not scold, for you're growing old,"
Said the Judge as his thumbs revolved;
"For your honest face I'll reward your case
As usual—your Trust's dissolved."

Then Poor John uttered a joyish grunt
And upward leapt in delight;
And the Standard's stocks did a similar stunt—
Full seventy points ere night.

And the Octopus hunters, wending on
Their journey, philosophized thus:
"In our legal way we have helped Poor John,
Why shouldn't Poor John help us?"

SCREAM THREE—THE PLOT THICKENS AMONG THE GOOD TRUSTS

They sought it with flaws and Sherman Laws,
They teased it with zeal and malt,
They charmed it with bricks and little Big Sticks
And shakers of table salt.

As they slunk through the tarn 'twas the Journalist's joke
That fell like a pall on the land:
"All Denmark smells rank—is it Pittsburgh smoke,
Or stogies of similar brand?

"Oh, yonder, I fear, lies the Coaligog
Or the danky Tobaccaroo"——
A shriek they gave as they came to a cave
Where a strangulous smoke outblew.

From that coalish den stepped a polar Baer,
Who growled: "I am God's trustee!"
Assuming the stare which ursines wear
When they've cornered you up a tree.

"May I ask?" cried the Congressman, growing brave—
But the Big Baer circumspect
Pressed a button. A Lawyer stepped from the cave
A-caroling: "I object!"

"May I ask?" the Statistician began.
"I object!" snapped the Lawyer, pained;
So the Judge, who was quite an habitual man,
Said simply: "Objection sustained!"

But the Big Baer smiled: "You are seeking, I see,
The Octopus smelly and fat.
If you smell my smoke, friends, take it from me,
There's nothing but perfume in that!

"Though there be bad Trusts to a small extent,
Not we—we're the friends of men;
For we've raised our payroll five per cent—
Though we've juggled our price up ten.

"For Heaven has marked us a good, good Trust
To bless and to cheer the earth,
And serve the Peop-ul, as serve we must,
For twice what the job is worth.

"And if commerce and labor have martyred us,
They'll pay for our crown, no doubt,
When they find our Trust is a godly Trust—
So, gentlemen, this way out!"

. . . . . .

They thanked the good Baer and declared him dissolved;
A stunt that so popular grew
That all the good Trusts, fangs and fingers outthrust,
Came galumphing and yodeling: "Me too!"

(Concluded on Page 29

"In a Crisis Like This it is Seldom Amiss To Investigate Kerosene John"

With the Judge in His Mawt and the People Who Saw Said: "No Wonder the Prices are Right!"

MY LADY'S GARTER

XXI

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MRS. QUAIN'S tranquil face was furrowed by spidery lines of perplexity as she strolled down the wide lawn from the house and joined Cicely under the big apple tree beside the tiny study building. For the first time in her life she was laboring under the weight of a grave responsibility; and to her credit be it said that she met it dutifully, albeit unenthusiastically. Upon her, at the terse command of her husband, had devolved the unpleasant task of compelling a match between Cicely and Skeets Gaunt; and to her aid she had brought all her diplomacy, all her gracious tact, even maternal coercion—thus far vainly.

Cicely was sitting upon the grass, Turkish fashion, thoughtfully flinging unripe, windfallen fruit into the thick multi-flowering hedge. She looked up instantly on the defensive and sighed wearily. Here was come her daily grilling.

"Has Skeets returned from New York?" Mrs. Quain questioned as she sat down. She was sweetly oblivious of the smoldering rebellion in her daughter's face.

"Yes, he came this morning," Cicely replied. Then, pleadingly: "Now, mother, let's don't start it all over again."

"Where is he?"

"He's down thanking Miss Dale for saving his life," said Cicely.

"I had a long letter from your father this morning in which he explains that unless you and Skeets ——"

"I understand perfectly," Cicely interrupted. "If we don't get married immediately the whole world is going to the demnition bowwows and ——"

"Cicely!"

"I don't care. I won't marry him, and"—triumphantly—"he won't marry me. He's said so!" She flung a green apple spitefully and accurately at a strutting robin. "Why is a marriage between us so necessary all at once?" she demanded. "When I wanted Skeets I couldn't have him, and now that I won't have him I must marry him."

Mrs. Quain shrugged her shapely shoulders and laid a graceful hand gently upon the wind-blown brick-red hair of her daughter. The tenderness of the caress brought a quick moisture to Cicely's blue eyes; she seized the slim white hand and pressed it to her hot cheek. Mrs. Quain in silence was staring out dreamily over the wimpling waters of the harbor.

"You know, mother," Cicely ran on in a strained, tense little voice, "I'd be sorry for you and Pops if he should be ruined financially, as he seems to think he will be if I don't marry Skeets, but I shouldn't mind being poor myself. I don't think it quite—quite fair that he should put all the responsibility upon me. I don't love Skeets. I thought I did, and I daresay if the elopement had—had been a success we would have been happy together, but not now."

"There is some one else. Who?"

"No one," Cicely denied.

"Is it Mr. von Derp?"

"No!"

Another question trembled upon Mrs. Quain's lips, but she didn't ask it. Strange fears lie suppressed deep in a mother's heart. After a moment she went on: "Did Skeets' going to New York have any connection with his refusal to marry you?"

Cicely bobbed her head vigorously; the latent fire in her brick-red hair leaped into flame.

"He went," she explained specifically, "to tell his father that he was in love with Miss Dale and to ask him to give ——"

"Oh!"

Old Captain Barry came racking along the winding road from Peggotty Beach in a haste inspired by uncontrollable excitement.

"It's coming back!" he yelled at the snowy white figures on the lawn at Stepping Stones.

"What?" Cicely asked.

"The Pyramid," he bellowed. "I'm a-going over now to tell the constable."

Cicely had arisen with a rush of color to her cheeks; instantly it receded leaving her very pale. In her throat was a curious tightness.

"Why," she demanded with an effort, "are you going to tell the constable?"

"Going to arrest him, by gravy!" The old Captain exploded it directly under Cicely's nose. "They say he killed a feller down to New York and stole a lot o' diamens and things. Regular thief, you know. And"—the Captain continued shrewdly—"I don't know whether you heerd it or not, but old man Bates up at the Center's been missing a lot o' chickens lately too!"

Captain Barry went racking on across the causeway toward the village, his hurrying heels kicking up little spurts of dust behind him. Motionless, Cicely stared after the aged sailorman until he had crossed the bridge spanning the backwater, then turned to her mother.

"I'm going to warn Mr. Colquhoun," she said.

"Why?" questioned Mrs. Quain. "If he is a thief and a murderer ——"

"I don't believe it," Cicely declared. "It's only fair to warn him after—after —— . He saved my life, you know. I can't stand by and see him arrested!" The word came hollowly.

In that instant Mrs. Quain understood. Hopelessly perplexed, she glanced toward the beach. There coming along the road toward them was Bruce Colquhoun in person. He turned into the drive and came straight across the lawn. With fingers locked tightly together behind her back Cicely faced him.

"Captain Barry," she said tensely, "has gone for the constable to arrest you."

"Thanks," he said simply. There was no other greeting, no extraneous matutinal wishes, no trite comments on the weather. He addressed Mrs. Quain: "I am aware that I owe you and your daughter some apologies. My sudden departure the other night after I had put the engine of the Maid of the Sea out of commission must have seemed curious to you—almost a confession of those charges against me. It was absolutely necessary that I should go and equally necessary that no one should follow me. I can't explain why. My return, I hope, will convince you that my running away was through no sense of guilt. I can hardly expect you to believe me; I can only hope that you will."

He was searching the faces of the two women with his eyes. Mrs. Quain's countenance was blank, inscrutable, tranquil; but deep in the mother's heart a tumult was raging, masked by the conventions.

Cicely's hands were brought forward suddenly and her fingers were locked together. She still wore the ring. "Whosoever hath that ring shall love me forever and be beloved of me!"

Mrs. Quain spoke: "I appreciate your motives, Mr. Colquhoun—already I have thanked you for saving my daughter's life—and I am free to say that personally I have no doubt as to your innocence. On the other hand, you will understand that it is only fair to us and fair to yourself that we should know who and what you are. I recall distinctly that you have frankly stated that these charges stood against you, but I don't recall that there has been the slightest effort on your part to explain them away or even to allow us to understand who you are. You are here merely as Mr. Bruce Colquhoun. I don't even know with certainty that this is your right name."

"It is not," Bruce told her.

"Then what is your name?"

"That I can't tell you."

"Who are you?"

"That I can't tell you."

"Where are you from? What do you do?"

"Nor can I answer those questions."

"Why not?"

"I can't even answer that."

Mrs. Quain made a little deprecatory motion with her slim hands.

"You yourself compel me to say that, in view of all these things, I must out of deference to the conventions ask you to—ask you ——"

"I understand perfectly." He bowed slightly without a change in his countenance. "It has been inconsiderate of me to expect you to continue your—your friendship, if I may use the word. The withdrawal of your confidence is my greatest regret." His eyes dropped to Cicely's hands; the curious little ring he had given her flashed in the sun. "May I, before you dismiss me, have a few words with your daughter?"

"In my presence, yes," was the reply.

There was no embarrassment, no hesitation in Bruce's manner as he turned flatly to face Cicely, still very white.

"Captain Barry and the constable are coming across the causeway," she said dully.

"I'm here," he replied without so much as a glance around. "I'm here if they want me." He seemed to dismiss the matter. "I returned to Satuit," he went on, "for several reasons. One of those reasons was to try to make you and your mother understand that I did not run away through fear of arrest; another was that I thought, just having left here, I should be safer here than anywhere else against certain menacing conditions that constantly surround me, my idea being that men who had seen me flee the place would not expect me to return. My third reason ——" He paused and again glanced down at the ring.

"Your third reason?" Cicely echoed faintly.

"My third reason was to see if you still wore the little ring I gave you aboard the Pyramid," he said frankly. "I see that you do and I thank you for it." Their eyes met understandingly; it was a reference to the note he had written her. She understood. "Your mother has been good enough to express her confidence in me and she has made me see that her attitude is necessary as a concession to the conventions. So long as you wear that ring I shall understand that you too have faith in me—when you return it I shall know that your faith is dead."

"Did Skeets' Going to New York Have Any Connection With His Refusal to Marry You?"

"I Don't Calc'late to Arrest You Exactly," He Confessed

Through the haze of her emotions Cicely remembered vaguely that she had promised herself to snub this presumptuous young person soundly for that note; but now she lacked the courage to do it. Some savage thing was tearing at her heart; she wanted to scream. Already she could hear the thump of footsteps on the bridge a couple of hundred yards away as the constable and old Captain Barry came toward them.

"There can be no reason sufficiently strong to compel a man of honor to silence regarding his identity," Cicely declared. Her voice was oddly cold, unemotional. "I can only continue to have faith in you when you clear up this mystery which surrounds you."

"I have told you that my life depends upon my ability to keep my identity secret," Bruce pointed out.

"I am not a child, Mr. Colquhoun!" The blue eyes flamed in sudden anger.

"I am under sentence of death," he pursued. "I left here the other night as I did because my executioners were at hand. They are seeking me elsewhere now, I hope. I came back to try to make you understand."

"You love the theatric, don't you?" she taunted. "It is a most effective pose!"

She stopped and drew the ring he had given her from her finger. "Whosoever hath this ring shall love me forever and be beloved of me!" It lay in her palm.

"Your faith is dead then?" he asked.

"You yourself said what the return of the ring would mean to you."

"I'm sorry."

Old Captain Barry and the constable were at the entrance to the driveway now. Bruce took the ring from her hand, stared at it a moment, then flipped it into the underbrush directly across the winding road. Cicely gasped a little in impotent anger.

Bruce turned away from her with inscrutable face, to find that the town constable, smoking furiously, was almost behind him. One hand rested threateningly upon the official hip nearest the official weapon of defense. The official face was pale despite the hurried walk across the causeway, and there was a vast indetermination in the official eyes.

"Now don't you start nothing!" Bruce was warned. "I see you're back!"

"Yes. What of it?"

"You ran away from here t'other night in your boat."

"Well?" There was a steely glitter in Bruce's eyes.

"They say you killed a feller down to New York, and stole a lot o' things!" The constable was uneasy beneath the placid glare.

"And old man Bates up at the Center has missed a lot of chickens too!" piped old Captain Barry.

"If you're going to arrest me, do it," Bruce advised curtly. "Show me your warrant and take me along."

The constable wriggled a little and swung from foot to foot.

"I don't calc'late to arrest you exactly," he confessed. "I—I just wanted to see if you was back and tell you I've got my eye on you. I'm going right up to the station and telegraph to Mr. Meredith, of New York, that ——"

"You may save yourself the trouble," Bruce interrupted abruptly. "I telegraphed Mr. Meredith from Boston last night that I would be here today."

"You did?" incredulously.

"I'll be dinged!" from Captain Barry.

"Now if you've finished," Bruce went on, "please apologize to Mrs. Quain and her daughter here for intruding and making a scene, and go on about your business."

'Twas a crestfallen town official who went stumbling across the lawn and down the driveway. Old Captain Barry followed him to the corner, then sat down on the fence to await developments. He'd be dinged if he could understand city folks!

"Why," Cicely asked, "are men afraid to arrest you?"

"Because," Bruce replied, "they're not so certain as you are that I am a thief and a murderer."

Through all of it Mrs. Quain had been silent. She was remembering that face she had seen through the porthole of the Pyramid. Mrs. Quain started to ask a question, but suddenly changed her mind. Bruce bowed ceremoniously.

"I regret more than I can make you understand," he said, "that things are as they are." He laid a hand upon Cicely's arm and drew her unresisting a few steps to one side. "Some day you'll understand," he said. "Do you see that thin spindle against the sky far off there to the north?"

"Yes," she replied wonderingly.

"Do you know what it is?"

"A lighthouse, isn't it?"

"Minot's Ledge Lighthouse," he explained. "Do you know what the folks about here call that light? They have a name of their own for it."

She shook her head and her eyes were raised questioningly to his.

"Ask some one," he said. "I wanted you to understand. Goodby."

Again he bowed ceremoniously first to Mrs. Quain, then to Cicely, and withdrew. For an hour or more old Captain Barry sat on the fence staring at the house with an imminent expectation on his face. He was just about to give it up when Cicely came down the drive.

"That's Minot's Ledge Lighthouse over there, isn't it?" she asked as she indicated the spindle.

"Yessum."

"It has another name, too, hasn't it?" she asked. "I mean the folks about here call it something else, don't they?"

"Yessum," obliged the captain without hesitation. "They sometimes call it the 'I-love-you' light!"

The Next Thing Meredith Remembered He Was in Icy Cold Water, Swimming

"I love you!" Cicely's face went scarlet with embarrassment. Captain Barry stared at the girl in blank amazement. Be dinged if he could understand them women anyway!

XXII

THREE telegrams, all forwarded by wire from police headquarters in New York, reached Detective Meredith at intervals of half an hour in the small seacoast town in Maine whither he had gone, following up the elusive trail of the Pyramid. The first to arrive was dated the day before and said tersely:

I am returning to Satuit tomorrow. BRUCE COLQUHOUN.

It was amazing, unheard of, unethical even. Here was a game of hare and hounds where the hare, not content with playing his end of the game, must constitute himself friend, adviser and guide of the hounds. For no obvious reason Detective Meredith was seized upon by consuming anger, and there was something vindictive in the way he packed his suitcase. Then the second telegram came:

Motorboat Pyramid, Colquhoun aboard, arrived here this morning. Close upon this came the third: VON DERP.

Bruce Colkoon is back. Hurry up if you want him. I got my eye on him. Bring a warrant. Is there any reward? STEVE RICKETTS, Town Constable.

Meredith caught the first train for Boston where, at his telegraphed request, two men from the Bureau of Criminal Investigation met him at the station.

On the preceding night there had been another big jewel robbery, this time in one of the Newtons. The home of a former governor of the state had been ransacked and a small fortune in jewels had been taken away—about eighty-five thousand dollars' worth—among other pieces being a pearl necklace alone valued at forty thousand dollars. Here, too, had been found a mocking little note:

This closes my work in this vicinity. I wish to thank the Police Department, and Mr. Meredith, of New York, for their stupidity. THE HAWK.

"This robbery was precisely like the others, save in one particular," one of the Boston detectives informed Meredith. "Up to this time we have been working in the dark; now we have a clew. A footman in the house heard a noise about two o'clock and quietly went to investigate, taking a revolver with him. He stopped at the door of a room where the noise seemed to be and fired three shots into it in the dark. Somebody ran away—he thinks only one man but is not at all certain, as there may have been two. Anyway, when the lights were turned on and an investigation made, this was found."

He produced a photograph from his pocket and handed it to Meredith. It was an enlarged picture of a thumbprint, remarkably clear as to detail and possessed of marked individual characteristics. Meredith's eyes opened wide as he stared at it.

"It's certain that one of the shots took effect," the Boston detective went on. "This thumbprint was found outlined in blood on the edge of a sheet of paper that lay on the desk. The original is at headquarters. Also it is certain that if The Hawk was alone it was he who was wounded, probably only slightly, however, as he was able to get away. If there were two men, of course it might have been the other man who was wounded—this may even be his thumbprint and not The Hawk's. But at least we have the thumbprint and it furnishes a clew that can't be disputed." He was silent a moment. "To my mind it seems that the search has narrowed down to an individual whose thumbprint corresponds with this and who is probably slightly wounded."

The reasoning seemed clear and lucid enough, but Meredith didn't comment upon it.

"I think," he said slowly, after a little, "that I know the man. That is why I telegraphed you. I have a warrant; I want you to serve it." The heavy jaw of the detective closed with a snap. "And," he added grimly, "there won't be any difference of opinion among the experts. I am an expert myself in this Bertillon thing."

Von Derp, in his motor car, met them at the station in Satuit, and Meredith introduced him to the Boston men.

"Please be good enough to inform them who I am," Von Derp requested, "because I should like to ask you, and perhaps ask them, a few questions."

"Mr. von Derp is of the Imperial Secret Service of Germany. He, too, is at work on this case."

(Continued on Page 38)

ON MAIN STREET

A Midsummer Night's Scream

WHEN it came to being a two-faced proposition, the late Janus had absolutely nothing on little old New York. New York excels in faces as in many other regards. Its winter face, for example, is nothing at all like its summer face—its beaming, ninety-in-the-shade midsummer face.

In the summer nearly everybody that lives in New York goes elsewhere for a vacation and nearly everybody that lives elsewhere comes to New York, also for a vacation. This arrangement is not without its attractions and compensations. For one thing, it prevents congestion and overcrowding, and for another, it provides a congenial change of scenery and surroundings all round. Also it reflects a characteristic phase of New Yorkitis.

If there is one thing that the average New Yorker is prouder of than another it is that New York is the greatest summer resort on the continent. New Yorkers advertise this fact—advertise it loudly and vociferously—and then, somewhere between July first and fifteenth, they leave town and stay away until after Labor Day, being governed in this regard by the same principle that actuates every rich New Yorker as soon as he has made his pile to build a two- or three-million-dollar mansion on Upper Fifth Avenue, and then, having done so, to lock it up very carefully and go away and live somewhere else. If the members of a financially bloated New York family should make a specialty of living in their own house they would be regarded among friends as being eccentric and not exactly well balanced. It isn't done, that's all, and most particularly it isn't done in summer.

In summer every rich New Yorker gathers together his household and goes as far away from New York as possible. He may establish himself aboard one of those three-story-and-English-basement private yachts, complete with a tradesmen's entrance and a talented barkeeper and a crew of eighty or ninety Scandinavian seafaring persons dressed in Peter Thomsons. He may go up to the North Woods, where he has a simple and unostentatious little camp that would pass for a county courthouse anywhere else. He may take a motor trip to see the country, and see it so fast it looks like a continuous streak. He may visit the lakes of Switzerland, or Scotland, or some other foreign part. This is a favorite summer diversion of the wealthy American from the Eastern seaboard. It boots him nothing that, within half a night's ride of the Grand Central Station, there are a couple of hundred lakes as fine as anything the Old World has to offer—not a single boot it boots him. Lead him to the shores of one of these domestic lakes, and he would gaze into its pellucid depths with a lack-luster eye and in a bored tone would speak substantially as follows:

"Yes, quite so—a lake. Body of unutilized water-power entirely surrounded by undeveloped real estate. Probably contains fish and a few despondent Germans. Undoubtedly a lake—but what of it? To a man of my wealth and position in the world, what is one lake more or less?"

The City Is Engaged in Extending the Hospitalities of the Season to the Stranger Within Its Gates

The Vacation That One Longs For

AND then he would make inquiries touching on when he could get a train out of there. But on the other side a mere lake is more than a mere lake. It's a Mere Something or a Loch Something, and it has a ruined castle or an ancient feudal corncrib or smokehouse or something picturesquely enthroned upon its banks; and it is replete with romance and abounding in history, and has been tourist-hoteled and souvenir-postcarded to the last possible degree; and it costs him a great deal to get there and a great deal more to get away, and therefore it seems to satisfy the cravings of his being for a little lake scenery.

New York people in less affluent circumstances have an equally wide range of vacational selections. Inside of three hours they may reach the Catskills, that mountainous district discovered by Hendrik Hudson, exploited by Washington Irving and populated by boarding-house keepers. Mountain scenery and boarders are the chief products of the purple-and-gold Catskills. The natives live on buckwheat cakes in the winter and city visitors in the summer. Every Catskill Mountain woodpecker digs two sets of holes. In one set he rears a family and in the other set he takes summer boarders. When you see a particularly hungry-looking woodpecker scouting round up there, that's a boarder.

For those who do not seem to care for the mountains there remains the sea. From Maryland to Labrador there is a considerable stretch of coast, but, take it from an old coast guard, it is all in use for vacation purposes at this season of the year. In some places, on pleasant days, people have to take turns going into the ocean, and it is rare that a bather can have his own individual breaker; generally he has to split a breaker with somebody else. It is the illustrated literature on the subject that helps to draw so many to the shores of the sounding sea. There is one standard variety of vacation folder, presenting on its front cover a likeness in colors of a beauteous maid in a form-fitting bathing suit, with her tresses blowing free as she rises in an undamaged and undampened state upon the foamy crest of the rolling surf; and there is another staple illustration, much used for advertising inland establishments, which depicts a perfect summer girl paddling a brand-new and highly varnished canoe down a purling mountain stream with one hand, and catching a brand-new and highly varnished speckled beauty—that is, brook trout—with the other, while a flawless summer youth in a pair of unwrinkled white-duck trousers sits upon a mossy bank hard by, thrumming upon his trusty guitar. These things, though good to look at, are often misleading in their effect upon the lay or vacation mind. There was once a young woman who could go down to the sea and remain there a week without acquiring a complexion like a rare sirloin, and who could go surf-bathing without its causing her hair to hang dankly down like fried onions smothering the said sirloin, but there was only one of her—and she died in the spring of 1874, leaving no descendants. As for the summer girl in the canoe, the nearest she comes to catching a speckled beauty is when she breaks out with freckles and becomes one herself—at least that is the general rule. As for the youth who sits on the grass, the artist who did him committed a crime of omission when he put in the white-duck pants and left out the little red ants. Entomologists who have given consideration to this topic agree in the cardinal principle of natural history, that nothing will draw red ants like white-duck pants; and one of the most painful spectacles to be witnessed on the greensward is a summer youth and ninety or a hundred inquiring red ants engaged in wearing the same pair of duck pants.

Other things beside these may prove disappointing to the New Yorker who goes away from New York for his vacation. It may so befall—it has indeed so befell ere now—that when night comes to the summer-resort hotel he will lie awake for long hours with his nose close to the shingles while a pinching bug with a low-retreating forehead ending in a pair of tweezers is blundering about the room seeking an opportunity to fall into his eye; and without upon the veranda care-free youths sing Good Night, Ladies, until it is almost time for the ladies to get up for breakfast; and the man in the next room snores in a boisterous baritone manner; and the myriad voices of the dewy night—mainly mosquito voices—come in through the window to him and fill his soul with a vast and overpowering loneliness.

The City of Dreadful Night

LYING thus, his thoughts belike turn cityward, and with memory's fond eye he sees Broadway, all alit with glittering electric gems; and the cafés are all open, and the roof gardens and summer theaters are going full blast, and the automobiles are honking up and down and the crowds are flowing along the sidewalks—and he takes out the return half of his ticket and unrolls a couple of running yards of it—why does every excursion ticket look like a moving-picture film?—and he considers it with a great wistfulness. But he doesn't go back. He has come away for a complete rest, and he is going to get it if it kills him.

Meanwhile the city which he has abandoned is engaged in extending the hospitalities of the season to the stranger within its gates, which might also be spelled gaits, since the stranger in question is exceedingly likely to go them all. It isn't the resident New Yorker who gives his town its glittering reputation for wickedness; it's the wayfaring white-goods buyer from some distant inland town who demands a taste of mad life when he comes to the city, and if he can't find some will go forth and manufacture a little of it on his own hook. For all the white-goods buyers and all the buyers of other kinds of goods come to New York in midsummer to study the styles and to lay in their fall and winter stocks—and to take in the sights and be taken in by them. Besides the thousands of buyers and purchasing agents from smaller cities and towns all over the country, there are the summer excursionists, great wide-eyed armies of them.

Along with the buyers these round-trippers from all over the South and the West and the East see New York wearing its midsummer face and they mainly see it at no other time. It is a different New York, too, from the New York of the autumn and the winter. Fifth Avenue is in the midst of its annual period of comparative calm. Gone are its swarms of forenoon promenaders and gone are most of the glittering equipages that other times make long serpentines along its miles of smooth asphalt. The expensive shops, the so-called exclusive establishments, remain open, but trade is languid and so are the haughty clerks that are on duty.

Only Broadway is alive and alert. The skies overhead may shine with heat like blue-tempered steel, the asphalt may turn to chewing gum and the sidewalk be as red-hot gridirons to the feet, but Broadway itself is resplendent by day and glittering by night for the express benefit and delectation of the strangers. The hotels—especially those hotels that are popular with Southerners and Westerners—are full to their roofs. To be sure New York hotels of this character are never exactly empty. No matter what the

(Concluded on Page 47)

MISS 318 AND MR. 37

VIII

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE shopgirl's hopes had spiraled heavenward like a monoplane under the urge of the dream that she had fascinated a fireman. When she felt that his heart was not honest toward her it was as if her monoplane had lost a wing. The engine dropped out of it; her heart stopped and her hopes came whirling back to earth in a tangled wreck.

The pride of having rebuked an unworthy attempt on her dignity was too thin an atmosphere to sustain her and her bruises were pitiful. The fireman who might have been hers had joined the floorwalker in the sparse limbo of her lovers. She was confronted again with an endless future of selling pretty things she could not afford to wear.

When she turned back to her counter she saw that the fireman had returned and was elbowing his way forward among the pawing and hesitating women. He beckoned to her and she leaned across the counter with uncontrollable eagerness.

"Say, kiddo, I think I'm in wrong with you. You passed me the frozen mitt; but, since I met you las' night and found out you worked here, I ain't been easy about it a tall."

"What's distoibin' you?"

"I don't like to have you work here."

"What's the matter with this place?"

He lowered his voice further and motioned her to an unoccupied ledge. Lisette edged her way with misgivings. It was not her custom to hold this sort of cross-counter tête-à-tête—it did not look well and it invited rudeness from aisle managers; but curiosity overwhelmed caution and she perked a hungry ear to the fireman's mumble:

"I don't want to say nothin' to set them females off their nut; but, between I and you, this here Mammoth is a mammoth firetrap—like I told you last night.

"We jammed a bill through recent—the Hoey Law they call it—and it helps some; but it's only a beginning. We ain't got half enough money or half enough hands even to inspect the buildings—to say nothin' of ——"

"Which way do I go to buy a jar of cold cream?" some woman wedged in.

"Two aisles thataway, three to the left, then two to the right, and—and ast a floorwalker if you can find one—which you can't."

The woman trudged on and Lisette turned back to the fireman, whose fervor was making an orator of him. He went on earnestly:

"—— to say nothin' of seein' if our orders is carried out after we turn our backs. This store is the worst in the city."

"I thought us Americans was so clever and progressive."

"Clever and progressive! Why, our fire loss every year is bigger, per capiter, as the sayin' is, than the loss of England and Germany and France and a couple of other countries piled together. Last year in these here United States nearly two thousand lives was lost by fire, nearly five hunderd of 'em in little old New York. And the fire loss was a quarter of a billion dollars. And, at that, we spent another quarter of a billion on fire departments."

Lisette was impelled to a compliment:

"I guess the fire department's worth it. I understan' you fellas are the best firemen in the woild."

"We gotta be. We get more practice than anybody else—more fires and worse ones. Why, I've known times when we've had four burning at once—and our chief has went for sixty hours without takin' his clothes off; but, as I was sayin', I got to thinkin' about you woikin' here all day every day, and I couldn't sleep worryin' over you."

"Oh, I'm all right!" Lisette faltered, touched to the core by the unusual glory of being worried over.

"You ain't all right, and you ought to know it. I don't want to throw no scare into you, but you got a right to know what you're up against."

"Can you tell me where to find the tailor-trimmed hats?" a weary voice interrupted.

"Do you mean the mannish doibies? They're straight ahead, past the rotunda, and then a half-toin to the left. Yes'm."

She recurred to Number 37.

"Why don't they make the Mammoth Store safe?"

"They can't afford to tear the blamed thing down and build it up again. There's no doctorin' this old hulk."

Miss 318 was turning panicky.

"Can't anything be did to fix the store right? I pretend to hate it sometimes, but there's a nawful lot of nice folks here. The proprietors are as considrut as they can afford to be. I have awful rows with these bargain hunters; but I wouldn't wish the woist of 'em to scorch her little finger, to say nothin' of—oh, whyn't somebody do sumpum?"

"There's too much to do, kiddo."

"I guess I'm lost. I can't seem to find the misses' serge dresses—please."

"The soiges is one flight up. Elevator to the left."

The fireman scowled at the incessant interruption, but went on:

"Well, in the first place, this place ought to have a fire crew assigned by the city—none of these half-baked private crews that try to put out what they can't. There ought to be automatic alarms to Fire Headquarters so'st we won't have to wait for somebody to remember to run to a pull-box. Then we ought to have as big a space as this broke up with firewalls dividin' it into four compartments. That'd give us firemen a chance—breastworks to fight behind. We got no more show here than we'd have buckin' the ocean.

"Then they ought to have stone balconies, and tower escapes made out of stone. They ought to have exits everywhere, made so'st they can't be locked, and marked so'st everybody can see 'em anywhere. Just listen at these women naggin' the life out of you, askin' their way about in broad daylight, with no special excitement. What's goin' to happen if somebody hollers 'Fire!'?

"I think they ought to have iron bridges they could lower to the buildin's across the street. A few of those would let everybody out and let us firemen in.

"And look at the clutter in the aisles—these extra counters. They oughtn't to allow them things. Every one of 'em is an extra trap. And them stairways! Look at em! Windin' round the elevator shafts! Why, it scares me just to see 'em there. Elevators and stairs is got no right to associate. It makes two chimney-flues at once. Each of 'em ought to be in a fireproof shaft by itself.

"And the basement. Think of it! All that stock in the cellar—and the only way out is up a flight of steps where the crowd comin' up will meet the crowd pourin' down the main stair! The basement ought to lead out to the sidewalk.

"And them revolvin' doors! Cheese! I could hardly sneak in among the women who had nothin' special to do except to buy something. I thought they'd slaughter me. What would those places look like if a mob in a panic-struck them? Why, we couldn't chop our way through with axes!"

He Got Twenty-Five Dollars a Week For Being Sublime Whenever a Bell Rang

Lisette shook her head hopelessly. Then she caught sight of the restless throng at her own counter. The other clerks were overwhelmed and Constance was making signals to her. Now, as always, the coercion of the moment was supreme. Lisette slanted toward her neglected task.

"That's turrible interestin'—what you say—and I could listen at you talk forever; but ——"

"I could go on talkin' all day and not say half," the fireman insisted, not heeding her preparations for flight. "I tell you the biggest job this country's got ahead of it is reformin' this fire business."

"I know it is, and I hope somebody will get busy—but I gotta beat it back to the anvil."

"What's your hurry, kiddo? I run in for a little chin, havin' half a day off."

"I ain't got half a minute off!"

"Oh, I see! Well, all I came to say was that this is no place for you."

"I can see you don't like our store very well."

"Kiddo, the only thing I like in this store is—you!"

The compliment came so straight from the shoulder that it jolted Lisette like a bouquet that hits one in the nose.

"You firemen are turrible impeturous—ain't you?"

He ignored the feeble comment and tore on.

"I don't like to have you workin' here. I tell you it's too dangerous!"

"No more dangerous than starvin' to death," Lisette suggested meekly.

"You ought to get some other job."

"Such as ——"

"Some nice feller's wife."

Lisette nearly blushed.

"All the nice fellers I've saw have—well, somebody else has beat me to 'em."

"All of 'em?"

"Well—nearly all."

They looked at each other in shamefaced timidity. He began to breathe hard and she felt swoony. Love had caught them together and would have his sway. Lisette forgot the call of duty, the danger of reprimand or dismissal. A louder call and a graver danger absorbed her.

She and her fireman leaned X-wise across a counter, among a nagging, penurious throng in broad daylight; but their hearts were full of gloaming and dual solitude. The counter might have been a garden gate under a moon-drenched tree. Romance carries its own scenery and sets it up anywhere. In a jiffy it had turned the noisy store into a bower of dreams. It was Arcady and they were Arcadians both, though what the swain said to Phyllis was:

"Say, kiddo, you've made a smashin' hit with me! You got me scareder than what I was the first time I jumped off a roof into a net. Only now I'm jumpin' without knowin' where I'm goin' to land!"

Lisette answered whimsically:

"Well, I can't say as I'm out after you with a net; but—I guess you won't break no bones."

"Say, kiddo, I like you. What's your name?"

Some imp of rapture urged her to toy with her triumph. Proposals were not so frequent in Lisette's life that she

"Say, Gelts, Don't You Smell Sumpum Boinin'?"

could afford to snap them up. They must be lingered over a little; in fact, this was the first honorable proposal she had ever received, for her foregone floorwalker had never quite attained the declaration point. She just had to dally with this catnip a while.

"My name," she said, "is—well —— You seem to get along pretty well with 'Kiddo.' I never liked that before, but it's growin' on me."

An aisle manager of undertakerish majesty intervened clammily:

"Miss 318—you are wanted at your counter at once!"

"Yes, Mr. Phipps."

Lisette started to flit back, but the fireman's big grip vised her wrist:

"Will you come to the theater again?"

"I'd—I'd love to!"

"Tonight?"

"Well, tonight I got a date with a soitain party."

Lisette rejoiced to see his eyes turn sickly green. She was merciful:

"I could bring her along."

"Oh—it's a her!"

"O' course!"

"I'd rather you'd come by yourself."

"How could I get home?"

"Guess I could tend to that."

"Oh, could you?"

"Yep."

"Well ——"

"Shake your lady friend and come by your lonesome."

"All right! I was wantin' to see that show again. It's a nawful nice show."

"Well, you be there tonight, sure. Give this to the man at the door."

He tore off a bit of paper from somebody else's bundle and wrote, with Lisette's pencil:

Dear Jake: Please admit my lady friend and oblige 37.

Lisette thrust the magic paper into the bosom of her gown and whispered:

"Now I gotta run. I've lost my job a'ready."

"I hope so. I got a better one for you! I'll get you the ring today if you say the word."

"I—I'll see you tonight."

"And, say, take that petticoat and pay for it out of this ten—won't you?—to oblige me!"

"All right."

"You can keep the change, kiddo."

"Oh, no—not yet! I'll bring it to you tonight. And I'll call the powder-blue taffeta our engagement petticoat! Goodby."

"Great! Say, can you tell me where I can buy a doll for me little sister?"

She had fled, however, and plunged into the thick of the fray round her counter; but her gaze kept fluttering after him. She saw him pause to ask the icy Mr. Phipps a question. She saw him pointed upward. And upward he went—like a disappearing god!

It was only then she realized that, in her anxiety to tease him about her own name, she had neglected to learn his.

"For Gawsay!" she thought. "I'm the fy-on-say of a poifec' stranger!"

IX

NUMBER 37 had come to fill Lisette with terror and he had packed her heart with comfort. She had a protector—a lover! This was no unctuous usher of females, no tyrannous monitor of dreary workwomen. This man was more than the gorgeous dappernesses that played at heroes in novels. This man was a real hero. Danger was his raw material. Heroism was his job.

When he heard of a place with peril in it he went there as fast as he could and leaped at the red heart of it. He conquered, not by faith but by works. His apprenticeship was jumping off buildings into little nets and climbing precipice walls from window to window. And he got twenty-five dollars a week for being sublime whenever a bell rang.

Small wonder that Lisette made mistakes in quoting prices, gave rash guaranties and mixed up the parcels. Her brain was a music-box booming out wedding marches. But she did not mix up the powder-blue; she was tempted to ask for a rebate on the ground that it was damaged, but she felt that the tearstains gave it added value. So she paid Constance for it and salted away the change—four dollars—where she would not lose it. And then a longing for escape from the crowd oppressed her.

"I gotta get out of this coop or I'll peck some of these hens' eyes out! Come along—let's grab off a snack o' lunch."

Appeal for leave of absence was made to the floorwalker, who granted it with scant courtesy; and, substitutes being provided, Lisette and Constance set off down the aisle, Constance pouring forth questions, and Lisette withholding the answers in miserly glee.

Lisette had brought along the powder-blue aureole to leave with her coat and hat; but, once in the dim-lit aisle of the great locker room, with its two thousand compartments, she could not resist the opportunity to slip off the old petticoat she had worn to rags, and interpolate the new one, which was already hallowed with memories. She made Constance wait for her; and when she appeared again Constance noted the change in her very gait.

"I soitan'y am steppin' high, Constanss," she said; "but I could show cause. As me brother says—the one that follows the ponies—'pipe me knee-action!' It's poifec'ly marv'lous how tired I don't feel now!"

As she swung along to the elevator that would take them up to the lunchroom for saleswomen, she passed the sallow little survivor of the shirtwaist factory. Lisette said to her:

"Say, listen! We're lopin' to the lunchery. Come on up."

The girl had not intended the extravagance of midday food. She could afford the pangs better than the pence. Her people were buying the irreducible minimum of fuel that would keep their machinery going. Their dinners would have made a scant breakfast for many, and their rule was the two-meals-a-day plan—if that; but the girl was careful not to advertise her poverty unnecessarily. Her answer to Lisette's invitation was, therefore:

"Thankink you—but I have not hongry yet."

Lisette understood; so she said:

"Ah, come along; I'll stake you to the check."

"All right!" This came quickly, zealously; and the three girls hurried along the path, threading the huge, slow crowd with difficulty. They must always be talking, so that even as they met and parted and reunited, according to the exigencies of the throng, Lisette would lose no time.

"Hello, Tholly-se'm! Whatsya Want Me to Do?"

"Excuse me, but I don't think I quite got your name. Mine's Lisette. This is my friend Constanss."

"I am Rosa—Rosa Koplik."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Ko-Ko—Miss Rosa. Now tell us all about the fire."

"I do not like to. It is soch a tairrible fire! I do always dream it each night yet."

They were in an elevator full of shopgirls, squeezed together like a bundle of leadpencils, before she could be persuaded to talk.

"We are working peaceable. It is Saturday. Averybody elses in those beelding is feenish and go home. Soon we go too—in five—six minutes. Then somebody makes a cryink of 'Fire! Fire!' At feerst nobody is speakink or movink. Then averybody is jomp up and run—all ways at the same time. And soch a screamink and soch a tairrible hurry to get out away!

"There is chairs spilled and machines is turn over, and runnink here and runnink there. All of us geris we do not remember anythink, but only we wish to go home.

"The fire comes after us. It rons along the ceilink like it is waves upside down. It bends and gets a machine and a chair—two chairs—many machines.

"My seester she is ron by a window. I try to hold her, but she jomps. She strikes a wire far down and hangs over it, and her clothes is burn! I cannot look any more. I ron by anawther window. I fear to jomp—but I fear to stay. I throw down my hat. I throw down my pocketbook—so that if I do not come home my people shall have the money anyway.

"But I see the other geris jomp; and they—when they strike—it is—it is like dolls when they fall to a floor. I am not so brave. I turn and run for the door. There is such a many geris there! The door they cannot open. Whether the key is there, I do not know. Somebody said somebody should to have run fast and break the door through; but how to do when there is soch a pile of geris there, with smoke and fire in the clothes, and screamink!

"I ron away. I do not know; but somebody makes me motions to come here. I come there. I remember nothing but I am on a roof. There is young mens there with ladder. It is so I am saved; but my sister—not yet do my father and my mawther know if what we have buried is my sister or somebody else! A little ring is all we can find—her sweetheart is gave that to her; but that also much burned.

"Oh, I cannot talk more. I cannot help to think, but I must not to talk some more. And I cannot to eat now, please! I thank you; but how could I eat now?"

She recoiled from the entrance of the lunchroom, where a staring crowd of shopwomen had paused to hear what the girl was muttering with such shivering and twitching of

shoulders and hands. Lisette was remorseful for dragging the wretched child back into that infernal memory. She said:

"Come on out of this mob a minute, dearie. Let's stand over here where there's a little fresh air."

She led the way to the gallery under the dome, and they looked down the well of the rotunda. Constance's practical mind was dwelling on the aftermath.

"And to think they let off the men that own that there factory!"

"They had a right to do that, I guess," said Lisette. "If I had been on the jury I'd have stood for acquittin' 'em."

Constance stared at her in amazement.

"I ain't so much int'rusted in seein' the lor goin' after criminals as I am in seein' it goin' before 'em," continued Lisette. "I say the lor oughta beat 'em to it. It oughta prevent things. I'm kindo' sorry for the poor guys that owned that place.

"The woist of it is they're no woise than hunderds of others—better if anything; for I read in the paper that the buildin' was the fireproofest there was. And the buildin' is standin' there yet. It was the people in it that wasn't fireproof!

"Us Americans call other people lazy; but look at us loafin' while there's fires goin' on that boins up enough prop'ty to feed the whole poor at the Warldoff for a year!

"Theayter managers was that way till the Iroquoy fire scared people from goin' to anything, and then they woke up and said: 'Why, goodness me, it'll be cheaper to put in asbestos coitains and extry exits and give up standees than it is to boin up what audiences we got and not get any more!' And now you're as safe in a theayter as in a choich. Some day there'll be a holly cost in one of these bum stores that will scare people so you couldn't loor 'em into one if you offered sealskin coats trimmed with oimine for ten cents apiece! There's plenty of good stores and safe stores, but they'll suffer with the bad on that day."

The best that Constance could put in this troubled torrent was:

"Well, I think somebody oughta do sumpum."

Lisette's laugh was harsh.

"Somebody is nobody and sumpum is nothin'. What are you doin', yourself?"

"Who? Me? Oh, I'm too busy to do anything."

"So's ever'body else. Us Americans is so infoinally busy we ain't got time to mind our own business! After that big factory fire, ever'body talked a lot; and speeches was made and letters was wrote to the papers; and hard names was called; and grand juries shot out indictments like popcorn. Then the dinner bell rang, and ever'body said: 'Forget it! The soup's gettin' cold—and don't talk about such things at table; it takes the edge off my appetite. Besides, have you hoid about the turrible things that's goin' on over in Toikey? They're posutuvly uncivilized, them Toiks—they don't think nothin' of human life! And say, what's a good musical show to go to tonight?'"

Lisette leaned on the rail like the muse Melpomene pondering the tragic face of things.

"Can't you see what'd happen if somebody was to holler 'Fire!' here—now? There's about twenty thousand people under this old roof this minute. Can't you see what would begin if a teeny red blaze was to come sneakin' along that wall—or if we was to see a little smoke rollin' across the ceilin'? Can't you see the women goin' crazy to get home—as Rosa says? Can't you see 'em leapin' into this rotunda from every floor at once, like rats drove into a well? Can't you just hear 'em screamin'?"

Constance turned, with a protest of angry fear: "Hush, Lisette! What's the use of scarin' a fella to—to ——"

She found Lisette strangely erect, strangely alert:

"Say, goils, don't you smell sumpum boinin'?"

Their three heads went up with a sharp movement, and they stood with throats taut and nostrils nervous as an antelope's studying the wind. Like primeval women, they were vitally intent upon the air, catching it up with sharp intake of breath, while their eyes searched wildly. Again Lisette whispered:

"Gawd help us! Here she comes!"

x

THERE was no denying it. The atmosphere was poisoned with the flare of fire—that sullen, treacherous, rattlesnaky smell. Lisette closed her eyes a moment, swayed, clutched her breast with one hand as if to throttle back her plunging heart. Then she gathered herself together, clenched her soul like a fist and was ready for what might come.

The other girls went to pieces at once. Constance flung her arms about Lisette, huskily demanding:

"Oh, Lisette, Lisette, what are we goin' to do? I don't want to die! I'm afraid—oh, I'm so a-fr-fraid!"

Rosa dropped to her knees and seized her head in her hands, moaning:

"My mawther must lose also me! My poor mawther!"

Constance snatched and clawed at Lisette like a mad cat, but Lisette put her hands away gently.

"Wait a minute, dearie; we gotta do a little thinkin'. Don't make no noise—you mustn't start no panic. That's woise than a fire, you know. Maybe it's a false alarm. We gotta keep cool, you know, dearie; we gotta—maybe it's on'y ——"

From somewhere below in one of the cells of the labyrinth came a single shriek! Then others—sharp, needle cries stitching the silence; then a mumble like the bubbling panic in a vast kettle seething to a boil. And then, with one horrible belch of overflow and eruption, came the volcanic cry, the myriad-voiced terror of another Vesuvius. And within those four walls there were as many souls as in all Pompeii on her doomsday.

Lisette leaned far over the rail, trying to discover the place of the fire's origin. On the main floor she saw, as through a great telescope, a pygmy multitude in a sweeping torrent.

Here and there at the gallery rails she saw some figure questioning space for news and counsel. She saw a man run to a lower rail and, leaning far out, search likewise. She knew that man. She called to him. He did not hear the uproar was too appalling.

"Say, Kiddo, I Like You. What's Your Name?"

He looked up however. It was her man—her betrothed—her—she did not know his name! All she could cry down the reverberant shaft was:

"Hello, Thoity-se'm! Whataya want me to do?"

He called back to her, waved and shouted; but his voice was drowned in the storm. Then he disappeared.

And now there was a rush of feet—a stampede of wild cattle. On every floor there pressed a throng of women battling at the edges like the froth on the edge of a wave, but pressed forward to the rail!

Lisette saw what must happen. She snatched up Rosa and thrust Constance backward from the rim of the well. Constance fell forward on her face, like a rag doll. Lisette jerked her roughly to her knees.

"Come on, you ain't got time to faint! We gotta beat it to the elevator. Those boys will run 'em as long as they can—foist come, foist soived."

Somehow, swearing and striking, using her nails for claws and her elbows like short swords, she clove a gangway through the tide and herded the girls through the darting and incoherent crowd to the shaft. And there, in the car, was a wan-faced hero, frightened to death, but babbling automatically.

"One at a time, ladies! M-mind the s-step-p!"

Some were battling with blind and fishwife frenzy; but others were standing about in such an idiocy of fright that they could not move into the cage. The boy's hand was out to close the door on the huddle within when Lisette arrived. She set her foot on the ledge and, in spite of the fierce protests, jammed the two girls in. She would have followed, but there was no more room. The boy must tug and sweat to close the door. As it clanged shut he called politely:

"I'll be back in a moment, ladies—I'll be back ——"

The load of humanity shot downward and was gone.

xi

LISETTE gripped the iron lattice to hold her place for the next car. There was leisure enough and to spare. She turned in a fascination of horror as she heard, from the direction of the rotunda, a tearing crash of timber—a toppling and a downward-plunging smothered clamor.

Back from the brink of the abyss a wave of women surged, muttering, shrieking, sobbing; doing and saying all things ridiculous and commonplace; frustrating one another and themselves; revealing their absolute souls in the stark nakedness of fear—fear in a frenzy of emulation and jealousy of other fears. Among the women were a few men—clerks and shoppers; and they, too, were craven or Spartan, according to their natural gifts.

A portion of the mob, too frantic to wait for a car that might never ascend so far or might never descend without disaster, turned to the stairway; and, yelping, buffeting, pleading, commanding, with arms interlocked and faces like hideous masks in a heap, went rolling and sprawling, trampling and trodden, in a tumbling cataract.

The air was throbbing now with the great musical tone of fire: the diapason of a flame towering a hundred feet. Round this tone shrieked the blare of a vast organ of a thousand pipes, with all stops out.

The blaze, starting in the basement, had spiraled irresistibly aloft by the freight elevator shaft, like a water-spout at sea, and, reaching the roof, had opened outward in the umbrella of a vast mushroom. And now it was returning downward upon itself.

The rotunda was like the funnel of a huge steamer—roaring with smoke and an upward red hail of sparks. And blazing fabrics were swept up and twirled and whisked aloft with titanic hilarity.

Against the revelry of this drunken Cyclops, human beings were but ants trapped in a hill of human building trapped and trodden, tortured and ridiculed, mercilessly exposed in their own shame, forced to mangle one another in a fanatic instinct of self-defense, with the mocking surety that the survivors but postponed their own destruction.

It was a beautiful thing to find in that roaring furnace souls that walked unscathed, however their bodies fared souls of courage in unexpected places and surprising ways; foreign peasants who remembered duty and gave themselves to it; native aristocrats who yielded precedence to the crippled poor everywhere utter majesty and utter degradation of thought and deed! People who would have been heroes or saints elsewhere were ghouls and Huns here—and the other way about. People whom leisure would have made curs or angels were driven out of themselves by the horrible immediateness, the fatal improvisation of this opportunity to die in a seemly manner.

Lisette—the shrew, the toiler, the workaday daughter of the workaday poor—felt in her the urgings of that old habit of ridiculing others and herself. She wanted to laugh maniacally. In her mind, as in the flue of the rotunda, thoughts went whirling and whisking. Wasn't it just like her luck to leave the ground floor and come up here to get caught in this destruction? Wasn't it "poifec'ly absoid" that she should get herself engaged to a fireman—of all men—just before she got herself "boint up"? Wasn't she a fool to shove those other goils into the elevator when she had a right to have went down herself and saved herself for her fireman and her own family? Wasn't she a mutt to be saving other mothers' daughters and leaving her own mother to tear her hair and wail? Wasn't she

Continued on Page 32

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 27, 1912

The Democratic Situation

COLONEL BRYAN says four-fifths of the Democratic party is progressive. No doubt he is right; but the conservative fifth would have controlled proceedings at Baltimore except for the remarkable fight made personally by the Nebraskan. It was a great fight and a famous victory. It probably postpones for some time that completely new and rational party alignment which began at Chicago. The Democratic party, however, is still the party of Ryan, Murphy, Parker, Taggart. They lost by a hair at Baltimore. Next time they may win.

The party name has no permanent meening. That it stands for progress in this national campaign is hardly more than a happy accident. Four years hence the determining accident—or incident—may be less happy; while in New York, for example, national Democratic victory simply renews and strengthens Tammany's lease of power.

If a reactionary or pliable candidate had been named at Baltimore he might have won this year; but his nomination would have accelerated that disruption of the present organizations which is bound to come. Governor Wilson gets the nomination under especially favorable circumstances. Of all names before the convention, his was least acceptable to the Tory contingent, and it opposed him to the last. Not only his own inclinations, but the circumstances of his nomination, pledge him to an out-and-out progressive administration. We have no doubt he will do his best to give such an administration if elected. But we are still anxious to see party alignment on a basis of fixed principles and party names that have meaning.

The Irrepressible Competition

A CHARGE brought against the trusts is that they do little to aid invention, and shelve or fight improvements that would require extensive changes in their processes; but this charge is not relevant to the trust question. The attitude complained of is typical of the "vested interest," whether it happens to be a trust or not. Venice, with an established overland trade route to the East, was panic-stricken by Vasco da Gama's discovery of a route by sea. Probably scythe manufacturers saw little good in McCormick's newfangled reaping machine. Gas companies frowned upon electric light, and telegraph companies upon the telephone, while neither of the latter views with particular pleasure the growth of wireless telegraphy. Naturally the established interest tends to stand pat upon the devices and processes it has put its money into.

No discovery is long hidden, however—no valuable invention suppressed. We have electric lights, telephones and wireless, quite irrespective of the wishes and works of any vested interest; in fact, the telephone has now swallowed the telegraph, the Bell concern holding enough Western Union stock to give it virtual control. Telephone swallowed telegraph, not because it was backed by the most capital at the beginning of competition between the two, but because, on the whole, it enlisted superior ideas of public service. Wireless will swallow both if, on the whole, it enlists superior ideas. Capital will flow almost automatically to the most profitable idea, no matter what any individual capitalists may wish. It may be possible for capital to intrench a vested interest against competition that is directed by heads the same as its own; but no amount of capital can possibly intrench it against new ideas. A valuable invention fairly creates its own capital. The whole subject has no relevancy to the trust problem.

Bankers and Bogus Stocks

THERE is agreeable significance in the fact that this summer's convention of the Minnesota Bankers' Association was held at the State Agricultural College, at St. Anthony—and in the further circumstance that the bankers adopted a resolution strongly urging the passage of a Blue Sky Law for Minnesota, similar to that of Kansas.

It was the state banking department of Kansas that drove the fake and wildcat stock promoters from that commonwealth. Bankers are especially well situated for performing a like service in other states. By doing it they will not only earn public gratitude but advance their selfish interests. Selling worthless stocks in alleged mines, oil wells, plantations and the like is the meanest of all known forms of thievery—and the most injurious. Widows and orphans, with a little life-insurance money, furnish a large part of the victims. If ten years is an adequate sentence for burglary the fake stock promoter should get a life term.

We do not believe this villainy could persist very long in any state if the bankers of that state made up their minds in right earnest to drive it out.

The Unremunerative Professions

FROM a high authority—President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation—we learn that the medical profession scarcely pays now and tends to pay even less. "It is becoming more and more a profession to which men give themselves from ideals of public service, recognizing that the average practitioner is to obtain little more than a comfortable living, and in many cases not even that. . . . The parent who seeks for his son a remunerative occupation should look elsewhere."

Everybody knows that teaching does not pay and preaching pays still less; while literature—if you measure the total bulk of time expended against the gross receipts—represents a positive deficit. There remains the law, in which a sufficiently agile youth may now and then overtake a fortune; but the grand prizes are very few and the average income is about equal to that of a good carpenter.

Thus, of the old professions, none pays. A diligent and skillful man may make a comfortable living and keep up the premiums on his life insurance. Why, then, do practitioners of the learned professions persist in trying to make them pay? How much they might simplify professional life by going in frankly for "ideals of public service"—with a reasonable pension! Probably, as a matter of fact, there are more furtive Socialists among professional men than professed ones among workingmen.

The Cow or the Tiger?

WHEN Lord Cornbury reached New York in 1702 the worshipful mayor and aldermen gave him a state dinner. This is the same nobleman whose demand upon the New Jersey Assembly for a gubernatorial salary of two thousand pounds a year provoked a Quaker member to remark: "Thee must be very needy!" The caterer's bill for the Gotham banquet has been preserved; so we know the honorable company consumed a piece of beef and cabbage, a dish of tripe and cowheel, a leg of pork and turnips, two puddings, a sirloin of beef, a turkey and onions, a leg of mutton and pickles, a dish of chickens, mince pies, fifteen shillings' worth of fruit, cheese, bread and butter, thirty-one bottles of wine, and twelve shillings' worth of beer and cider. A few vegetables were used merely to garnish the monstrous heap of carnivorous fare—the whole being plentifully soaked in alcohol. Probably the bloodiness of those times is sufficiently accounted for by what people took into their stomachs. After a typical eighteenth-century gorge one would naturally wish to hang or draw-and-quarter somebody.

Diet is not determined by the needs of Nature, but by the habit. The man who thinks his system requires much meat is as mistaken as his grandfather was in supposing he could not perform heavy labor without strong drink. How much or how little meat you eat is as solely a matter of habit as how much or how little beer you drink. With the thermometer soaring, try to emulate the mild and ruminative cow rather than the cruel and impulsive tiger. You will be just as strong and feel better and save money.

In Bay State Schools

MASSACHUSETTS has been a leader in education ever since that day, sixteen years after the landing at Plymouth, when the General Court appropriated four hundred pounds for the founding of a college, to which John Harvard, two years later, bequeathed one-half of his small estate. Sixty per cent of her children of school age now actually go to public school for half the year—roughly, half the children are half educated at public expense; and this is a high record among American states.

There are other commonwealths in which only one-third of the children of school age go to public school for one-third of the year.

What Massachusetts children are taught in school is a different matter. There are seven hundred and twenty-seven thousand children of school age—or were, according to the latest report at hand—of whom over five hundred thousand are enrolled in schools, while the average daily attendance is four hundred and forty thousand. Less than ten thousand, however, are receiving industrial or vocational training. This number includes those at state-aided vocational schools, those attending vocational classes of the Y. M. C. A. and other institutions where vocational subjects are taught.

Massachusetts is a leading industrial state also, over six hundred thousand of her citizens being employed in manufactures.

Doubtless the Massachusetts schools teach that fact; but the schools themselves have hardly begun to realize what it ought to mean to them.

Ohio's Constitution

UNTIL within the last decade, drafting an American constitution was one of the simplest exercises known to adult men. It consisted merely in copying the document of 1789, with a few minor modifications to meet local conditions.

Even within the decade, Michigan went to all the bother of holding a constitutional convention and adopting a new organic law, which differed from the old model only by providing that no dog should be taxed twice in the same year—or some such weighty matter.

Oklahoma and Arizona, of course, framed constitutions with a view to the needs of modern society, and other progressive states have adopted progressive amendments; but the work of Ohio's constitutional convention of the present year shows the new leaven in an old and reasonably conservative state.

It provides initiative and referendum, woman suffrage and abolition of prison contract labor, limits the governor's veto, permits cities to own and operate public utilities, imposes stricter regulations upon the liquor traffic—though retaining the principle of local option.

The men of 1789 had before them such sobering facts as a pretty complete breakdown of the Federal Government, Shays' Rebellion, reckless issues of paper currency and acts to defraud creditors.

Yet, with these lessons in sight, they were willing to go quite a way in the direction of government by the people.

If alive today they would probably characterize Ohio's proposed new constitution as an essentially conservative document; but even ten years ago no constitutional convention in Ohio would have adopted it, and its significant features would have been greeted with roars of "Socialism and anarchy!"

Smaller Immigration

WHILE Congress was debating statutory restrictions upon immigration an important restriction appears to have come about of its own accord. The high-water mark of the fiscal year 1906-7, when nearly a million three hundred thousand aliens arrived, was immediately followed by a reversal of the tide, due to industrial depression following the panic of October, 1907. The depression was shortlived and immigration mounted again. In the fiscal year 1909-10 over a million arrived.

The outflow was under four hundred thousand and our net gain of immigrant population exceeded eight hundred thousand; but in the fiscal year 1910-11, though we again received more than a million immigrants, the return movement exceeded half a million and the net gain of immigrant population was little over five hundred thousand.

In the fiscal year that ended June thirtieth last the net gain was still smaller. Not only did fewer immigrants arrive than in the preceding year, or the year before that, but the return movement was decidedly larger. The significance of this lies in the fact that the last fiscal year, on the whole, was a time of expanding rather than of contracting industry, with large demand for labor. In the last census period Italy and Austria-Hungary were the great sources of immigration to this country, supplying over one-half of the European total.

In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1911, nearly two hundred thousand Italian and Austro-Hungarian immigrants returned home.

Probably some dissatisfaction with labor conditions in the land of promise and some accumulation of money prompted this big return movement to Europe. In any event an important restriction of immigration seems to have occurred

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Grand Trunk's New Head

ANY railroad president will tell you he has the hardest job in the world—tell you tearfully and with an amplitude of detail that resembles a cost-per-ton-per-mile sheet on a shipment of prunes from Los Gatos to Pattagumpus—and most of them have. A railroad president is forever scared two ways: he is scared of the men who work for him and he is scared of the men for whom he works. His job is to get dividends for stockholders and his dividend-getters are the men who operate his road. Unless the dividend-getters help him get dividends he gets it where the society queen wears the imitation-pearl dog-collar.

The lot of the railroad president is not a happy one. Should you, by any chance, attend a meeting of these distinguished gentlemen you will find them holding a grand lodge of sorrow always. No railroad president ever is cheerful. Always, no matter what his showing in the financial reports, he wails because some other road took some freight away from him; and always he finds in whatever administration is in power a direct assault on vested rights, which usually resolves itself into a bitter complaint that a state or a Government body has refused to let him hike his rates a few points above what the traffic will bear. "Why," he sobs, "cannot the Government let the poor, struggling railroads alone?" And the inquiry is generally incited by a recent experience before his board of directors, who have inquired, in a somewhat insistent and penetrating manner, how it is his receipts have fallen off while his expenses have increased—and does he think they put their money into his stocks for the fun of putting it in?

If it were not for the men who work for him and the men for whom he works the railroad president would have a heap of fun traveling round in a luxurious private car and making speeches before boards of trade and commercial congresses. As it is, it is positively pathetic to hear a railroad president plead that his stockholders should be allowed to make seven per cent on a capitalization of a few hundred millions more than the property is worth. Still, one must not blame the railroad president, because behind him is that fearful ogre, the board of directors—that bunch of fearful ogres, to be exact—yelling for dividends. He has a perfect right to be scared. However, few of them voluntarily resign.

PHOTO, BY BRADLEY

He Specializes in Pointer Dogs

The Bright Boy of Bethel

HAVING thus set forth some of the pleasures of the life of a railroad president who operates a road in this country, and some of the difficulties and hardships, let me direct your attention for a moment to a railroad president who may be said to have all United States railroad presidents looking like idle sons of the very rich when it comes to difficulties. I refer to the president of the Grand Trunk railroads—all of them; all of the trunks and the satchels and the suitcases embraced in that system which has several divisional names, including that of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

He has a three-cornered job and each corner is sharper than the others. First off, the Grand Trunk is Canada's very own. Also, it is owned in England. Furthermore, it serves six of these United States and is seeking an entrance to Boston. As Cy Warman says, it embraces the experience of being "damned Canadian" in New England and a "damned Yankee" in Canada.

Canada isn't very keen on the extension of her railroad systems into this country; nevertheless nearly one-third of the mileage of the Canadian Pacific is in the United States; and the Grand Trunk operates five thousand miles in this country, while the Canadian Northern has a line to Duluth.

They used to say of Charles M. Hays, the president of the Grand Trunk, who went down on the Titanic, that he was the one railroad man on the continent who could choose his job; and the task of selecting his successor had about as many difficulties as the successor will have. So, when they came to pick the man to fill Hays' chair, the men who had the choice considered the list of "those mentioned," which included eminent American managers, distinguished Canadians and various extinguished statesmen, and grabbed the one man who didn't want it. That man was Edson J. Chamberlin, of the Grand Trunk Pacific, who had headquarters at Winnipeg.

Chamberlin was born in the United States, as was Hays. So was Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific, by the way. New Hampshire is Chamberlin's state, but he lived there only until he was twelve, when his father died and he went to live with his uncle at Bethel, in Vermont. So he really is a Vermonter; whereupon he takes Green Mountain rank with several other railroad presidents, including Strong, who once headed the Santa Fe; Robinson, of the Mexican National, and Mellen, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

Chamberlin's first railroad work was with the Central Vermont road, where Mellen also served his apprenticeship; he had various positions and showed much aptitude. Then J. B. Booth, the big lumberman, took note of him. Booth owned a wilderness in Canada, and wanted to make it less wild by cutting the timber from it. He hired Chamberlin to build a lumber line from Lake Champlain to Parry Sound on Georgian Bay. Chamberlin took the job. He went to the front and stayed there, sparing neither himself nor his men. He lived in that wilderness, out in the open, driving that road through until he completed the task. Then Booth named his road the Canadian Atlantic and Chamberlin became the general manager.

The Canadian Atlantic runs through Ottawa, and seven years ago the Grand Trunk took it over. Chamberlin resigned and went down to Mexico. His experience in building that lumber road had given him a taste for the work. One day he was talking with Frank W. Morse, then of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and Morse asked him what he had in mind.

Knighthood Still in Flower

"NOTHING much," Chamberlin replied; "but what I'd like to do would be to build a transcontinental railroad."

Morse remembered that, and when Morse left the Grand Trunk Pacific to go to the Chicago & Alton he told President Hays he knew of a man who could push the Grand Trunk Pacific through.

"What's his name?" asked Hays.

"Ed Chamberlin."

Hays was familiar with Chamberlin's record, and he wired to Mexico and asked Chamberlin to come up and see him. Chamberlin came up, telling the folks in Mexico he would be back in two weeks. Two months later he appeared in Mexico in a Grand Trunk private car, gathered in his family, stowed away his pointer pups and left to take charge of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Before Chamberlin took hold, the headquarters of the Grand Trunk Pacific had been in Montreal. Chamberlin moved them to Winnipeg, and he continued to live in Winnipeg until he was called to Montreal to succeed Hays.

Chamberlin is a big, burly man, who is popular with railroad officials, but who has had his differences with the railroad unions. He is an outdoor chap and a crack wing shot. He specializes in pointer dogs, has a number of fine ones, and is happiest when he is out in Saskatchewan with dog and gun, where the chickens are plentiful and the shooting is good. He began to save his money early and is rich.

The death of Charles M. Hays and the promotion of E. H. Fitzhugh to the presidency of the Central Vermont road, which is the name of the Grand Trunk's New England system, practically eliminated the Wabash crowd from the Grand Trunk in Canada—the Wabash crowd that took hold of the Grand Trunk when it was a single-track, third-rate, moribund affair, and expanded it, built it up and made it a big double-track system. They wanted to knight Hays, but he refused. Hays remained a citizen of the United States until his death. Likely as not, one of these days King George will signify his willingness to tap E. J. Chamberlin on a broad shoulder with a sword and extend a cordial invitation to him to Rise, Sir Knight! Canadian railroad presidents usually have a chance to become knights. Likely as not, too, if E. J. Chamberlin accepts the title he will be the first knight who ever lived as a boy in Bethel, Vermont—which will be going some for Bethel!

Governor's Governor

WHEN the late Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, was governor of that state he was interrupted just as he sat down to luncheon at home one day by a message from the capitol to the effect that two men from an outside town wanted to see the governor at once.

The governor said to Sam, his negro butler, who brought in the message: "Sam, tell them I'll be right down."

"Yes, sir," said Sam.

"Sam," broke in Mrs. Taylor, "you tell them the governor will be down in half an hour—after he has finished his luncheon."

"Sam," said the governor, "say I'll be right down."

"In half an hour, Sam," said Mrs. Taylor.

"Sam," said the governor, "do you know who is the governor of Tennessee?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sam; "I'll tell 'em you'll be down in half an hour."

What He Read

A MAN traveling in the backwoods stopped overnight with a farmer a long ways from a settlement. After supper the traveler tried to get up a conversation.

"What do you think of the Roosevelt-Taft fight?" he asked.

"Dunno nothin' about it," the farmer replied.

"Well, it may be that Hughes will be a compromise candidate. What do you think of Hughes?"

"Never heard of him."

"Are you interested in Christian Science?"

"I dunno what you mean."

"Have you any ideas about the Turkish-Italian War?"

"Didn't know they was no war."

"Is it your opinion that airships are practical?"

"Never hearn of 'em. So fur's I know they ain't no flyin' yet."

"But," exclaimed the traveler, "don't you ever read the newspapers?"

"I useter," replied the farmer. "I did oncet fur quite a spell; but they got too funny. 'Bout ten or 'leven years ago I quit readin' 'em. Since then I've bin readin' a book."

Far-Fetched Fame

CHRISTY CHURCHILL'S father owned the present site of the race track in Lexington; hence the name, Churchill Downs.

Christy was at the track during the spring meeting and a friend introduced him to a stranger.

The stranger grabbed Churchill's hand and said effusively: "No, I've never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Downs, but I've often heard of you."

Chal... 19...

"Six" $2300

"Six" 2,4 or 5 Pa...
"Six" 7 Passenge...
"Thirty-Six"
"30" . . . .

Six Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 5-passenger, $2300	*Torpedo, 4-passenger, $2300*	*Limousine, 7-passenger, $37(0)*
Touring Car, 7-passenger, $2500	*Roadster, 2-passenger, $2300*	*Coupé, 4-passenger, . . $2700*

Chalmers Mohair Top and Rain Vision Windshield, $100 on all open cars

WE announce for 1913 big improvements in Chalmers cars in *comfort*, *convenience* and *appearance*. For it is along these lines that we believe the greatest advances in automobile building are to be made.

Few changes have been made in our chassis. The mechanical features of our cars have been right from the beginning. Satisfactory service in the hands of 27,000 owners proves this.

Here, then, are the principal additions and improvements on Chalmers 1913 cars:

Easier Riding Qualities

Luxurious comfort is built into every detail of Chalmers cars. The Turkish cushions, 11 inches thick, are soft as a down pillow. They are the highest grade automobile cushions made.

The upholstery is of the luxurious overstuffed type. All seats are wide, filled with high grade hair and covered with heavy, soft pebble-grained leather. A Chalmers car gives you the same restful comfort as a big armchair.

The long wheel base minimizes road shocks. Big wheels and tires, and long elastic springs make all roads smooth. You can ride all day in a Chalmers without fatigue.

More Conveniences for Operator

Electric Lighting, the last touch of luxury, is regular equipment for 1913 on the "Thirty-Six" and the "Six." The Gray & Davis system which we use is featured on some of the highest priced cars; we believe it is the best lighting system built.

Just touch a switch on the dash and you can light at will head, tail, and side lights. No hunting for matches or gas tank key. No getting out of car in dust or mud.

And no more cranking. The Chalmers air pressure starter made 1912 a self-starter year. A season's use has proved this the simplest and most efficient starting device yet designed. You simply press a foot button on the dash and compressed air, released from a tank beneath the car, turns the motor over until it starts on its own power. No danger. No strain on motor.

Continental demountable rims reduce tire trouble to the minimum. Occasional punctures you *may* have are no longer a serious inconvenience. With demountable rims you can change tires in a few minutes.

On the new style Chalmers dash is carried every control and indicator—ignition switch, self-starter button, electric light switch, speedometer, gasoline pressure pump, carburetor adjustment, air gauge, oil sight feed, priming lever, horn bulb—all easy to see and easy to reach.

Added Beauty

Chalmers cars have always been known for their "looks." For 1913, they are even more beautiful than in the past. Flush-sided metal bodies have the graceful bell-shaped back. Dash is of one piece with body. Top of hood and sides of body form one line from radiator to rear seat.

Handsome nickel trimmings will be regular equipment. Leather lining throughout the body and on the dash leaves nothing to scratch or mar. Twenty-one coats of paint and varnish give a finish that cannot be surpassed.

We have perfected Chalmers cars along these lines, we believe, to a greater extent than anyone else, because for the last ten months we have directed all our efforts to making our cars even more *comfortable*, more *convenient* and more *beautiful* than ever before.

The Chalmers "Six," $2300 —A Maximum Car

Quantity production and increased manufacturing facilities make possible this unprecedented price of $2300. Here is a tried and proved six-cylinder car of the finest quality—of Chalmers quality—a thoroughly high-grade six-cylinder car at a medium price.

We are proud of this car. No automobile can give you more service, more enjoyment, more satisfaction and pride of ownership than the Chalmers "Six."

In addition to the big features of Comfort, Convenience and Beauty listed above, please note the following:

Power Enough For Anyone

The "Six" motor is a giant of power. Though rated at 54 h. p., it actually develops 60 to 70 h. p. The long stroke motor—4¼" bore x 5¼" stroke—gives it a strong "pull" in sand or mud or on the steepest hill. It can be throttled down to a walking pace on high gear. It picks up instantly. An ideal motor for every requirement—mile-a-minute speed, slow running in city traffic, hill climbing, or dogged ploughing through sand or mud.

The Utmost Flexibility

Chalmers four-forward speed transmission provides a gear for every requirement. It enables you always to select the gear that will carry your car through any kind of going in the quickest time and with the least strain.

15 Notable Features of C...

Electric Lights	Speedometer
Turkish Cushions	Improved Spring...
Eleven-inch Upholstery	Chalmers Self-st...
Nickel Trimmings	Long Stroke Mo...
New Flush-sided Bodies	Demountable Ri...

Big wheels and tires—36" x 4½"—insure easy riding and cut down tire trouble and expense. Wheel base 130".

Control levers inside the body; pedals for clutch and brake conveniently located; improved accelerator which does not tire the foot; gasoline shut-off valve inside the tonneau; exceptional oiling facilities; controls on dash within easy reach—make the "Six" a delightful car to drive.

You Feel Safe in Your Chalmers

The most careful attention has been given by Chalmers engineers to the *factors of safety*. Wheels are unusually sturdy. Axles are built in our own factory, of the highest grade steels, and carry Timken bearings. Double drop frames are heavy and of finest heat treated steel. Brakes are extra large in proportion to the weight. Steering gear is of new Chalmers design, with extra heavy drop forged connections—none stronger or easier to operate.

Even to the smallest details, the "Six" is a maximum car. Door locks are concealed and equally accessible from inside and outside. Bodies are thoroughly ventilated. All parts of the car are unusually accessible.

The "Thirty-Six," $1850— With Fine New Features

Striking improvements and added features make the 1913 "Thirty-Six" more than ever an ideal all-around motor car. It has power in abundance, speed, hill-climbing ability and rugged endurance to meet the utmost demands.

First offered to buyers last year, this car has proved the most popular ever sold at the price. Many refinements and improvements for 1913 give even greater smoothness, quietness, comfort and convenience. For style and good looks it is not surpassed.

The wheel base of the 1913 "Thirty-Six" has been increased to 118 inches, which still further improves its easy riding qualities.

Chalmers Motor C...

mers
13

senger $2300
. . $2500
. . $1850
$1500
. . $1500

"Thirty-Six" $1850

Touring Car, 5-passenger, $1850 — *Torpedo, 4 passenger, $1850* — *Limousine, 7-passenger, $3250*
Touring Car, 7-passenger, $2050 — *Roadster, 2-passenger, $1850* — *Coupé, 4 passenger, . . $2250*

Chalmers Mohair Top and Rain Vision Windshield, $100 on all open cars

halmers Cars for 1913

rter — Increased Wheel Base
— 4-Forward Speed Transmission
or — Big Wheels and Tires
ns — Dual Ignition System
— Carburetor Dash Adjustment

Luxurious Turkish cushions, 11-inch upholstery (the same quality as used on some $5000 cars), tilted seats, all give the greatest possible riding ease. Seats are exceptionally roomy.

Big 36" x 4" tires carry the car smoothly over the roughest roads. The "Thirty-Six" is over-tired, which means less tire expense. Springs are unusually flexible.

Electric Lights on These Cars

Full electric lighting by the Gray & Davis system is furnished on the "Thirty-Six."

Chalmers self-starter, simplified and improved, is furnished on the "Thirty-Six" of course.

A reliable Speedometer, a jewelled, magnetic instrument, is regular equipment.

1913 bodies are greatly improved in design and finish. They have the integral cowled dash, on which are carried all controls. Everything for the handling of the car is within easy reach.

Note the wide doors, smooth straight sides, rounded back, graceful cowled dash, elegant appointments.

The "Thirty-Six" has even more graceful lines than last year. The painting is of the highest quality.

Mechanically Correct

This car will do your work with *power to spare*. The splendid long stroke motor—4¼" x 5¼"—has wonderful pulling qualities. Quiet and smooth running at all speeds.

The four-forward speed transmission is one of the distinctive Chalmers features largely responsible for the success of the "Thirty-Six" last year.

Timken bearings are used in the axles.

Other Chalmers features which made this car such a marked success are retained—such as dual ignition, demountable rims (five), genuine honeycomb radiator, dash adjustment for carburetor, large brakes, frame and steering connections of extra weight and strength.

The 1913 Chalmers "Thirty-Six" offers you every motor luxury—at a medium price.

ompany, Detroit

The New Chalmers "30"— Self-Starting, $1500

With improved motor, Chalmers self-starter, 34" x 4" tires, demountable rims, larger brakes, beautiful, new flush-sided body, the 1913 "30" at $1500 is a greater value than ever before.

The price includes also gas lamps and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, dual ignition, full tool equipment.

For the man who wants a light, fast, low priced, but classy car, the 1913 "30" is the best buy ever offered.

The Chalmers "30" has for five seasons set the standard of values among medium priced cars of this power. It has won more endurance contests, broken more records, been victor in more races than any car of its size and power. And it has a wonderful record of steady service and satisfaction in the hands of owners everywhere.

Two body types are offered: 5-passenger touring car, $1500; 4-passenger torpedo, $1500.

Fixed Chalmers Policy— Quality Cars at Medium Prices

For 1913 we are adhering to our established policy of always giving the greatest possible value for the price. We have incorporated in our new models, at medium prices, the features which characterize high priced cars, and many other features not found on other cars of any price.

Chalmers cars have always been known as quality cars. We have never built a "cheap" car, but always high quality cars at medium prices. Big production has enabled us to build such cars at lower cost than could anyone without our volume. We have never tried to secure big volume, however, at the expense of quality or advanced features. Yet each year the extraordinary values in our cars have brought a steady natural increase.

1912 Our Record Year

This past year, 1912, was the best year we ever had. It set a new Chalmers record. Our business showed an increase of 43% over the season of 1911.

We believe that our business will further increase as people appreciate *quality* at *high* prices or mere *quantity* at *low* prices.

We believe the more automobiles come into use, the greater will be the conviction that it doesn't pay to try to save $300 to $500 on the original price, and buy something merely because it is offered at a low price.

Medium priced cars of quality—not only ours, but other good medium priced cars—offer the best value for the money in the long run, and you don't have to run them very long to find it out.

Built in Our Own Shops

Chalmers cars are built by Chalmers workmen in Chalmers shops under Chalmers inspection. We build our motors, transmissions, axles, self-starter, steering gear, and other important parts. We cut our own gears; heat-treat our steels. We even have our own foundry.

No automobile manufacturer builds in his own plant more of the vital parts of his car than we do. No motor car factory is more completely equipped with new machinery.

Experts tell us no car is built with greater care or more skillful workmanship than the Chalmers; none is subjected to more careful and painstaking inspection.

Backed by Sound Guarantee

Chalmers cars are built and guaranteed by a company of the soundest financial standing. We have a plant covering 30 acres of ground and have $6,000,000 invested in our business. We have made this great investment because we expect to be in this business permanently, and we are convinced that permanent business can only be built up where a manufacturer makes his own parts.

Making our own parts means greater accuracy in our cars and greater value for you. The saving we make by eliminating parts-makers' profits, goes into added quality.

We have prepared a book about the Chalmers factory. It tells, in an unusually interesting way, how Chalmers cars are made. Write for it on the coupon attached.

Order Now For Early Delivery

Now is the time to order so that you can get the use of your car during the best motoring season.

See these cars now at our dealers' showrooms. If you look them over carefully, we are sure the cars will more than bear out our every claim. Again we say, compare them with other cars—point by point—price by price—value by value. Your verdict is sure to be favorable to the Chalmers.

And don't forget to send the coupon for the booklet "Story of the Chalmers Car," and our new catalog. You will find this book about the making of an automobile both entertaining and worth while, no matter what car you decide to buy. Just mail the coupon today.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and complete information regarding the Chalmers 1913 cars.

Name

Street

City State

Get Your Tan Comfortably

There are few women who do not look well with a good coat of tan, and the kiddies look fine with it, too.

But a sudden sunburn is painful to tender skins.

Rub in a little White Vaseline night and morning—or Perfumed White Vaseline, if you prefer it—and you get your tan without the usual redness and discomfort.

The "Vaseline" goes into the pores, soothes the irritated tissues, refreshes and cleanses the skin.

Vaseline

"Vaseline" is absolutely pure and sterile. It never turns rancid. It leaves the skin with that soft, youthful freshness that no artificial treatment can give.

You do not know the full secret of that healthy, outdoor look unless you know about the "Vaseline" preparations.

Every woman should read our interesting booklet—mailed on request.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
(CONSOLIDATED)
16 State Street, New York City
BRANCH OFFICES: London, Montreal

AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES

Leather and Shoes—By Roger W. Babson

THOUGH the first tannery in America was built in Virginia and the second in Massachusetts, the early days of the industry are associated with downtown New York. South of Brooklyn Bridge, near Franklin Square, is a district known even now as the Swamp, and it was here that the great tanneries were located and the leather trade flourished. Wall Street, Maiden Lane, Shoemakers' Pasture and the present site of the Tombs Prison once were covered with the vats and bark piles of the tanners. To this quarter came apprentices to learn the trade; and the sons of wealthy leather men in Baltimore, Philadelphia and Lynn were sent here to study the business.

It is very interesting to note how the industry developed from an economic standpoint. Before the days of the Revolution the tanners themselves made their leather into shoes. Then the two trades were separated, and we find tanners located here and shoemakers there. The next step was the introduction of a middleman, who bought leather from the tanner and sold it to the shoemaker. Thus, step by step, there grew up the typical trade organization of manufacturer, wholesaler, jobber and retailer which today is subject to so much criticism and attack. It is not my purpose in this article to discuss the rights and wrongs of the middleman; but I want to point out, particularly to my younger readers, this natural development of the middleman as we can trace it in the history of a great industry such as leather.

The origin of leather is very simple and at the same time very significant of man's willingness and ability to rule the earth. He stripped off a hide—the natural covering of an animal; then he peeled off bark—the covering of a tree; and by soaking the hide in the liquor of the bark he made leather—a covering for himself. Like so many other achievements, the process of tanning was known to the ancient Egyptians. The Chinese also are supposed to have had some method of the kind thousands of years ago. We read of skins cured with bark and oil by the Romans; but there was very little improvement over primitive times until about 1800, when tanners began to use lime to loosen the hair from the hides. Tanning is nothing more or less than the process of saturating raw hides with a liquor made from either oak bark, hemlock bark or a chromium compound. Under the action of any one of these liquors the pores are closed and the hides in due course of time and after various minor treatments take on the familiar characteristics of leather. The three kinds of tanning—oak, hemlock and chrome—will be found described in any encyclopedia.

The Great Hide Markets

When I was a boy a good steer sold for fifty dollars, while a good horse brought two hundred dollars; but experts in leather tell me the time is coming when the good steer will sell for four times the price of a horse, which, of course, means that beefsteaks and shoes are bound to advance in price. Briefly, the reason for this is that there is but one source of supply for leather—namely, the backs of animals; and, generally speaking, these animals are confined to cattle and calves, sheep and goats. Moreover, this source of supply is always known and the quantity thereof is not a subject of speculation, as is the case with iron, copper and other ores, as well as timber, cotton and semiproductive commodities. The great packing concerns and the large dealers in hides and skins always know pretty closely just how many cattle are roaming this broad earth. It is possible to obtain a cattle census as well as a census of human beings; and to the buyer of shoes and other leather goods the cattle census may really be of more importance.

In the United States of America most of the cattle and sheep are brought into one of the following eight markets for slaughter—namely, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, St. Joseph, Sioux City, Fort Worth and St. Paul. The figures given below show the totals of the past few years:

TOTAL CATTLE SLAUGHTERED

1908	7,492,927	1910	5,715,739
1909	5,762,465	1911	5,400,144

Our American cattle come mostly from Texas and the prairies of Iowa, Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma; but they are fed throughout the entire Middle West, and there are very few states that do not furnish a fair proportion of these animals. The sheep come mostly from Wyoming and adjoining states, though all parts of the country raise a certain number of these as well as various other animals. One of the first occupations of the American settlers was the raising of cattle. As they pushed farther west, other settlers followed and turned up the rich soil for planting. Now, however, the great ranges of the Far West are gradually being divided into farms as the population increases and moves westward, and soon we must look farther afield for our cattle supplies.

The United States, however, is not the only source of supply, for large herds are raised wherever there are grass lands and where the climatic conditions favor their subsistence.

The Leather Industry Abroad

In the newer countries of South America and in Australia history is repeating itself, and vast tracts of country are being turned over to cattle-raising. British India, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary and France are also great cattle-raising countries. This industry in South America, especially, has of recent years attained enormous proportions, and is gradually taking the place of the United States in supplying Europe. The great grazing areas of the pampas of Argentina and Brazil give promise of feeding numberless herds; and it is to this part of the world that Europe, and eventually even the United States, must look for future supplies. Probably the largest source of supply in the entire world is British India, where the number of cattle has been estimated at about ninety millions. The United States comes second, with about seventy millions; European Russia next, with over thirty-five millions, and Brazil and Argentina with about thirty millions each.

Goatskins come from poor countries, such as India, Africa and China. The condition of the goats in the last country is worthy of the most careful study. The importation of goatskins into the United States is increasing most rapidly, though it is said that up to the present time no goats have been obtained from the interior of China. If the new republic is a success and the heart of China is opened to the world there may be a distinct drop in the price of these skins. Moreover, this also applies to certain other little-known countries.

When the manufacture of leather goods is considered, as well as the leather itself, it is found that the United Kingdom—including England and Wales with 400,000, Scotland with 50,000, and Ireland with 25,000—totals about half a million people engaged in the industry; exceeded by Germany with 650,000. The United States comes next, with about four hundred thousand workers; and Italy is a close follower, with about the same. Next comes France, with about three hundred and fifty thousand workers, followed by Austria, with about two hundred and fifty thousand. The next country in importance is Belgium, with about seventy-five thousand men engaged in the industry, followed by Holland and Russia, each of which has about fifty thousand persons directly interested therein, though Russia has a vastly greater population indirectly interested. Moreover, Russia should show a great increase in the leather industry during the next few years. The latest figures show that Switzerland and Sweden have each about ten thousand engaged in this industry.

There are, of course, other factors in the manufacture of leather which should not be forgotten at the present time—namely, the oak and hemlock barks with which the leather is tanned. Of course as years go on less of these barks will be available and a mechanical process of tanning must be used instead. The reader, however, who has had chilblains and has resorted to soaking his feet in white-oak-bark water will realize that at the present time nothing equals the old-fashioned method of tanning. Now, to obtain a cord of bark about two thousand feet of timber must be stripped, which is equivalent to about four trees. Up to this time the greatest source of hemlock bark in this country has been Michigan, which in its prime contributed about eight hundred thousand trees annually for this purpose, figuring ten thousand feet to an acre. Because of the decrease in the supply of bark and the high prices for the same, every possible source of tanning supply is being investigated and every known substitute is being tried. Of course new bark is being continually raised and new supplies in the Northwest and Rocky Mountain uplands are as yet almost untouched; but the end is to be considered.

The following table gives such a good summary of the leather industry, showing the number of wage-earners employed and the general growth in the consumption of the goods, that I cannot omit it:

INDUSTRY	CENSUS YEAR	CAPITAL	WAGE-EARNERS: AVERAGE NUMBER	WAGE-EARNERS: TOTAL WAGES	VALUE OF PRODUCTS, INCLUDING CUSTOM WORK AND REPAIRING
Leather, tanned, curried and finished	1880	$ 77,383,011	40,282	$16,503,825	$200,264,044
	1890	98,088,098	42,392	21,249,989	172,136,092
	1900	173,977,421	52,109	22,591,091	204,038,127
	1905	242,584,254	57,239	27,040,152	252,620,986
Boots and Shoes	1880	$ 45,184,392	115,972	$44,358,420	$176,517,776
	1890	103,693,294	144,216	63,763,573	245,358,534
	1900	110,363,152	151,231	61,924,065	280,047,067
	1905	136,802,000	160,294	73,072,000	357,088,000
	1910	222,324,000	198,297	98,463,000	512,798,000

In the case of iron—and some of the other great products which we shall study in this series of articles—the exports from the United States greatly exceed the imports; and, with the exception of a few finer grades of that commodity, we supply not only ourselves but also a large portion of the rest of the world. This, however, is not true in the case of leather, where our exports are small and our imports from South America, Siberia, Russia and other countries are very large. The following table shows clearly these facts, together with the changes that have occurred from year to year:

LEATHER—IMPORTS AND EXPORTS
Years Ending June 30

IMPORTED

YEAR	HIDES AND SKINS OTHER THAN FURSKINS	LEATHER AND TANNATE OF CHROME	LEATHER MANUFACTURE	VALUE OF LEATHER CONTENTS OF MANUFACTURES OF LEATHER
1908	[illegible]	$6,519,172	$6,773,024	$3,252,296
1909	48,220,144	5,701,193	6,185,810	3,887,442
1910	[illegible]	[illegible]	6,265,120	4,027,387
1911	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4,284,107
1912	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1907	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1908	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1909	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1910	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1911	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1912	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

EXPORTED

1900	[illegible]	1906	$40,642,858
1901	[illegible]	1907	[illegible]
1902	[illegible]	1908	[illegible]
1903	[illegible]	1909	[illegible]
1904	[illegible]	1910	[illegible]
1905	37,490,745	1911	33,073,059

Import tables for years previous to 1900 show practically the same per-capita figures as the table above. The following unofficial export table, dating back to 1872, shows

very clearly the development of the industry since that date, wherein the changes have consisted, and what may be expected of the future if the present tendency continues:

EXPORTS OF LEATHER AND MANUFACTURES OF LEATHER—ESTIMATED

YEAR	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	TOTAL LEATHER AND MANUFACTURES OF LEATHER
1872	$1,53[illegible]	$[illegible]364,801	$[illegible]2,680	$67,[illegible]06	$[illegible]8,[illegible]72	$3,684,029
1873	[illegible]75,[illegible]86	6,[illegible]80,[illegible]57	42[illegible],[illegible]65	7[illegible],102	[illegible],[illegible]48	7,324,796
1880	[illegible]58,24[illegible]	[illegible],08[illegible],[illegible]18	44[illegible],[illegible]87	[illegible],[illegible]70[illegible]	431,[illegible]92	6,700,186
1885	2,87[illegible],[illegible]31	[illegible],[illegible]08,445	[illegible]08,[illegible]31	78,411	37[illegible],[illegible]57	9,692,408
1890	[illegible],[illegible]75,[illegible]80	[illegible],[illegible]80,[illegible]92	[illegible],[illegible]2,971	2[illegible],[illegible]52	[illegible],[illegible]77	12,438,847
1895	[illegible],[illegible]08,[illegible]40	7,601,613	1,[illegible]10,228	[illegible],[illegible]08,[illegible]58	7[illegible],[illegible]08	15,614,407
1896	[illegible],[illegible]73,225	8,191,[illegible]75	1,436,086	22[illegible],[illegible]95	81[illegible],[illegible]42	20,242,756
1897	[illegible],[illegible]10,[illegible]55	7,[illegible]21,[illegible]92	[illegible],[illegible]78,224	2[illegible],[illegible]08	775,468	19,161,446
1898	[illegible],[illegible]65,[illegible]40	7,[illegible]02,[illegible]70	[illegible],[illegible]16,[illegible]88	211,[illegible]65	1,286,[illegible]35	20,863,652
1899	11,659,730	7,[illegible]71,[illegible]78	2,711,385	2[illegible],[illegible]72	7[illegible],[illegible]77	22,772,720
1900	12,014,964	7,[illegible]87,[illegible]70	4,274,174	[illegible]84,[illegible]31	713,346	25,378,894

As to the exports during different months of the year, there is a considerable variation, which seems to be in accordance with no fixed laws. In most years, however, leather exports are at their lowest during the summer and at their very highest during the latter quarter of the year. Leather imports also are apt to be at a minimum during May, June and July, and are usually greatest in the fall. However, there are often one or two heavy months for imports in the spring, either on account of supplemental orders or for general seasonal reasons. If this can be depended upon it should be an aid to producers and users of leather in judging when it is best to sell the cattle, to tan the leather and to place their products on the market.

The cattle industry up to the present time has been a fairly profitable business. The ranges have been free, the weather has been satisfactory, and there has been a slow but almost constant increase in the sale of cattle. The palmy days, however, are passing, as the free-range country is constantly diminishing and it is necessary every year to buy more and more feed. The profits in the business are not what they used to be and are likely to decline gradually. Moreover, the romance connected with the cowboy's life is gradually passing away and the labor problem is becoming a factor, even on the Western prairie.

Failures of Leather Concerns

The purchasers of cattle are becoming more concentrated and better organized, thus tending to enable them to dictate a price that continually allows a smaller and smaller profit for the ranchman. Even the jobbers are gradually being eliminated from the business, and opportunities for the small man are continually decreasing. However, the failures are not so great in this industry as in many other lines, as the following figures indicate. There were, of course, many failures in the early nineties, when every industry was sorely tried; but conditions afterward gradually improved until 1899, when failures for that cycle seem to have reached their lowest point. The industry was hard hit in 1903, and failures reached their high point during that year. The next two or three years, however, were fair—until the panic of 1907-1908, when the industry suffered another shock. For some curious reason failures are greatest in the spring and fall, though the difference from month to month is not so marked that one can depend on it. In short, every month is a dangerous month for the man in the leather industry, as one must be continually on the watch, keeping in most constant touch with the cattle census, weather conditions in the cattle country, as well as business conditions in general. Though in this industry conditions depend more on the supply than on the demand—which latter is more or less constant—yet there is a relation between the price of leather and general business.

LIABILITIES OF FAILURES

MANUFACTURERS OF LEATHER, SHOES AND HARNESS
R. G. Dun & Co.

1896	$4,537,785	1904	$2,654,311
1897	3,524,740	1905	1,828,442
1898	3,596,450	1906	1,806,225
1899	1,433,720	1907	1,091,746
1900	2,313,832	1908	2,991,578
1901	2,427,911	1909	1,384,771
1902	2,546,835	1910	2,319,839
1903	3,185,156	1911	1,577,919

As to the relation of the leather industry to general business conditions, study indicates that the zenith is reached near the end of a period of prosperity and the low point near the end of a period of depression. In other words, the leather merchant is apt to have his business increase continually throughout a period of prosperity, until it reaches its high point directly before a panic—thus being one of the last to feel the change. On the other hand, when the change comes and the country is in a period of depression, working out an area below the line of normal growth, the leather industry is one of the last to revive strongly. General business conditions, however, must, of course, be studied in connection with weather conditions, which are very important. The weather naturally affects the crops, upon which depends the price of corn, alfalfa, hay, fodder and other feed. When the corn crop is scarce and feed high, leather will surely become expensive, while radically reverse conditions will tend toward lower prices temporarily.

Lower Duties and Higher Prices

When our noble representatives at Washington removed the duty of fifteen per cent from hides on August 5, 1909, we were told that the price of shoes would be materially lower; but this has not been the case. Instead of getting a pair of shoes for less money than before, we are paying fully as much, if not more than ever. Therefore the reader is interested to know why prices do not decline when the tariff is reduced. Of course the manufacturer of leather goods states that if the tariff on raw material had not been reduced the price would have advanced rapidly; the wage-earner feels this is not the case and that this increased cost is arbitrarily decreed by the various associations of manufacturers which are unconsciously combining. The fact of the case doubtless is that both interests are partly right; but certainly the increase in the number of cattle raised and consequently in the number of hides supplied to the trade has not kept pace with the growth in population and natural wants. Also, there has been a rapid increase in the uses for leather; the automobile, especially, has caused an exceedingly increased demand.

When discussing price, however, it is very necessary that the same qualities and products be compared, for there are various classes and grades. For instance, when discussing the price of a pound of sole leather we have "Hemlock B. A. and Mont. Mid., Union Tannery Run, Scoured Backs Mid., Texas Sides, Eastern M. and Western M." When considering the upper leather we have the satin, both Eastern and Western; kangaroos, both Eastern and Western; and calfskins in "boarded chrome finish, wax, thirty and thirty-five pounds av."—upper leathers being sold by the square foot instead of by the pound, as in the case of sole leather. Hides, however, are sold by the pound, and are classified as to price in four groups—namely: "Heavy Native Steers"; "Number One Buffs, Chicago"; "Calfskins, Chicago and Country"; Buenos Aires, duty and costs paid.

The consumer can almost surely count on a continued decrease in the source of supply and an increase in the cost of the raw material. Of course there will be variances from year to year, determined by fundamental business and weather conditions; but the general tendency in the price of raw material should continue to increase, because the supply of hides probably cannot keep up with the increase in population. Therefore, when studying "supply," this fact can always be reckoned upon with certainty. When studying "demand," however, this is a more uncertain quantity. All present investigations lead one to believe that this demand will increase at a more rapid rate than the population. If the supply decreases and the demand increases, the future for the consumer of leather is not very rosy. There are, however, three bright sides: First, the development of the Panama Canal, which will bring South American markets nearer; secondly, the improved and cheaper processes of tanning, which will take the place of the continually increasing cost of hemlock bark; and, thirdly, the improvement in artificial leathers, which is really becoming quite a factor.

Though nothing today takes the place of real, substantial leather, yet there are substitutes which for certain purposes are fully as good, if not better.

These substitutes are now being satisfactorily used for purposes which were not dreamed of years ago; and as we are now wearing "rubbers" that contain no rubber, our grandchildren may some day wear shoes that contain no leather! Therefore I advise consumers of leather to hunt for opportunities, inventions and substitutes that can be used in place of leather, and meantime buy leather on slumps in the price, which occur periodically.

One suggestion, however, to all interested in leather is that a greater effort should be made to make leather more durable and capable of greater service. The most important factor in the leather industry today is the tanner, and yet many tanners know very little about the fundamentals of their work. These tanners do certain things in a certain way because they have always done so, and very little progress has been made along improved lines. The tanner has depended upon hemlock for his profit rather than upon his brains, and in many instances present tanneries have been inherited from fathers and grandfathers. The processes now in use have been inherited also.

The day is coming, however, when new processes of tanning that will double the wearing qualities of leather will be invented, and my final word to all in the leather industry is that you study your leather and endeavor to seek new and better processes of tanning. Remember, though, that one new process should not be used for all leathers. Each kind of skin has its own good and bad qualities; and the man who tans leather should remember this and not try to apply the same process to all forms. In fact I cannot criticise too severely the way the tanning end of the leather industry has lagged behind the other divisions of the work; and I am inclined to believe this industry presents a very fair opportunity to the young man with brains, energy and independence.

Leading Leather Securities

Investors in lines allied to leather may confine their purchases of securities to four prominent companies, the securities of which are listed and thus can be purchased or sold through any reliable broker. The first and most powerful is known as the Central Leather Company—in which the packers were and may now be interested—which handles the cowhides, oak leather and other forms of sole leather used for the soles of shoes, heavy bags and general construction work. The bonds of the Central Leather Company I believe to be absolutely safe; and they can now be purchased to yield over five per cent. They are secured by tremendous tracts of woodlands, very large quick assets and exceedingly valuable manufacturing property. The preferred seven-per-cent stock of the Central Leather Company is also an attractive purchase at times, though not enough is now known about the company to consider this a very conservative investment. The common stock is a speculation which often affords great opportunities for profit when purchased and sold at the right times. This common stock, however, pays no dividends at present; and it may be some years before dividends are paid. Another corporation of importance is the American Hide and Leather Company, the six-per-cent bonds of which are probably all right—but the stocks are speculations; and, in my opinion, the prospects for the stockholders of this company are not very bright. The American Hide and Leather Company prepares uppers for shoes and the thin skins that are used for cheap bags and various other purposes.

The greatest shoe manufacturing companies are probably those in New England, though Missouri and Ohio are coming forward rapidly. The stocks of these shoe-manufacturing companies can be purchased through Boston and St. Louis brokers, and many of them are probably good investments. With the exception of the McElwain Company and one or two others, these are more or less "close" corporations and, therefore, are not in the class which I am justified in treating in these articles. Another corporation bearing a very close

Yes, thanks,
I'm quite well.

"Wouldn't know me? Well, I hardly know myself when I realize the superb comfort of well-balanced nerves and perfect health.

"The change began when I quit the usual table beverages, and started drinking

POSTUM

"I don't give a rap about the theories; the comfortable, healthy facts are sufficient."

"There's a Reason"

FOR

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

The Tools That Mechanics Recommend

MECHANICS naturally are the best judges of tools.

They use them constantly—*know* them—earn their livelihood with them.

Mechanics in general recommend

Billings & Spencer
TOOLS
"The tools that are guaranteed"

Because their unequalled quality has been maintained throughout the 40 odd years they have been on the market.

Because every Billings & Spencer Tool is designed of the best steel obtainable for the purpose, properly hardened and carefully assembled, insuring strength and ease of action.

Because Billings & Spencer Tools are the tools of greatest convenience, utility and durability.

There is a Billings & Spencer Tool for every mechanical need—for the

Farmer, Automobilist, Bicyclist, Householder, Machinist, Motorcyclist, Motor-boat Owner

Look for the B. & S. Trademark on the tools you buy.

Write today for free catalog H.

The Billings & Spencer Co., Hartford, Conn.

Disfigured Walls made Beautiful

A Liquid Cement Coating for Stucco, Concrete and Brick

TRUS-CON STONETEX

APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

Uniform in color results. Absolutely dampproof. Resists Weather. Does not crack, blister or peel. Beautifies and preserves the surface. Prevents moisture from entering and destroying plaster, brick and concrete. Water and fire proof.

FREE Color Card and [illegible]

KAHN Building Products

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.
101 Trussed Concrete Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

CHALLENGE
COLLARS & CUFFS

LINEN STYLE AND FIT without its bother and expense—they keep cleaner and wear far longer than linen. *At dealers. Collars, 25c. Cuffs, 50c. Style Book Free.*
The Arlington Company *Established 1863* 725 Broadway, N.Y.

relation to the industry is the United Shoe-Machinery Corporation, which manufactures shoe machinery, used throughout the world. The stocks of this company are traded in on the Boston Stock Exchange, and the preferred stock should be a perfectly safe investment, with a good yield. Many conservative investors feel likewise concerning the common stock of this company, but of this I am not prepared to speak. If, however, the United Shoe-Machinery Company and the packers ever combine and form a corporation—like the United States Steel Corporation—the organization should be a tremendous money-maker; and I believe that—unless prevented by law—such an organization will be formed some day.

Space will not permit me to enter into a tariff discussion; but there is a continual pulling and hauling between the producers, as typified by the Central Leather Company, who desire a duty placed on hides, and the manufacturers of shoes, who wish the duty on hides removed and one placed on the manufactured articles instead.

In conclusion I urge the rancher to raise more and more cattle. To the manufacturer I say: Buy leather on all dips! My message to the consumer is: Endeavor to seek satisfactory substitutes.

If you wish to invest any money in the leather industry it may be wise to align oneself with the packers and study Central Leather securities. The following facts about this company are reported: During the past year the gross sales of the company amounted to $52,991,240, a decrease of $2,649,142 over the previous year. The detailed statement of the income account for the past two years is given in the following table:

	1911	1910
Net earnings of subsidiary companies	$2,278,189	$3,403,680
Income from investments	25,860	144,210
Total net earnings	$2,304,049	$3,547,890
Interest on bonds and debentures	2,099,267	2,233,387
Balance	$ 204,782	$1,314,503
Preferred dividends	2,440,560	2,440,560
Deficit	$2,235,778	$ 926,057
Previous surplus	3,606,206	4,532,263
Total surplus	$1,370,428	$3,606,206

The decrease in the company's profits in these two years from those of previous years has been due to the conditions of the hide-and-leather market, which have been worse during this period than has been experienced for some time. Since a year ago, however, there has been a marked improvement; and the present indications are that the tendency of prices is upward and that the company will undoubtedly make a better showing in the future.

Notwithstanding the period of poor business the company has passed through, it is in excellent financial condition. Its current assets exceed its current liabilities by $48,425,972; and during the past year it reduced its bills payable by $10,435,500, or about 65 per cent.

The first-lien gold 5-per-cent bonds mentioned above were dated April 1, 1905, and mature April 1, 1925. The authorized issue is $45,000,000, and the balance is reserved to retire the United States Leather Debenture 6's, to acquire new properties, and so on. They are secured by a lien on the lands and assets of the company, and by pledge with the trustee of bonds, mortgages, notes and stocks of the subsidiary and other companies, to the par value of $63,899,210. A special feature of the mortgage is the provision that cash items and quick assets equal to the par value of the outstanding bonds are to be kept on hand, subject to the trustee's inspection once a year. These bonds are listed and are fairly active on the New York Stock Exchange. They fluctuate in price, of course, to a greater extent than high-grade railroad bonds, and, in common with other securities, in the next year or so, may sell temporarily at lower prices than they do today; but later they should sell for higher prices than they are bringing at the present time.

On account of the large assets of the company—which include valuable timberlands—and on account of the healthy condition of the company, I believe these bonds are safe as to principal and interest. They can be purchased now for about 96, and will therefore yield nearly 5.40 per cent.

THE TRICKY TRADERS

(Continued from Page 14)

Old Reliable was picking up his helmet and wiping the gritty sweat from his face when Said arrived. If every bone in his body were broken he wouldn't let those black people know that it hurt. They shouldn't grin at him; he did all the grinning himself. "Huh! Dis here camel-ridin' sho' is swif'."

Hamuda galloped up on his donkey, passed Achmet and jeered. Achmet fell to beating his beast and a rabble gathered. Among that rabble came a man who tinkled two little brass saucers in his left hand and carried a wondrous bottle swung across the front of him—big as a beer-keg, with spigots, thumbscrews, and a yellow liquid within. Old Reliable began to smile when he saw this queer contraption, just as a bumped-head baby smiles at a rattle.

"Side, what is dat thing?" Said explained that it was snow of the mountains, with lemon juice—most refreshing to the thirsty. Zack kept wiping the grit from his face and eying the bottle. "Side, ax dis feller how do he sell dat lemonade."

Achmet left off beating his camel and engaged in disputation with Hamuda. "He is wise, this Black Effendi. That is already known. He did but ride and fall so that he might show displeasure with my beast and cheapen its price. He will buy. I speak the truth."

"Not so, not so," contended Hamuda; "he but turned to the camel for a deception so that I would sell my donkey for less. He is more wise than thou."

"Give heed, Hamuda," Achmet sneered, "and may thine ears carry somewhat of sense to thine understanding."

Zack paid them no mind, being absorbed in contemplating that marvelous bottle of lemonade. He drank three glasses and the lemonade man asked for no pay, not wishing to annoy so capacious a customer.

"Come along, Side; I wants to git in de shade. I been takin' too much exercise in dis here hot sun."

Said was talking with an old man, a man of white beard, robed in striped blue and yellow, with a face that seemed fitted to the father of kindness. It was Mohammed ben Idris, who led Old Reliable gently by the sleeve: "My house is thy house and all that there is in it. Deign to enter." Which Said dutifully translated to his master.

"Tell him thankee, suh, he sho' is a nice ole gen'leman."

Mohammed's servant placed a stool for Zack in the shade of a matting that overhung the front of his bazar. Zack removed his helmet and mopped his brow. Another salaaming servant set a tabouret before him, then a tiny cup of coffee, thick and syrupy and cigarettes. Zack smacked his lips, lighted a cigarette, and his soul had peace. It was shady in the bazar. Zack gazed serenely at cloths of many stripes and gay handkerchiefs that hung within. Mohammed ben Idris with all dignity laid out his wares—fluffy stuffs in billows of a vari-colored sea. Zack fingered them and, contrary to every tradition of the East, he praised Mohammed's goods.

"Dem sho' is good-lookin' hankerchers. I wants a lot o' dem fer Sel ny."

From the river came again that shrieking of a whistle. Said cocked up his ears; the gunboat was calling for all who meant to go aboard of her. Hamuda rushed forward in a frenzy and demanded that the Black Effendi be left to complete his purchase of a donkey. Achmet's knotted arms jerked the man backward. Mohammed ben Idris clapped his hands for servants to clear these brawlers from his house.

Mohammed betrayed no exultation as Zack selected fabric after fabric, until the stack beside him grew larger than that which yet remained with Mohammed. At times Said and Mohammed quibbled somewhat about the price, until Zack nodded his complete satisfaction.

"It's a heap easier to tote dese things dan to tote a mule er a camel." Far be it from Mohammed to taunt Hamuda or Achmet, who leaned against a post exchanging guttural anathemas. Said never looked their way, because there were two of them and only one of him; Said was a peaceful man.

Zack grew weary; these gaudy fabrics lost their colors and all of them looked alike. Presently he rose, yawned and jingled the coins in his pockets. Mohammed ben Idris fawned upon the noble Black Effendi, who would now settle a rich score.

"Huh! I sho' is had a nice rest. . . . In de name er goodness, what is dat nigger doin'?" His back had been turned, or Zack would have noticed it before—that skinny brown man with a shallow skullcap and a brass soup-plate that had a big bite out of the edge. The skinny man walked right up to a chunky fellow in the next shop, stuck that soup-dish under his chin so that the bit-out place fitted his neck; then he spread white paste over the chunky man's face. The victim sat quietly with a small mirror in his hand, while the other shaved him. Zack broke into a laugh. "Ain't dat de beatenes' barber shop! Huh!"

Zack stood and watched and kept rubbing his own beard. "I got no business goin' 'mongst white folks wid no sech stubby beard as dis. Here, Side, tell dat feller I needs a shave."

Said persisted in not hearing; the whistles kept shrieking. Mohammed's bundle of cloth had not been paid for. They had agreed upon no price; there might be argument; for the cloth came to more than a donkey—more than a camel.

"Here, Side! Git dat barber right quick. I wants a shave, I tole you."

Said hastened to do as he was bid. Ben Idris kept guard upon his guest, fending away the evil-minded Achmet and Hamuda.

Old Reliable had been well lathered when that meddlesome Nubian boy from the hotel wormed his way into the crowd and out of it again. He it was who beckoned the big Irish sergeant and pointed to Zack. O'Flynn had a reputation for being thorough. He lifted Zack by the shoulders: "Right about! Git a double quick on ye. The boat's waitin' an' blowin' fer ye these two good hours."

"Lemme git my hat an' wash my face——" Zack was feeling round desperately for his helmet, which rolled upon the sands.

"Grab the helmet! Niver moind the lather; that'll woipe aff. Way there! Git out o' me way!" The rabble left him a clear passage.

"Hol' on, mister; hol' on——"

"Come along, ye bloomin' naygur. Governor's got his back up. He says: 'Fetch him, O'Flynn,' and begad I will."

"Yas, suh, white folks, yas, suh."

Ben Idris stood dazed at the suddenness with which his customer was dragged away. A servant held the bundle that was to bring so much of gold. Ben Idris burst into a clamor. Achmet and Hamuda turned to throttle Said. The nimble Dongolawi had gone—his fluttering jibba being halfway to the boat. They followed, with Mohammed, the unpaid lemonade man, the barber and the rabble at a discreet space behind that wrathful Irishman.

It was a long quarter of a mile beneath the scorching sun, but the distance shrank mightily while Zack was trying to conjure up something that he might tell the Colonel. O'Flynn loosed Zack's collar to give him leg-room. "Step lively there!"

"I'm a-hurryin', white folks, I'm a-hurryin'."

Smoke was bounding upward from the gunboat, but Zack didn't notice that; soldiers, donkey-boys, camel-drivers, all kinds of folks, went running every which way, but Zack didn't pay any attention to them. What he saw was Colonel Spottiswoode pacing back and forth on the outskirts of the crowd. Zack didn't like the emphatic flap-flap-flap of that linen suit, nor the aggressive angle of the Colonel's khaki helmet. They smote his conscience.

"Dar now! I done got my business in a jam. I hadn't oughter did Cunnel dat way but he's been lettin' me off too reg'lar. I'm p'intedly gwine to hear 'im speak his min'. Ain't I jes' like a fool nigger—gimme a inch an' I ketch hell."

The Colonel strode forward. Zack had never seen him so outraged. He lifted his hand involuntarily and Zack dodged.

"Zack, where have you been? Why didn't you——" The planter stopped and—"What the devil is that stuff you've got on your face?"

"Lather, suh—ain't quite got through shavin'."

"You—you—get aboard that boat—quick!" Mere words were so inadequate that the Colonel didn't even swear.

"Please, suh, Cunnel, please, suh, lemme git my gripsack."

"It's on board; I got everything myself. Get across that plank."

Like a mule shying at a newspaper, Zack gave the Colonel a wide berth and dodged aboard the nearest barge. The tricky traders of Khartum looked at one another. The Black Effendi had gone. They saw him go. That was known for a certainty. Why did he play upon them this strange deception? He outwitted them and they knew not how, they who boasted openly in the market places that the Ingleezi mind is like unto the clearness of a shallow brook. Ben Idris shrugged his shoulders and went his way; Achmet and Hamuda contended together. Before night their odd affairs were marveled over in every bazar of Khartum.

Said dared not appear on the river bank; he piloted his black master across the upper decks of two barges, climbing from rail to rail, thence on to the gunboat. Having led Zack to the officers' quarters, he prudently disappeared. Said's head was in a whirl.

Among that tangle of baggage on the upper deck Zack selected a soft bundle of towels and sat down. He straightened his collar and began to get breath. "Dar's my gripsack."

And there, too, was the Colonel's baggage, piled upon the deck, helter-skelter, pell-mell, some of it open and some of it shut, with shirts, neckties and socks sticking out.

"Lawd 'a' mercy! Homet jes' throwed Cunnel's clo'es in dem gripsacks, same as mixin' up chicken-feed."

When Colonel Spottiswoode reached that upper deck he found that Old Reliable had repacked two of the satchels and was just opening a third. He stood looking down upon the negro until Zack felt his employer's silent presence without glancing up.

"Cunnel, I reckin us got to 'scharge dat Homet nigger. He ain't got sense ernuff to stuff socks in a basket."

The Colonel made a curious noise in his throat and went away. Old Reliable eased himself back carelessly on the pile of towels.

"Huh! Don't do a nigger no good to have plenty money; white folks won't 'low him to buy nuthin' wid it."

THE HUNTING OF THE OCTOPUS

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Ain't it strange!" said the Judge with a legalized nudge,
"When you have dissolution on tap,
All the big corporations rush up with impatience
And yap to get in on the snap!"

From their caverns and barns and their aeries and tarns
Came the Trusts in a wealth of disguise;
Came Trusts with reflectors and dummy directors
And Trusts without charters or eyes.

And they piped: "Oh, be just! We are each a good Trust
And in heavenly spheres we've evolved.
Now the boon that we prize is to reorganize—
Please order that we be dissolved!"

Like an angel enthralled—though a devil oft called—
King Money beat greenbacks for wings.
In his hand like a candle a clearing-house scandal
Illumined high finance in rings.

And the Powder Trust dressed in a patriot's crest
Fired salutes and exclaimed: "Gosh, I'm good!"
Though he emphasized not his serene little plot
For the ousting of General Wood.

The Steel Trust came manly with praises for Stanley,
The Bathtub Trust splashed hot and cold,
The Soap Trust, the Dope Trust, the Sugar, and Rope Trust
Stood holy and pure to behold.

And they clamored: "We're sorry to cause you this fuss,
But you're destined to further our plan.
Our boards of directors are waiting for us—
So bust us as soon as you can!"

SCREAM FOUR—THE BUSTING

But the Lawman—a fearful methodical gent—
Cried, smoothing each Trust down its border:
"If you won't crowd or claw, dears, I'll bust you by law, dears,
In strict alphabetical order.

"The Asphalt Trust first, next Bathtub, then Beef,
Then Candy and Cordage—come fast!
Next Dressgoods, then Eyeglasses—follow your chief—
Here, Xylophone Trust, you come last!"

Then the Judge, having put on his best Sunday gown,
His spectacles slowly revolved,
Exclaimed: "*Perdicaris et sermo vulgaris*—
Unreasonable—one, two—Dissolved!"

Lo! No sooner they heard this supreme courtly word
Than they broke into small smithereens,
Into fractured contortions and tiny half-portions,
All scattered like mountains of beans.

Yea, they lay in such fractions of small smithereen
That the clerk of statistical skull
'Gan counting the parts on his adding machine—
An exploit heroic, though dull.

But the Journalist cried, and he wrote down each word:
"Though the good Trusts exploded we see,
Faith the bad Trust we're after, the Octopus bird,
Now where in the divvil is he?

"He's a tail like a coal train, a head like an ox,
A heart like an oil can, a brain like a fox,
On widows he'll breakfast, on windmills he'll sup;
And he says 'Going down!' when he means 'Going up!'"

SCREAM FIVE—THE HORRID FINISH

All fractured to fractions and small smithereens
Lay the Trusts at the feet of the crew,
Who, moved by it all, sang the Dead March from Saul
As noses they mournfully blew.

Wept the Judge: "Oh, my heart! How they're broken apart!
Horatio, I knew him well when ——"
But the Clerk gave a scream like a whistle of steam,
"Look! They're crawling together again!"

Lo! with whistle and wheeze and whimsical sneeze,
Those separate segments of Trust,
Like an army of germs or a diet of worms,
'Gan to wriggle and crawl in the dust.

And they moved as inspired with one object in view
As plain as the point of a joke:
And that was for each piece to hitch on anew
To the segment from which he'd been broke.

"Oh, stop 'em!" the Lawman and Trust-buster cried;
"Enjoin 'em?" the Clerk loudly bawled.
So the Judge with great unction got out an injunction;
But the trust-busted fractions still crawled.

Like the joints that you fit on a rod of bamboo,
Together they shot into place,
Till each Trust stood again good—or better—than new,
Complete from his tail to his face.

The Beef Trust rose up with a meaty hiccup,
The Steel Trust upreared with a clang:
And all, once dissected and now resurrected,
Cavorted, contorted and sang.

All the hunters, dismayed, 'gan to run, sore afraid,
But the good Trusts outgabbled, "Don't go!
If you like what we've done, we invite you each one
To stay and observe the main show."

Then they merged their great paws and they danced in a ring
Till, the very next thing to be seen,
They all seemed to melt into one awful thing—
A monster of dreadulous mien.

And Lawman and crew, when that creature they saw,
Grew grewsomely greenish and shocked,
And the Clerk of Statistics—though scorning the Mystics—
Shrieked: "Figures don't lie—it's the Oct!

"For his tail's like a coal train, his head like an ox,
His heart like an oil can, his brain like a fox,
On widows and windmills he'll breakfast and sup;
And he says 'Going down!' when he means 'Going up!'"

But the thing whiffled "Whew!" as it snatched at the crew
And winged to the tip o' the sky
With the Judge in his maw; and the people who saw
Said: "No wonder the prices are high!"

And the Lawman and Houn' Dawg, all stiff with amaze,
Turned to pillars of salt in disgust,
And were nabbed by the Rock-Salt Combine, which displays
The marvelous thrift of the Trusts.

But the Journalist, turning to stone in his fright,
Wrote, while hardening, this paragraph curt:
"Though there aren't any bad Trusts, it's plain to be shown
That the good Trusts are doing us ——"*

*Note—Due to the petrifaction of the Journalist's pen he was unable to write the word which might have served as a key to the Trust Enigma. Scholars may be interested in supplying the lost word. In our untutored estimation "hurt," or more vulgarly "dirt," might stand until somebody thinks of something better.—Ed.

The Trust's Revenge

LETER BUSH, the Chicago coal man, was visited by an inventor who said he had invented a substitute for dynamite, five times as powerful and absolutely non-explosive.

Ter Bush went to look at it. The man showed him some sticks of a dark-colored composition.

"It's absolutely non-explosive," said the inventor, "unless it is set off by my patent process. I'll show you," and he picked up a stick of the stuff to hurl it at the wall.

"Wait a minute," protested Ter Bush. "Don't you think it would be better to experiment with a large amount—say, two or three hundred pounds?"

"Naw!" replied the inventor. "The Powder Trust has got it in for me. Why, I went down to New York and offered to drop off five hundred pounds of it from the top of the Singer Building into Broadway—and them trust-controlled policemen wouldn't let me! Genius ain't got no chancet in this country!"

WITH Beaver Board Walls and Ceilings, your interiors will be original, distinctive and in harmony with architecture and furnishings.

The unique pebbled surface of the pure-wood-fibre panels makes possible a wonderful variety of tasteful and durable color-effects by painting—instead of less satisfactory and less sanitary wall-paper.

[illegible] durable; heat, cold and sound-resisting; easy to put up—they suit any room in any kind of new or remodeled building.

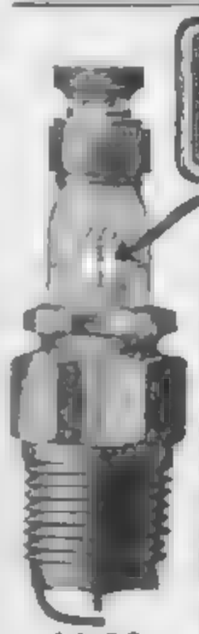
Sold by builders' supply, lumber, hardware and paint dealers and decorators. If not found in your town write us.

[illegible]

Write for sample and free illustrated booklet, "Beaver Board and its Uses."

THE BEAVER COMPANIES

United States: 602 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N.Y.; *Canada:* 702 Wall St., Beaverdale, Ottawa, Canada; *Great Britain:* 4 Southampton Row, Russell Sq., London.



One Look tells all

The J. D. Visible Spark Plug—with a secondary gap outside the motor, and a port or opening facing it—indicates positively and at a glance just in which direction ignition trouble lies. No more testing and hunting, you look through the port and see if the spark is jumping. By simply turning the knurled adjusting nut you can widen the gap, which intensifies spark and cleans points, or can close gap entirely. Facilitates timing of engine and permits regulating of sparks for any cylinder. Uses minimum current and costs no more than any good plug.

Made of J. D. highest grade materials, with special porcelain that defies heat. If your dealer can't supply you, sent postpaid on receipt of price. When writing, specify size wanted and make of car.

$1.00

Our booklet on Ignition FREE. Write for it.

JEFFERY-DEWITT COMPANY,
568 Butler Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

WHEN YOU
GO TO NEW YORK TRY THE
GRAND UNION HOTEL
JUST OPPOSITE THE
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
42ND ST. AND PARK AVE.
HANDY TO SHOPS & THEATRES
ROOMS $1.00 A DAY AND UPWARD
BAGGAGE TO AND FROM STATION FREE
MODERATELY PRICED RESTAURANTS

Chewing Gum Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean profitable business to start quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Holmes Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending Slot Machines and Specialties.

Model O-2
Price $145

Warner
AUTO-METER

A Business that Increased

Why so Many of the Automobile Industry's Big Producers Chose the Warner

ONE big fact looms clear above everything else. When the large manufacturers of high grade automobiles decided to make speedometers a part of their "regular equipment" for 1913, which instrument was chosen by so many of the most important of these big producers?

¶ The Warner Auto-Meter.

¶ And this in spite of the fact that the Warner is the highest priced speed instrument in the world.

¶ Nineteen Thirteen was destined to be an equipment year. Automobile manufacturers decided the time had come when every car they put on the market had to be fully equipped with speedometer, top, windshield, etc.—all ready for use. This the public demanded.

¶ This prompted the big American producers to go over the accessory field with a fine, sharp tooth comb. Manufacturers of accessories (we, among all others) were summoned to the executive offices of these important automobile manufacturers and asked to explain, test and demonstrate our various wares. Facilities were investigated. Construction had to be explained. Principles described. Statements substantiated. Claims confirmed. Every known test, inspection and examination were brought into action. It surely was to be the survival of the fittest. And those that were fittest, in each case, finished first, as usual.

¶ Knowing that the speedometer is the most vital part of a car's equipment, the manufacturers and their various staffs of engineers selected with utmost care and judgment. Price was not the essential consideration. Accuracy and quality were given first and final attention.

¶ After this most exacting series of thorough tests, the Warner was pronounced by these foremost and shrewdest American automobile manufacturers as the finest speed and mileage indicator in the world. And mind you, each Warner costs these producers a much higher price than any other instrument made. But the additional price guaranteed so much additional value that they conceded it would be wisest to equip with a speedometer of the high Warner standard.

¶ Over 100,000 new cars will be equipped with Warner Auto-Meters for 1913.

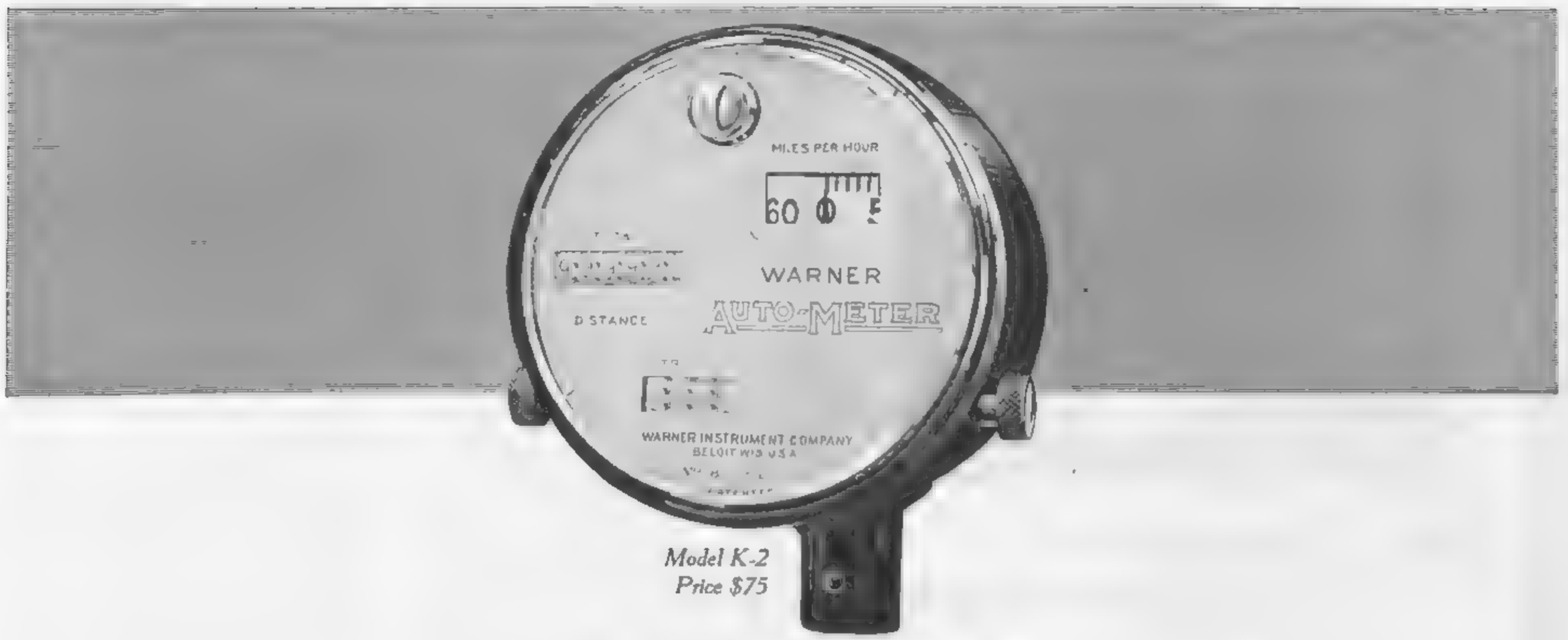
¶ As the price of the Warner is higher, its quality must be higher. You, as a business man, must realize this. Nowadays in business no standard article can command and obtain a higher

The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCH HOUSES:

Atlanta	Buffalo	Cincinnati	Denver	Indianapolis
Boston	Chicago	Cleveland	Detroit	Kansas City
Los Angeles	Philadelphia		Portland, Ore.	Seattle
New York	Pittsburg		San Francisco	St. Louis

Canadian Branch: 550 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario



Model K-2
Price $75

Warner
AUTO-METER

Over 400% in One Year

The Natural Result of a Rigid Quality Plus Accuracy Test

price unless it has something better to offer. Keen competition would not permit this to exist.

¶ But the Warner has more to offer—considerably more. It is the speed instrument with a practical compensating device. In winter or summer, the speed or mileage register never varies the slightest bit. No climatic condition—no sudden change in temperature can affect it. It is always absolutely accurate and correct. This is an important Warner feature.

¶ The Warner is the simplest instrument made. A permanent magnet, which revolves when the car is in motion, spins in exact ratio with the revolving wheel to which the instrument is attached. The magnetic "lines of force" creating a pull, pass through an aluminum disc and are concentrated by a stationary "keeper" of soft steel. The aluminum disc carries the speed figure in miles per hour and gives mileage registration and speed that are absolutely accurate.

¶ Small electric lights are located just above the speed dial so that night or day you can always see exactly what your speed is. This is an important Warner feature.

¶ None but the choicest jewels are used in the interior Warner construction. The speed disc is mounted on four genuine Sapphire jewels. The pivot rests on a perfect cap jewel. This is an important Warner feature.

¶ The case of each Warner instrument is made of exceptionally heavy hand-hammered brass. This is an important Warner feature.

¶ By means of a special adjustment you can reset a Warner at any time or any speed just as easily as you would reset your watch. This is an important Warner feature.

¶ And so we could go on explaining the many and various important exclusive Warner features. It is as finely made as the most expensive watch.

¶ We sincerely believe the Warner Auto-Meter to be the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world.

¶ When you select your 1913 car, take a good look at the speed indicator. This will give you a good line on the value of the car. If it's a Warner you can bank on that car being worth every cent asked for it.

¶ Warner Auto-Meters register 100,000 miles and repeat and 1000 miles and repeat. Priced from $50 to $145. For sale by dealers all over the world and at our branches listed below.

¶ Catalogue on request.

The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCH HOUSES:

Atlanta	Buffalo	Cincinnati	Denver	Indianapolis
Boston	Chicago	Cleveland	Detroit	Kansas City
Los Angeles	Philadelphia		Portland, Ore.	Seattle
New York	Pittsburg		San Francisco	St. Louis

Canadian Branch, 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

"How I Discovered Instinctive Playing"

(The *Actual Experience* of an Owner of a Virtuolo)

"THE other evening I tried playing the Virtuolo *in the dark*. Don't know just why I did it. I had put a new roll in, when the idea came to me to play it through *without seeing it*.

"The roll was Rubinstein's 'Melody in F,' a piece I'm very fond of. The room was pitch dark—I couldn't even see the roll, or the Acsolo buttons, but I began pedaling, easily, almost as if I were beating time with my feet.

"The music started, and I remember pressing the Acsolo buttons to accent each note of the beautiful air which starts right at the beginning of the piece.

"I remember saying to myself 'How beautiful it is,' as the rich melody notes sounded out above the accompaniment. I remember noticing that my foot-beats were marking the time of the piece perfectly.

"Then I *forgot*. I don't remember doing anything else, except to *listen and enjoy*. I know that the feeling the piece always gave me when I heard it played, took possession of me then—only *more keenly than ever before*.

"It was a wonderful sensation. I did not think about anything—accent buttons, pedals, tempo lever. Something told me just when and how to use them, and the music always responded at the very moment. All I did was listen and *feel*. I was fascinated, *thrilled*.

"When I finished the piece, I lighted a light and played the roll again, watching the expression marks, etc., very carefully, and trying to get everything just right. But do you know I found my playing was *nothing like it had been in the dark!*

"Then I realized in a flash what it was—*Instinctive Playing!* Without *sight* to 'aid' me, my *Instinct* had told me just what to do; and the Virtuolo, with its sensitive Acsolo buttons and ease of playing, *responded* in a flash to the workings of my Instinct. It had made my playing a *double pleasure*; it had given me the pleasure of *both listener and pianist*."

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

When *you*, for the first time, sit down to the Virtuolo, you will be surprised to find how it responds to your very thoughts and impulses in playing. You'll be fascinated to find how your Instinct makes you press a button for accent. You'll be astonished to find how you put all your thoughts *into the music you are making*, instead of fixing them on *how you are making it*.

See, hear, *play* the Virtuolo at the store of our representative in your locality. Or have it sent to your home—without cost to you—for your own private test. We'll send you the dealer's name.

The Virtuolo is the HALLET & DAVIS PIANO, whose purity and volume of tone have won the praise of greatest musicians from Franz Liszt to Mary Garden, $750 and up. In the artistic, fine-toned CONWAY PIANO, as low as $575. Lexington Player Pianos as low as $450. Send for handsome colored plates showing all styles.

You Want This Valuable Book

Send for a *free copy* of "The Inner Beauty," which explains the fascination of Instinctive Playing. Tells you things about music which no other book has ever told. You'll be glad you read it. Mail this coupon *today*.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO

BOSTON NEW YORK NEWARK TOLEDO

Hallet & Davis Piano Company, Department 18, 146 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Send me "The Inner Beauty" and full information about the Virtuolo and your Easy Buying Plan

Name _____ *Address* _____

MISS 318 AND MR. 37

(Continued from Page 21)

a woithless It to be standin' here idle when she'd oughta be sayin' her prayers? Wonder where my fireman is at! O' course he'll perish doin' his dooty! Wonder if there really is anythin' in that talk about goin' to Heav'm if you're good! Wonder if she'd know him, wunst they passed the poily gates! Wonder if Saint Peter would toin her down because she slep' late Sundays instead of goin' to oily mornin' mass!

Lisette could stand it no longer to watch the mob committing suicide upon itself. She began to rebuke and command. She leaped into the press to help to her feet an old woman whom a young man was crowding aside. She struck the man in the mouth and clawed him when he struck back. She wrenched other women out of the places they usurped, crying: "Take your toin! Ever'body's gotta take their toin! For Gawsay, be human if you can!"

She raved like a fury in hell, a Tisiphone lashing the damned into order. She kicked, struck, tugged—careless that she found herself always farther from the grating of the elevator. Though hatred seemed to rule her with frenzy, her mood was one where hatred and love met and merged.

And so suddenly she found herself kneaded and rolled out of the crowd entirely. As she turned to strike back into the clotted throng she caught sight of two women standing aloof—two women she knew and, in a way, revered.

Mrs. Verden and her daughter were trying to smile, each petting the other's hands with mimic calm and helpless tenderness. The daughter was saying:

"Don't worry, mother dear; it will be all right—it will be all ri-right."

And the mother was saying at the same time:

"Don't be afraid, Priss, now. Mother will think what's best to do in just a minute—just a minute now."

The word "thoroughbred" glinted through the smoke of Lisette's thoughts. These women had spent their lives holding their impulses in leash, and self-control had become an instinct; dignity was the marrow of their bones.

They saw Lisette and beckoned, from an old habitude of giving orders.

"This young woman will know the way out," said Mrs. Verden to her daughter; and to Lisette: "What would you advise us to do, my dear?"

"It's kind o' hard to say, m'm," Lisette confessed. "I guess we're up against it good and hard."

"Surely there must be fire-escapes somewhere," said Priscilla.

"For Gawsay, wouldn't I forget the fire-escape? Now wouldn't that jar you? It's over here—if we can make it."

She ran with them along lonely passageways that had been crowded aisles, where the buying of pretty things had been the solemnest thought. Then they entered a wing of the furniture department, where an acre of empty chairs and tables stood about with a strange effect of waiting patiently for the flames to come to the resinous feast of their varnished pines. Overhead the automatic sprinklers hung idle. Some failure somewhere had annulled their power. Farther on, there was a great room where they had not failed, and there a heavy rain was falling on a deserted field.

Beyond this curtain of water they could see a paradise of flame raging upward, beyond the quenching of any spray. As they watched, half an acre of floor ripped loose and sank from sight, and a mass of wall and window went outward, opening a view of sky and of opposite buildings equally out of reach.

"There's the fire-escape," Lisette gasped, "across that water and that hole! O' course that'd be the foist wall that went!"

"I fancy we'd better return to the elevator at once," said Mrs. Verden.

"It's our only chancet," said Lisette; and they hurried back. They passed one girl kneeling and mumblingly moving a rosary through her fingers.

"Better come with us!" said Lisette, scooping her up as they passed; but the girl shook herself loose and returned to her prayers.

As the three revenants reached the neighborhood of the elevator Lisette saw that the car was just rising into view again. The mob before the cage began to eddy and swirl with a churning ferocity that undid all previous successes and failures.

Lisette seized Mrs. Verden's elbow and rushed her forward, and the mother clung fiercely to her daughter's hand. More merciless now than ever, Lisette wriggled and plowed her way. By a last great lunge she reached the bars just as those nearest poured through the opening door. Fastening her fingers in the grating she sheared a little space with her shoulders and crowded the elder woman in; and the mother, gripping the daughter's hand, tugged for a dearer life than her own. Just then, however, a new hurl of the crowd wrenched Lisette's fingers from their grip and cut Priscilla off from her mother. The car started downward, the door ran along its grooves, but could not close. The devoted hands were split apart!

Priscilla would have dropped after the car, but Lisette cast her weight on her and carried her past the chasm. Into this deepening pit some toppled, others leaped. The man Lisette had smitten in the mouth jumped to the greasy steel cable, clasped it with arms and legs, and slid downward. A woman flung herself at his shoulders—and they vanished to their fate.

Lisette, in a hideous wrath, fought off the crowd and slammed the door shut upon the chasm. Then, panting, disheveled and faint with exhaustion, she looked for her other ward. Priscilla was not to be seen.

III

MRS. VERDEN'S anguished gaze had caught one glance from her daughter's eyes, a glance melting with love and farewell, when the car plummeted into a gorge of smoke and sifting embers. At every floor there was a gust of wind and a fleeting vision of faces peering through an iron lattice. It was a descent through the seven circles of hell.

The car fled downward with a swoop that was a new terror; but the mother's thoughts went back up the shaft. She clutched and called upward.

The car stopped with a shock. Policemen helped out the writhing cargo and it dispersed in mad haste; but Mrs. Verden would not budge. She pleaded:

"I want to go back! I must go back! My daughter is up there!"

An officer reached in a great hand and dragged her out. The door clanged and the elevator, with its devoted attendant, went up like a fiery chariot of mercy.

Mrs. Verden turned and beat against the bronze doors, crying: "Wait! Wait!" She fought with the policeman; the exquisiteness fell from her; she was back in the jungle period, with one mad female motive—to get to her young. She could not overpower that tender gorilla in uniform. Tears were pouring down his cheeks and he was shaken with nausea, but he dragged her away.

And now the helmeted fire-warriors were fighting ruthlessly toward the flames. Everywhere within and without the building the streams of water went like gleaming javelins, but with no effect as yet upon the walls of smoke.

Mrs. Verden was guided over broken glass, splintered wood, writhing snakes of hose and out to the spray-blown air of the street. This space was busy with chugging engines sending out billows of sparks and smoke and the clang of new fire companies arriving. Numberless ladders were aslant, with rescuers carrying limp burdens along sagging bridges. Up the sheer walls other firemen were crawling with scaling ladders, performing miracles of salvation.

Others held nets like targets for desperate marksmanship. Across the street strips of tarpaulin were hiding an increasing row, where surgeons and priests were working at the mercy of the first toppling wall.

Over the wet plaza the officer impelled Mrs. Verden and tried to prevent her seeing the almost unendurable. He surrendered her with a few brief words to another officer, and lumbered back into the building. This patrolman was hurling all his weight against the crowd that pressed forward with a morbid and helpless curiosity. And this hulk, too, was green and sickly; and the curses he heaped upon the spectators were broken with sobs as he saw what he saw.

"Some of youse guys take this lady," he shouted, "and git her to a amb'lance quick. She's all in and she's lost a kid in—in there."

A murmur of sympathy ran through the crowd and a way was opened magically.

One man, a social struggler, who had tried for years to meet Mrs. Lancaster Verden, took her by the arm, never dreaming who this smoke-stained, unkempt, dripping wretch might be.

He was gentle with her:

"Come this way—won't you? I have my car here and I'll take you home."

"I don't want to go home!" she wailed. "I want my child—my baby!" And he must battle with her to keep her from fighting her way back. A physician came forward and took her in charge. They persuaded her into a shop and the doctor plied her with sedatives; but her frenzy was beyond drugs. Her first thought now was—from old experience—that money had always put spurs to service in her behalf. She turned to the man:

"If you will go find her—my child—my Priss—I'll give you anything—anything! My husband will give you a—a million dollars for my baby's life!"

The doctor and the man exchanged glances of sardonic gloom. What was money here? Everything that humanity could do was being done under the tremendous urge of sympathy. Money and prayer were of equal futility. The only hope was the fierce response of mankind to mankind's cry for help.

"We'll find your daughter!" said the doctor, lying glibly. "She'll be all right. The ladders are going up and they're getting the fire out already. She'll be all right. If you will let us take you home now and ——"

"Take me home?—while my child is there!" she screamed, tearing away their hands. "Do you think I would go home to her father without her? No! No! I must go find her. Priss—don't be afraid! I'll come and get you. Don't worry, child! Mother dear will come to you—just wait a minute! And don't jump! Don't jump! Wait! Wait!"

The two men must wrestle hard to resist that mother-frenzy.

XIII

LISETTE, glaring through the crowd, now reduced to inaction with the prostration of hope, caught sight of Priscilla's plume at a distance. She called, but had no answer. called again:

"Miss Voiden! Miss Voiden! Come here!"

She got no answer. She waited; saw the elevator chains quivering as the car rose again. She could not go alone. She broke through the crowd again and they willingly let her pass.

She found Priscilla darting here and there, seeking an outlet. She seized her roughly by the arm.

"Come on! The car's comin' back this minute! Come on! I'll get you in!"

Priscilla shook her head.

"I can't fight those people. I'd much rather die than steal anybody else's chance—really I would."

It was a kind of sublime snobbery and it dazed Lisette. She stared aghast, found nothing fit to reply, turned on her heel and watched the cable rise in the elevator shaft. She saw a yeasty quiver in the crowd and another battle for place began; but the top of the car did not come into view, though the cable stopped. There was a cry of protest among the watchers at the grill, then Lisette saw the cable glide downward again. She sighed.

"He's through with us. We're desoited! It's the other floors' toin."

Priscilla paused a moment:

"Tell me," she said, "is the stairway quite impossible?"

"You can see for yourself," said Lisette.

A black whorl of smoke was streaming up and enveloping even the throng about the elevator. The group began to break up in short rushes; but one glance at the rotunda was enough, and they fell back.

Priscilla spoke again:

"I've always read that one should get to a window and wait there. Can't we get to a window?"

"We might try through here," said Lisette. She seized Priscilla's hand and dashed through a door into a dark stockroom. Along the rafters the smoke was just beginning to thrust its tendrils like a stealthy black ivy. Lisette had been through this room before and she knew the path, though the light was dim.

The girls ran, crouching, missing their way in the spaces between the endless bales and boxes. At the end of the passageway they came upon a door—it was locked. Lisette pounded and called, but there was no answer. She ran back and rammed it with her shoulder, but it did not quiver. She cast about in a rage of impatience and found a chair, swung it high and beat a ragged hole in the panels.

Through this they clambered into another alleyway, aromatic with stored spices. Along this they sped to another door, forced this open and almost fell down a little spiral stairway. They picked their way to the floor below.

As Lisette set her hand to a door, it swung open; and there—against a background of fierce red—she saw her stalwart fireman.

"I was lookin' for you, kiddo!" he said, and began to drag her with him. "I been fightin' my way up to you; but the other stairs was blocked with a pile of women, and I had to stop now and then to keep people from doin' what they shouldn't. One of the clerks told me about this way up. I was comin' for you."

Lisette was clinging to Priscilla, and in Indian file they picked their way through a furnace heat that brought the sweat streaming.

"Have we got a chancet?" Lisette gasped.

"I d' know. Better save your breath. That hot air's like chloroform if you get a whiff of it!"

A door of mystery loomed before them, with a mantle of smoke about it. They took the plunge, heads down and with lungs aching for breath They were in a storeroom for toys. Its one window was shut, but there was a door that promised something.

Number 37 pushed it open and fell back before a blast of hot air like a flail. He closed the door, gulped and dropped to one knee; his hands twitched feebly—his head was wobbling

Lisette stared at him, strove to lift him; but he was too heavy for her strength. She dashed to the window, hoisted it and, with Priscilla's aid, dragged the maundering giant there.

For a moment his head lay inert on the sill; then he opened his eyes wearily, drank deep of the cold air and beat himself in the face.

"I was out, I guess," he said, and leaned from the window to survey the prospect before him.

Below, the street was almost deserted. Across the narrow space flames were leaping at the opposite building, from whose windows here and there streams of water were answering the attack.

The roof of this building was a little higher than the window in the toyroom, and several men were frantically beating out the embers that rattled upon it and sluicing the tin roof with water fetched in buckets.

One man glanced from his task and stared hard at the three faces peering across the gulf at him. Number 37 howled at him:

"Say, bo, shove us a plank or a ladder, will you?"

The man called his companions and they cast about stupidly. Then they dragged a ladder from a tank on the roof and shoved it out. It came forward slowly, and the hearts of the three beat with a gladder speed.

Then it stopped coming. The men shook their heads. It was too short. The men stood with their heads bent against the scarlet rain of sparks, beating them out now and then as they singed coat or hat.

Then one of them turned and darted down through the trapdoor. He came back after an age of absence, lugging a block and tackle used for hoisting at some distant time, for the rope was old and dirty; but it was thick.

He stood on the ledge and swung the end across, almost pitching into the street as the iron hook swung free. It fell short, and must be hauled up and cast again. Three times it missed; but then, with a far lunge, Number 37 clutched it, hauled it in and fastened it to an iron stanchion.

Opposite, the men were wrapping it round a chimney. Number 37 knew enough not to trust an untested rope. He hung his weight on it—and it held.

"I guess it'll do," he growled.

"It's gotta!" said Lisette.

"Come on, 318!" said 37, throwing off his coat. "Grab holt of my shoulders and hang on like hell!"

"Take her foist!" said Lisette.

"Not on your life! I come for you! I'll come back for her"

"Take her foist!" Lisette said, with that grim look of hers. He put out his arms

Your first course is "plain sailing" with soup like this

IT is exactly what you want for the beginning of any dinner not too heavy; or as the mainstay of a dainty luncheon; or for the regular family supper any time.

And think what it would cost *you* to produce anything like

Campbell's
MOCK TURTLE
SOUP

You would pay many times the price of this nourishing, wholesome soup for the materials alone; to say nothing of time and trouble.

The savory stock is made of prime fresh beef, and blended with a spicy tomato-purée. It contains celery, herbs, a flavor of imported Spanish sherry, and small cubes of tender meat from the finest selected white calves' heads, for which we pay a special premium above the highest market price. Order a dozen at a time. And be your own "food-trust."

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

U-S-L

TRADE MARK

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO

Storage Battery

DON'T spend weeks and months learning about an electric vehicle and then jeopardize your own interests by indifference about the battery you get.

¶ You buy a car, whether a light runabout for family use or a ten-ton truck for hauling merchandise, for just one thing—SERVICE. Of what avail are lines or finish or design or materials, if the battery, *the heart of the machine*, falls short?

¶ Specify and insist on the **U-S-L** Battery. It is the battery that is made for *hard* service—not for the smooth, easy-going runs alone, but for the rigorous trials of hills, of sand, of rough roads, of snow, of frequent stops and starts, and other irregularities that place unusual demands on a battery.

¶ Wherever such conditions as these predominate, the remarkable voltage dependability of the **U-S-L** Storage Battery makes it the choice of the man who thinks of service first.

¶ The **U-S-L** is the battery of *long life*, frequently giving *double* the mileage originally expected before replacement is necessary.

¶ This means unquestioned economy. Furthermore, for a given power output, the **U-S-L** has proved itself to require less charging current than any other battery on the market.

¶ There are a dozen other big reasons why you should know and use the **U-S-L** Storage Battery.

U-S-L Service

means close co-operation by our own experts with every **U-S-L** owner to insure uninterrupted service. Service stations are maintained in eight large cities, where spare parts are kept in stock for immediate delivery.

Write for Information

The U. S. Light & Heating Company

General Offices: 30 Church St., New York *Factory:* Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Branch Offices and Service Stations:

Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis

Manufacturers also of the U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter for Gasoline Automobiles

U-S-L U-S-L U-S-L

with a mute appeal that almost overcame her, but she shook her head and repeated: "Take her foist!"

He dropped his arms, and his head drooped. He mounted the sill, set his feet on the ledge of the window casement beneath, tested the rope, and nodded to Priscilla Verden. She shook her head—and would have persisted if Lisette had not cowed her.

"Your mother dear's waitin' for you. Mine don't know I'm in trouble."

This and her tyrannic glare ended Priscilla's delay. She glanced down into the scarlet depths and she felt small certainty about the voyage across it. With a sudden impulse she slipped from her wrist a diamond-starred bracelet, caught Lisette's hand and drew it through the gold circlet.

"I may not get across. Will you keep this—to remember me by?"

She clambered across the sill and, obeying instructions—wrapping her arms about the fireman's shoulders, one over his left arm, one under his right—lowered herself.

Number 37 gave Lisette a look of devotion as he called out cheerily:

"Don't you care, kiddo! I'll come back for you. You're a good sport, kiddo, and you've sure made a hit with me!"

Then he spat on his hands, seized the cable and let himself down. The rope sagged deep under the double weight and the two bodies swung wide; but those big fists held, and those climbing muscles knotted and swelled as hand slipped past hand slowly but steadily.

As the voyagers reached the middle distance, faces appeared at the upper windows of the opposite building. Two men threw up a sash and leaned out. One of them stood on the ledge with one hand round an awning iron, and the other man clasped his feet.

Inch by inch, 37, like another Blondin, crept across the gorge above that red Niagara. Now they reached the point where the progress must be upward; and Lisette, forgetful of herself, panted and ached, feeling in every muscle that mighty effort of his and helping him with all her soul.

Twice his forward hand slid back. Lisette saw Number 37 shake his head. She thought it was with despair, and her heart almost burst in her breast. She could not know that Priscilla had said to him:

"It's too much for you. If I let go you can make it."

It was at that he shook his head. He squeezed hard on the rope with his blistering palms and gained a foot or two.

And then a soaring banner of flame danced up from beneath with jubilant ecstasy. Lisette fell back to escape it and saw it curl red tentacles about the rope Just a touch and the rope parted.

A wide sheet of blaze hid what followed. Lisette thought she saw Number 37 and his burden swing crashing against the opposite wall, right against the men at the window; and then her lungs were suddenly filled with a lethal blast of heat! She sank to the floor.

A few moments later the wall beneath buckled and split and tumbled outward and inward and downward. The watcher on the roof saw Lisette no more or the place where she had been. Far below he heard a roaring cataclysm and saw a mass of ruins battled over by flames and floods.

XIV

MRS. VERDEN, yielding at last to the suffocation of opiates, had been carried to her home. Her husband, Lancaster Verden, whom millionaires feared and humbler citizens looked upon as a merciless baron of greed, was using his gigantic mind and money like a giant to find his child.

He seemed a weeping weakling, however, as he leaned on his secretary and his physician, and ransacked every invoice of the victims; staggered along the mournful aisles; followed every clew his staff could discover; examined every form that was recovered.

Late that evening the intrepid searchers in the fallen wing came upon one smoke-blackened figure under a steel girder. It needed caution and daring to rescue that body—for the least mishap would bring down a hundred tons of overhanging wreckage.

Under a searchlight the task was accomplished. The body was carried to a line of the dead. And there Lancaster Verden found it in his ever-returning search. He bent above it, stared, gasped and, toppling against a wall, sobbed like a child.

The secretary knelt quickly, looked up to the surgeon, nodded and whispered:

"This is the bracelet he gave her himself. I was with him when he ordered it made."

The doctor dropped to the ground, and his hands flew to the pulse and heart of the silent form.

He gave a startled gasp then:

"She's not dead yet!"

This doctor had not earned Lancaster Verden's patronage by any prestige save that of knowledge. If there was anything known to his science he knew it. If there was anything known to him to aid the restoration of life he tried it that night—first on the street, then in the ambulance, and then in his private hospital.

About midnight he was able to say to the madly impatient Verden and his wife, who had been told of the discovery and the glimmer of hope:

"She'll live! She'll be all right!"

The old couple fell about each other's neck as they had done when, in the second year of their romance, their daughter, then a newborn babe, had been brought away from the edge of the grave. They laughed, and kissed, and petted each other. And they hugged the doctor, who tried to look as if he were not so happy as a young graduate gaining his first victory over the old enemy.

In the midst of the rapture the swaddled form began to quiver and twitch, the head to roll and the lips to move. And the barely audible words that came were these:

"Gawd knows they needed the lesson; but my fi-on-aay hadn't oughta been moidered! 'Don'tcha care, kiddo!' he says. 'I'll come back for you,' he says—and he would 'a' came if —— And I never told him I loved him! He never knew my name!"

The Verdens and the physician exchanged glances of stupefaction. Such language, even in delirium, bore no hint of Priscilla's speech.

"Who is she?"

Before the reaction from this new crumbling of hope, the father and mother sank down helpless, with bent heads unsheltered and weary eyes parched for tears.

Upon the gloom of their profound dismay came the whir of a telephone bell. The doctor answered it drearily, then with increasing excitement. He came back glorious with news:

"Priscilla's all right!" he said. "She was carried out of the building by a fireman and they were both stunned by a crash against the opposite wall; but they were pulled in at a window and taken care of in the building opposite—and then shipped off to Bellevue Hospital. The force is so overworked that they neglected to let you know, and when they called up your house there was some misunderstanding."

"Where is she? My baby—where is she? We must go to her at once!"

"She and the fireman are at Bellevue."

The father and mother were so frantic to be gone that they trod on each other's toes. They were at the door when Mrs. Verden remembered to be Mrs. Verden. She came back and said to the stranger:

"This poor child—we mustn't forget her. Is there anything on earth we can do for you, my dear?"

From the bandages came forth a slow, halting whisper in which pain was merged with a strange sense of content:

"If it ain't astin' too much, Mrs. Voiden, you could send a messatch to Mrs. Dennis Mooney, Number Two-o-fi' West a Hunnerd and Forty-sevent' Street—got that?—and tell her her daughter Lisette is all right—considerin' that the Mammoth Store has fell on her! And you might get woid to that fireman—Nummer Thoity-sev'm, he is—got that?—and tell him Kiddo sends him her—well, say listen! Whyn't you just ship me over to Bellavue? Then I could tell him m'self—and I wouldn't be distoibin' ever'body s'much!"

POST-MORTEM

(Concluded from Page 5)

long pull by the Taft people to hold what they had, and that was the hardest and most expert work they did.

When the convention met the Roosevelt men protested the selection of Senator Root for temporary chairman and brought forward Governor F. E. McGovern, of Wisconsin, as the Roosevelt candidate. This gave the La Follette followers the center of the stage for the first time. Both sides had tried to negotiate with La Follette and both sides had failed. His thirty-six delegates, from his own state and North Dakota, stood as firm as a rock and would not give in to either side. It developed that the Roosevelt people had picked McGovern without the knowledge of the La Follette leaders, and that coup failed, for Root was chosen.

Right there Roosevelt made his second great political error. He had been talking bolt and threatening bolt, but the time for him to bolt was before the temporary organization of the convention was perfected. He didn't do it. Consequently anything he did do became irregular, from a party viewpoint, when he continued in the convention after the selection of Root. If he had gone out before the convention was organized he would have been as regular as Taft, but inasmuch as he did not the temporary organization of the convention, with Root in the chair, made Taft and his majority regular, and made Roosevelt and his minority, unless they acquiesced in all the convention did, irregular. Probably he did not care, but that is what happened.

The selection of Root predicated the inevitable defeat of Roosevelt and the nomination of Taft, inasmuch as—all reports to the contrary notwithstanding—the Old Guard leaders had decided there was nothing to be done but name the old ticket, and that that was to be done. The animating spirit of the organization men was to defeat Roosevelt. They found the only way they could do it was with Taft, and that is the way they did do it. If Smith or Johnson or anybody else had been more available Smith or Johnson would have been taken up for the job. There was no sentiment for Taft in it, no friendship, no loyalty. It was a cold-blooded political expedient.

They sealed their compact and they conducted their convention with no other end in view. "Defeat Roosevelt" was their slogan. This left Roosevelt with two alternatives: The first was to walk out with as many of his followers as would follow—not all of them would; and the second was to delay the proceedings as much as possible, in order to take advantage of any possible mistake or any new condition. Roosevelt was advised forty ways. Borah and one or two others had the calmer view. Johnson and Heney were most radical. Johnson has the faculty of stirring Roosevelt into action more quickly than any other of his followers. Johnson wanted to bolt, but Borah and a few others put on the brakes and fought out the fight to the end.

The credentials committee was skillfully constructed. It knew what it was there for, and it did what it was expected to do without a quiver. The Roosevelt men on this committee, or a part of them, walked out and then, under calmer advice, went back again. Regularly, unemotionally, with no undue haste, but with precision and predetermination, it threw out the Roosevelt contests and gave the Taft men full title to the seats. It was the last display of the strength of the organization, except on the various votes in the convention ratifying the work of the committee. The game was over then. Roosevelt was defeated for the regular nomination, and the Taft men, holding their 555 votes, put on the finishing touches on Saturday night by naming the old ticket.

The primaries sent a new kind of people as delegates, not the usual politicians, but men who are not politicians and who are new to the game. The Roosevelt men were earnest, sincere, steadfastly for Roosevelt, but there were not quite enough of them to name The Colonel. The Taft men were all of the old type and subject to the old machine domination. The machine was creaky and rusty and almost obsolete, but the engineers oiled it up and got it working perfectly after a time. Oil, I may say, was in abundant supply, but it is not the same old machine, and it will never work again. It is on the scrapheap forever, and no persons realize that so thoroughly as the engineers who ran it at Chicago.

However, viewed as an example of the force of organization and the power of the old régime, the result of the convention, apart from whatever political significance it may have, was a remarkable achievement. Making their last stand, the Old Guard, favored by the circumstance that not enough states as yet have the primary system to deprive them of a majority of the National Committee and the temporary-organization advantage, summoned all their resources and nominated Taft, whom they do not like and who they are sure will be defeated, merely to show they could do it once more, and in doing it show their hatred for Roosevelt and what he now represents. It was the last stand. They are all through, but they claim to be content.

Sense and Nonsense

An Honest Criticism

A NEW YORK business man says that some years back he was taking a Southern trip and stopped over one night at a town in South Carolina. Madame Modjeska was starring in Macbeth that season, and to break a long jump she had played that evening at the town opera house. After the performance the New York man was sitting in the hotel lobby writing letters home, when two natives—young fellows—dropped in.

"See the show?" asked the hotel proprietor.

"Yep," said one.

"Any good?"

"Rotten!" said the youth disgustedly. "Wasn't a single song and dance in the whole blame thing."

A Prophet in Dayton

WHEN the Wright Brothers gave up a paying bicycle business in their home town of Dayton, Ohio, to work on a flying machine, a great many of their fellow townspeople promptly decided that the brothers had gone crazy.

One friend of the family, a venerable shoe dealer, took it upon himself to call and remonstrate with the young men regarding their conduct. He found Orville Wright in the back yard of the Wright home, tinkering on the rough model of what afterward became the first glider that the brothers ever sailed.

"Orville," he said, "you boys are makin' a couple of plumb fools of yourselves—you'd better stop all this foolishness before you go entirely crazy. Orville, don't you know that nobody ever did make a flyin' machine that would fly? And, Orville, don't you know that if anybody ever did it wouldn't be nobody from Dayton?"

Striving to Please

ACCORDING to a Cleveland jokesmith, a pedler got as far as the inner office door of a busy professional man of Cleveland and coughed gently to attract attention.

"Well?" demanded the occupant of the office.

"I am introducing," began the pedler, "a patent electric hairbrush ——"

"Don't you see that I'm as bald as a hard-boiled egg?" snapped the busy man.

"Your wife might perhaps ——"

"She's bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"But you may have a little child of your own who ——"

"I have. She's two months old and still bald."

"Maybe you keep a dog? This brush is useful for both man and beast."

"Ours is a Mexican hairless dog."

The pedler put the brush back in his valise and reached toward another compartment. "Permit me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in fly killers."

The Economy of Gargoyle Mobiloils

Lubricating oils "break-up" and thin out in use. In plain terms, they wear out. The better the oil the longer it wears.

In sheer wearing-qualities, Gargoyle Mobiloils stand alone.

Further:

Different types of motor demand different grades of oil. In Gargoyle Mobiloils we give you the one grade of oil best suited to your motor.

This increases power and further reduces the consumption of oil. It minimizes wear on the moving parts.

The life of your car depends on the reduction of friction. *Is it not worth your while to insist on the oil that will reduce friction most effectively and most economically?*

In price, Gargoyle Mobiloils are somewhat higher than ordinary automobile lubricants. But—

The cost per mile is low.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are the product of our experience as the world-wide leaders in lubrication.

In them we have set a new standard for automobile lubricants.

They are put up in barrels, half-barrels, in 5 and 1 gallon sealed white cans.

All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture. They are handled by the higher class garages, auto-supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

The various grades are named:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

You will find the correct grade of oil for your car in our list of recommendations—printed in part on the right.

The complete list, showing the correct grade for every American car, and many foreign makes, will be sent you on request.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

General Sales Offices, 29 Broadway, New York City.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.

This is for Other Manufacturers

The pictures on these two pages show the work of an army created by the power of advertising. This is the achievement of twenty-eight years.

To you who are also a manufacturer, does it seem of only passing interest—

—That 3,500 people work night and day in this great building—

—That it requires seven mills and about 1,000 men to make the 100,000,000 pounds of paper used yearly—

—That 2,800 district managers direct a sales force of 31,000 men and boys in every ward of the cities and every lane of the country towns?

You recognize the impressiveness of these facts, but you ask—*what is all this to me—a manufacturer?*

This: These thousands of people, these buildings, these machines, are catering to the wants of a nation. Their work is for 3,300,000 American families who buy *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The Ladies' Home Journal*—fine, intelligent, prosperous American families, with the standard of living, the affluence and the desire for every conceivable kind of service and merchandise.

These facts challenge you.

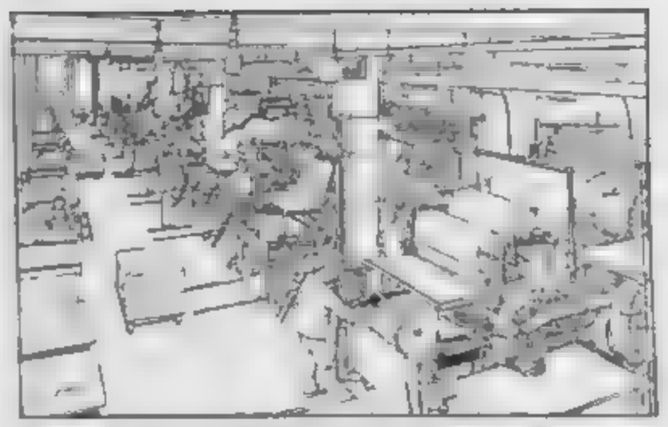
Why should these millions not know you and buy of you? What a world of wants for you—the manufacturer—to reach and fill in this *nation within the nation.*

This nation of readers, the building here illustrated, this army of workers—all have been built by advertising. Not only by the advertising of other manufacturers who have told of their goods through our columns, but also by our own advertising of our own manufactured product. The Curtis Publishing Company is itself one of the leading users of advertising space.

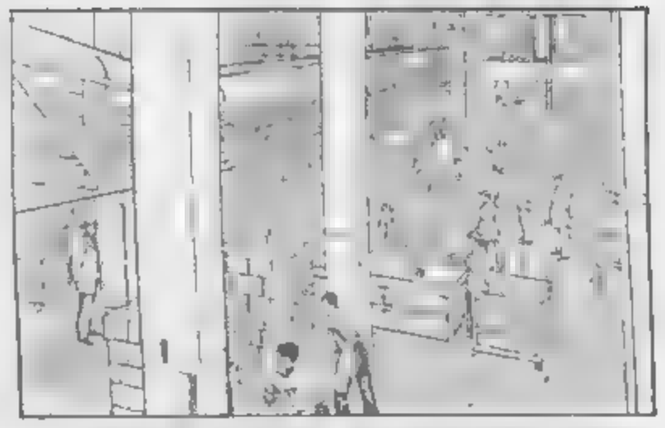
We propose to you the enlargement of your production and your sales by the same methods which we have ourselves employed.

To continue to make good for ourselves we must continue to make good for others.

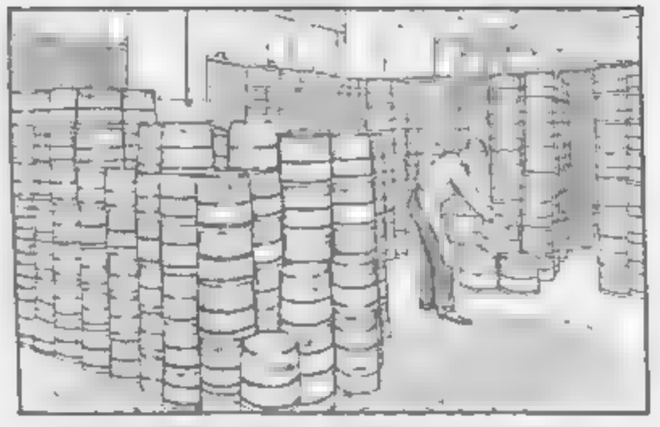
Of all the homes worth while in the whole country you can reach one in four through our publications.



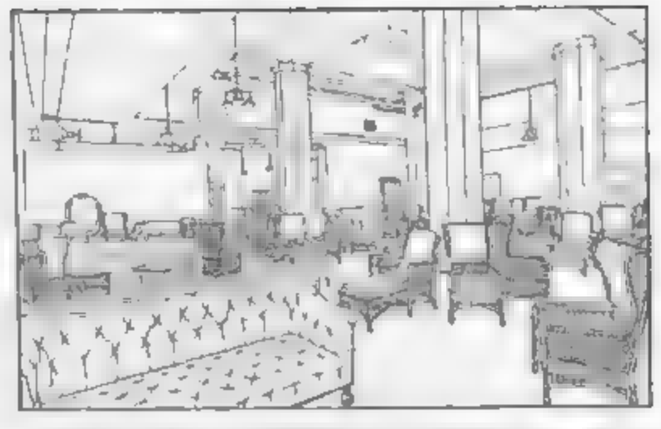
There are one hundred and fourteen spacious, detached presses, including high-speed color presses.



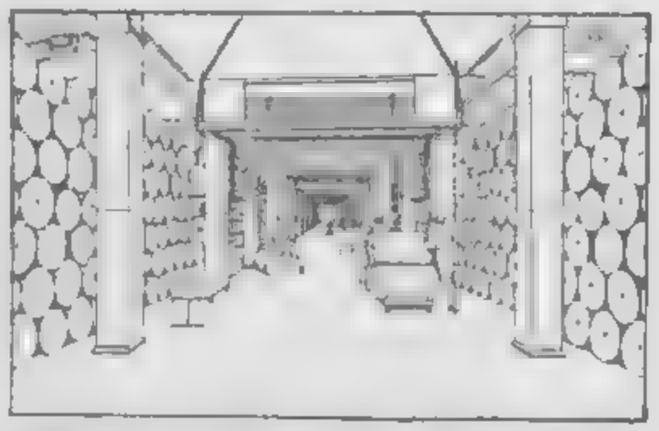
An endless belt carries away the mail pouches in which the magazines are packed—150 tons a day.



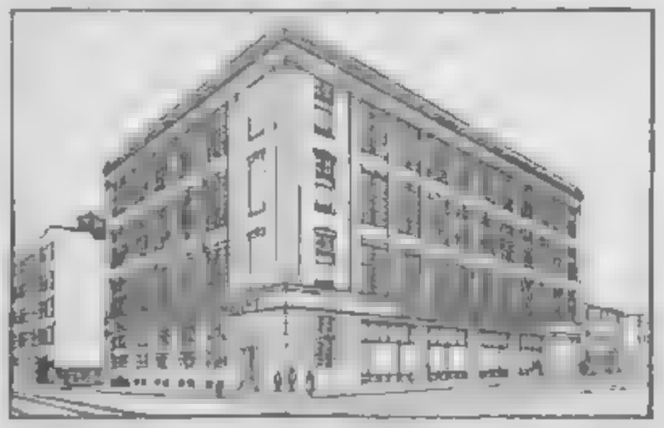
Ink—the smallest factor in printing—is consumed at the rate of 1½ tons a day.



The rest rooms are illustrative of the attention given to the comfort and health of the employees.



This enormous stock room, with 27,000 square feet of floor space, handles a ton of paper every minute.



This warehouse in another part of the city, has a storage capacity of 6,000 tons of paper and 10,000 tons of coal.

This plant must have a capacity of half a million magazines a day in order to cope with the demands of our readers. Every 28 days our pressrooms turn out 9,000,000 complete publications—more than 110,000,000 copies a year.

3,300,000 families buy *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The Ladies' Home Journal*. 400,000 families take both. They are paying over $5,000,000 for these magazines this year, without receiving a single premium or discount of any kind—they pay it just to read them.

Every day this plant consumes more than 150 tons of paper. The 2,300 carloads of paper which came to us from Fitchburg, Mass., last year would have made up into one train over 17 miles in length. About 1,000 men are employed in making this paper.

The paper used in one year, if put in one strip the width of this page, would make a white band which would go more than thirty times round the earth.

800,000 pounds of ink were consumed last year; the tiny wire staples used in binding weighed 27,000 pounds. In shipping the publications 413,000 pounds of wrapping paper and 100,000 pounds of rope were used.

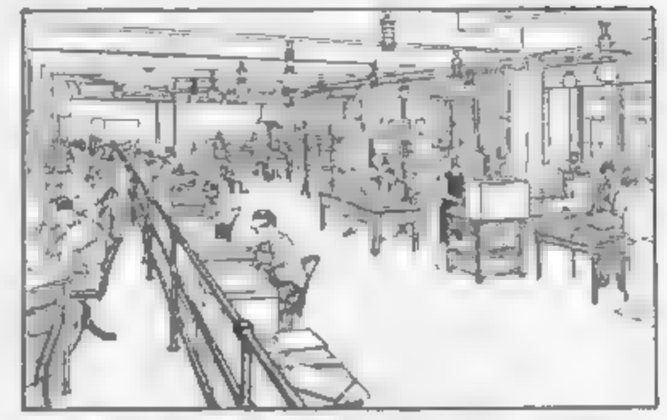
Suppose you were to pile a week's issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* up in a single column—7 copies to the inch, 84 copies to the foot, 443,520 to the mile. The pile would be more than 4¼ miles high. More than 40 times the height of Washington Monument.

145 truck loads of 7,200 pounds to the load are required every week to transport the edition of *The Saturday Evening Post* to the mail trains and to the express and freight stations. For *The Ladies' Home Journal* an additional 300 truck loads are required each month.

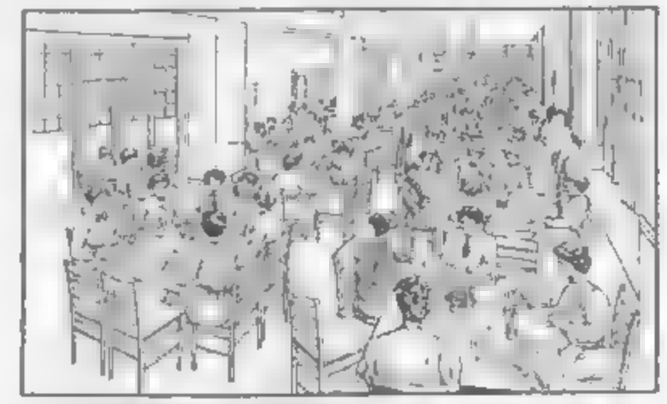
Each year 540,000 mail sacks are used in dispatching these two publications to all parts of the world. More than 10,000,000 postage stamps are used, and in addition $400,000 a year is paid to the government for carrying our mails. This does not include the great sums required for transporting copies to the trade and to the wholesale news companies.

This company receives over a million and three-quarters letters a year. A single day's mail has contained 22,300 letters, enclosing remittances amounting to $38,700.

We should like you to do two things: Send for our 40-page booklet on modern advertising; and, when in Philadelphia, come and inspect this plant.



The Employment Department where every [illegible] is personally interrogated by the [illegible] officials.



In the Employees Restaurant, where 600 dine at one time, are [illegible] paintings by Maxfield Parrish.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Saturday Evening Post

The Ladies' Home Journal

Notice who
Smoke Them

For lazy moments or busy moments, a Preferencia somehow gives you that comfortable feeling.

La
Preferencia
"30 minutes in Havana"

The brand that "fits the occasion"—because it's a "smoke" at its best.

Good company, too—the sort you're glad to meet everywhere.

The biggest selling
10c CIGAR
in the World

Always "Preferencia," no matter which shape you pick out.

Special.—Tin packings of 25 for the vacation season.

By way of a short smoke you'll like the 5 cent size.

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY
111 Fifth Avenue
New York

MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 17)

There was something awe-inspiring to the Massachusetts sleuths in Meredith's casual manner, in the words themselves. Suddenly they knew that an abyss separated them from this slender, good-looking, immaculate, yellow-bearded, lemon-haired young man. They were plain clothes men; he was of the Imperial Secret Service of Germany—a detective, it was true, but more than that! They admired the mathematical precision with which Von Derp steered his car though the tangle of vehicles into the open roadway.

"You've come to take Colquhoun?" Von Derp asked of Meredith, who sat beside him.

"We have!" Meredith was unanimous on that point.

"He went into Boston on the last train," Von Derp went on to explain. "However, I have no doubt he'll be back tonight. The Pyramid is still in the Cove."

"It's just as well," Meredith commented. "I want to take a look over the Pyramid. I believe you said there was a photograph of ——"

"The Countess of Salisbury's garter in the drawer of a table in the cabin," Von Derp interrupted. "At least it was there." He was thoughtfully silent for a moment. "Just what is this garter affair anyway?" he asked. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand it."

"Simple enough, that part of it," Meredith explained. "I myself don't know the history of the garter particularly, but I do know it was in the British Museum for many years and was stolen a few months ago. Scotland Yard secretly traced it to America where, presumably, it passed into the hands of an American millionaire, as various stolen paintings and other artistic valuables have done. Dexter, of Scotland Yard, was sent over here to find the particular millionaire who had it, with the intention of prosecuting him as an example to other millionaires who have bought and still hold articles of the sort that they know to have been stolen. Old Daddy Heinz, who was murdered the other day in New York, presumably by The Hawk, seems to have conducted a sort of clearing house for stuff of this sort. It was there we found a trace of The Hawk, after we had thought him dead. In my own mind I connected him with the theft of Helen Hamilton's jewels, and possibly of complicity in the disappearance of the garter. For that reason Dexter came here with me. He is now convinced, however, that Colquhoun is not The Hawk, and has gone back to New York to start all over."

Von Derp listened attentively, and at the end he nodded understandingly and smiled.

"But you want The Hawk for his other—other irregularities?" he questioned.

"I do," Meredith nodded grimly. "I have been afraid to make a mistake and take Colquhoun. Now I am not. I'll look him up and establish his identity at leisure. He's too slippery to leave around loose, far too clever to take chances with. This search has gone on for years. I'd rather put my hands on him now than have five years added to my life'"

The car whisked into the causeway leading to Second Cliff, and Von Derp glanced round curiously into the set face of the detective.

"It seems to be something of a personal matter with you?" he remarked casually.

"It is a personal matter with me," Meredith admitted. "He's made a monkey of me! Believe me, he won't do it again!"

"Are you sure?" Von Derp questioned with a slight smile. "You yourself say he is a clever man."

"He won't do it again!"

The motor car swung past the entrance to Stepping Stones, round to the right and along the winding road to Peggotty Beach. Cicely from her window saw it, and there was a hideous tightening of her heartstrings as she recognized Meredith. She knew now what would come! Meredith and his men alighted.

"Come along," he said to Augustus von Derp. "You may find something to interest you."

Old Captain Barry peered round the corner of a moss shanty where he was basking in the sun, then arose and approached Meredith's party. They were just stepping into a dory when he came up.

"Ain't nobody on the Pyramid," he volunteered.

"We know it," said Meredith bruskly.

"The feller went into town. Couple o' men here about an hour ago asking for him—two Dago-looking chaps."

"Who were they?" There was quick interest in Meredith's manner.

"Dunno. Never seed 'em before. They rowed out to the la'nch and one of 'em went aboard and stayed about fifteen minutes, then they both came ashore and went away. I told 'em the feller'd be back about midnight, but they didn't wait."

There was an expression of bewilderment on Meredith's face. He questioned Von Derp with his eyes, and Von Derp shook his head. Had Colquhoun escaped after all? Again the detective turned to Captain Barry.

"Did the two men take anything off the Pyramid?" he questioned.

"Not that I seed."

"What did they look like?"

"Oh"—and the old man fished round in his mind—"they looked like a couple o' Dagos all dolled up, like this feller," and he indicated Von Derp. "I mean they looked sorter furrin, like he does."

The Pyramid lay perhaps a hundred yards out. In sheer impatience Meredith himself took an oar, and the dory in which the four men sat shot forward. Once it had been made fast to the Pyramid, Meredith scrambled on deck and the other three men followed him.

In this new search there was none of the exquisite care that had characterized the search Von Derp had made. Three pairs of hands, less gifted than his own, pulled and hauled and tumbled and tousled the interior of the cabin regardless; but the search was no less thorough. Those things that Von Derp had been so careful to replace precisely as he had found them went helter-skelter now, the while Von Derp himself stood looking on, idly smoking.

At last came a moment when every locker, every drawer, every cupboard stood wide open, and the reward had been—nothing! Even the photograph of the Countess of Salisbury's garter was gone now. Silently the three detectives stared at each other. One of the Boston men, Curtis by name, seemed to listen for an instant, then he turned in his tracks and his eyes swept the cabin top and bottom, fore and aft.

"Don't you hear a clock ticking?" he asked curiously. "Hanged if I see one!"

As if moved by one will the three other men scanned the cabin as he had done. Certainly there was no clock in sight and certainly the search had revealed none. All listened tensely for an instant.

"I don't hear anything," remarked Von Derp, "except the ripple of the water against the side of the boat."

"It isn't a clock we want anyway," Meredith said abruptly. "I wanted any one thing in the world to connect Colquhoun with The Hawk—and I haven't found it."

Still, Curtis stood listening tensely. Hang it! It was a clock! He knew a clock tick when he heard it! It was of no consequence; it merely annoyed him. Then suddenly it occurred to him that it might be a clock up beside the steering wheel outside, and he vanished through the companionway.

An instant later came a little cry from the cabin—a guttural exclamation of satisfaction—and he ran in. Meredith had drawn the photograph of the thumbprint from his pocket and was showing it to Von Derp.

"That thumbprint was left by The Hawk last night in the Newton robbery," he was explaining excitedly. "We have here on the white woodwork of the Pyramid that identical thumbprint. Examine it yourself!"

Von Derp did examine it with a curious, surprised expression on his face. For a long time he scrutinized it, comparing every line of it with the photograph. When he spoke there was an air of finality, almost triumph, in his manner.

"I congratulate you, gentlemen," he said in that odd, precise little manner of his. "Your problem is solved; identity is proven. The thumbprint in the photograph and this original are identical. It will be necessary, of course, to photograph it at once. I have a splendid camera at

Your College Expenses

Through *The Saturday Evening Post* plan hundreds of young people have secured full or partial courses in the foremost colleges, conservatories, business colleges, correspondence schools, etc., throughout the country. These scholarships have been awarded without one cent of expense to the scholars. We paid all the bills and asked nothing in return except work in leisure hours.

We are willing to pay all the expenses of any young man or young woman desiring to enter any educational institution in the United States next fall, or we will pay the money to you and you can pay your own bills.

Write to us, telling us what you desire. We will send all the details, including a booklet in which some of our scholarship workers tell how they made successes.

Address Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Stepping Stones. Perhaps, Meredith, one of your men will run up and get it?"

"Now, Mr. Bruce Colquhoun"—and Detective Meredith permitted himself to gloat—"come to me!"

Half an hour later, after the photograph had been made and the searching party was preparing to leave the boat, Curtis turned for one final squint about the cabin, still with that puzzled listening expression on his face.

"I'll bet eight dollars," he remarked, "that that is a clock ticking!"

Nobody took him up.

. . . . . .

It was past midnight, and the full moon, riding high, drenched the world in a silvern sheen. Bruce Colquhoun came out of the winding roadway upon the beach. Meredith, Von Derp and the two Boston men, patiently waiting in the shadow of a bathhouse, saw him cross the sandy stretch, shide a dory down to the water and step into it. Just as Bruce pushed off they broke cover and came running across the beach toward him. He saw them coming and rowed rapidly.

Another dory lay near by.

"Put her in the water," Meredith commanded angrily. "We shouldn't have let him pass us. Hurry up. He's going to run for it."

Already the small boat, with Bruce aboard, was nosing the Pyramid, and as Meredith looked he saw his quarry scramble nimbly up her side and vanish down the companionway. An instant later a light in the cabin flashed.

"Hurry!" Meredith shouted. "If he gets away this time ——"

The tide lapped at the bow of the second dory and she floated with four men crowded aboard. The clock on the little white church in the village boomed one. Meredith, revolver in hand, stood at the bow of the dory, prepared to leap for the Pyramid when she came within reach.

And then, there before his eyes, came a great gushing flame from the placid bosom of the ocean; and with it a thunderous crash under his very nose—and the sea seemed to rise in a mass and envelop him. In one fraction of a second he had seen the Pyramid leap clear of the water and turning, bow down, plunge into it again.

The next thing Meredith remembered he was in icy cold water, swimming. Von Derp was beside him, and on the far side of the overturned dory were the two Boston men. Gigantic waves flattened out placidly. Where the Pyramid had been there was nothing!

Ten minutes later Von Derp and three detectives, chilled to the bone, their teeth chattering, were lined up along Peggotty Beach staring blankly at the murmuring waters.

"Obviously it was an explosion of some sort," said Von Derp.

"Sounded like dynamite to me," said one of the Boston men.

"Gasoline," remarked Curtis tersely. "Lord!" The horror of the thing seemed to strike him all at once. "He didn't have a chance, did he?—The Hawk, I mean."

"There," said Detective Meredith solemnly—"there went the cleverest crook of all time!"

It was an epitaph.

. . . . . .

Aroused from horrid dreams by a dull, thunderous crash, Cicely Quain arose and went to the window of her bedroom. Away to the north Minot's Ledge Lighthouse shot a guiding message into the void.

"I love you!" Cicely trembled a little as she read it. "I love you!" Steadily the flashes came to her. And again—"I love you!"

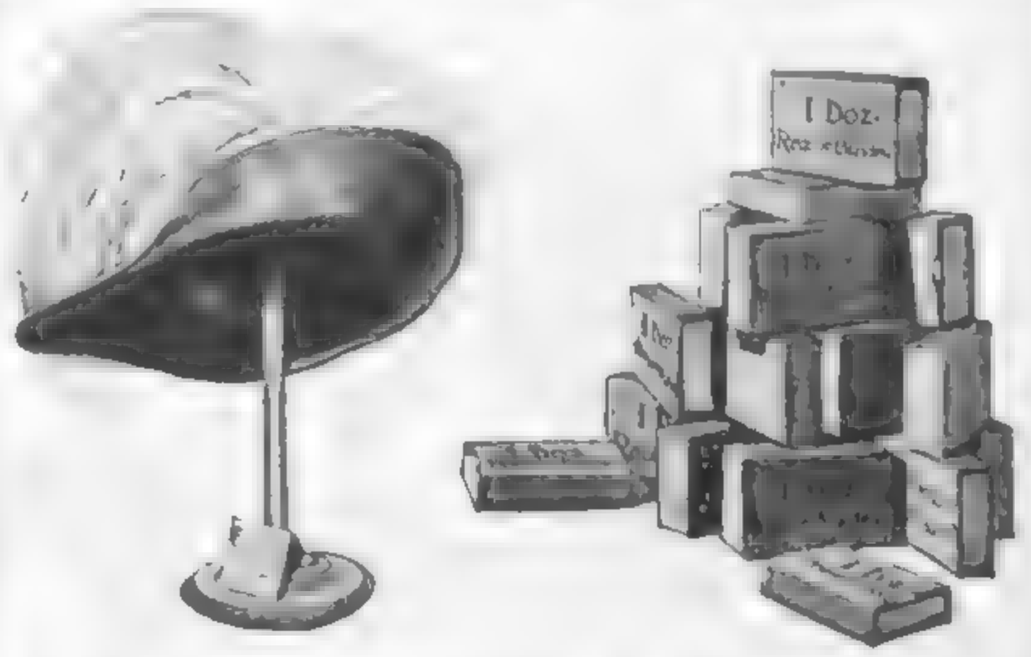
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Praise for the Moor

CAPTAIN HENRY BLUN, Republican National Committeeman for Georgia, says that once, a good many years ago, when Edwin Booth was playing Othello at an Atlanta theater a couple of countrymen, who knew nothing of the play or the players, dropped in for the performance. At the close of the play a man just behind them overheard their comments.

"That certainly was a mighty fine show!" remarked one.

"Yes, suh," agreed the other, "and a mighty clever lot of show-actors too." Then he added reflectively: "The colored feller wasn't bad either. He done purty fair considern' he's a nigger."



Women's Hats vs. Razor Blades

Husbands remonstrate with their wives when the milliner's bills are presented. Wives should retaliate by pointing out to their husbands the foolish male habit of annually throwing away dozens of dollars in the purchase of unnecessary razor blades.

These extravagant men should be taught the economy of the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

How does it save the blades? We will explain. It makes you able to strop as expertly as the head barber.

That expert AutoStropping makes the blades last a long time, just as the head barber's stropping makes his edge last through many shaves.

And you do this AutoStropping as quickly and handily as the head barber because you strop and shave without detaching the blade.

And, moreover, this same AutoStropping makes the AutoStrop blades shave precisely like the head barber's stropped edge.

Standard AutoStrop set, including 12 blades and strop, costs $5. Combination sets $6.50 up. Price in Canada same as in United States. Factories in both countries.

If it does not justify *every advertised claim* do not hesitate to take it back. Dealer loses nothing. We look after him.

Get an AutoStrop Razor *today*.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 327 5th Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schlesenbrücke, No. 8, Hamburg

STROPS ITSELF

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Autostrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Avenue N.Y.

PATENTS Inventors of wide experience employ my method. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my free book. W. T. Jones, 501 G Street, Washington, D.C.

Patents that PROTECT

For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc. send 2c stamps for our new 128 page book of interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. B, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Marlin

Model 1897 REPEATER

of .22 Calibre—but as Accurate and Dependable as a Big Game Rifle

A SMALL game and target rifle of take-down construction, having special smokeless steel frame and tool steel working parts.

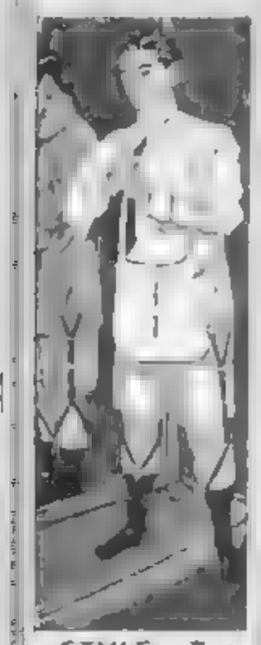
Takes .22 short, .22 long and .22 long rifle cartridges without adjustment. Equipped with Ivory Bead and Rocky Mountain sights. Has lever action like that of high-power arms. Solid top protects shooter against danger from thrown-back smoke, gases and defective cartridges; keeps action dry and clean. Side ejection insures unbroken line of sight always—makes possible quick, accurate follow-up shots.

Send 3 cents for new catalogue showing complete line of *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co **19 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.**

TO SUPPORT MAN'S HOSIERY, WITHOUT BINDING THE LEG, AND TO HOLD DOWN THE SHIRT ARE PURPOSES ACCOMPLISHED

by Shir Gar TRADE MARK



STYLE A
Around Leg
Without binding
IN LISLE 50¢
IN SILK 75¢

THIS modern garter for men is built on new principles. It is as far ahead of old fashioned leg-binding garters as the modern factory shirt is ahead of the homespun, home-made garment.

The man to whom leg-binding garters have been unendurable, on account of varicose veins, can wear *Shir-Gar* with perfect comfort.

The man who realizes discomfort from his shirt bulging out over his trouser band will find perfect waist comfort in the wearing of *Shir-Gar*.

The relief in changing from a too-tight collar to a comfortable one is as nothing compared to the relief of changing from leg-binding garters to *Shir-Gar*.

In summer these garters prevent excessive perspiration and consequent aching feet. In winter, by allowing a free circulation, they insure a natural warmth.

STYLE B
Direct Attachment
IN LISLE 50¢
IN SILK 75¢

Worn with either long or short drawers. Order a trial pair of either style.

Shirt Garter Company, P. O. Box 101, Columbia, Tenn.

Shir-Gar is on sale in nearly all the best men's shops in the United States.

Somebody's Hurt!

IT'S the old story of the streets of cities where day by day many people are more or less seriously injured. Many drivers and motormen are reckless or careless, but with every precaution by motormen, drivers of trucks, and the police, the danger is so great that no man ought to be without accident insurance.

In the hurry of city life the time may come when about *you* the crowd will gather and *you* will need help—and most of all, the help from a policy of insurance in **The Travelers of Hartford** covering all kinds and manners of accidents. It will pay the doctor's bill—keep family while you are recovering from your injury, or in case of death provide a means by which your family can face the future.

A $3,000 accident policy, the best on the market, costs about 4 cents a day.

The Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Sat. Eve. Post TEAR OFF

Send particulars. My name, address and date of birth are written below.

TUTORING HENRY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Not now," said Burlingame promptly. "We've made an agreement, and I'm the inevitable it—it is so specified in the bond."

"Don't you care what I want?"

Burlingame shook his head.

"All I care about," he said, "is to transplant a certain amount of knowledge from my head to Henry's. I can do it in spite of you—but I'd rather do it with your help. If I fail—well, this is my profession, and a failure here would hurt me a lot."

"Oh, go ahead," said Stephanie impulsively. "I forgot it was all for Henry. And—should you care for some tennis at five? You play, I suppose, even if you're not ——"

"Not an athlete?" He grinned one of his effervescent grins. "I'd be delighted."

He bowed formally and disappeared into the library. Stephanie, lingering a moment near the door, overheard Burlingame begin:

"Now remember, after Cicero got through with this four-flusher Catiline, he sneaked out of town because he felt so cheap. He was the Roman idea of nothing at all—a nonentity, you know, like a ballplayer from the tall grass."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" came in Henry's rotund laugh. "I'll remember that. Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Stephanie tiptoed away, and that night when she was almost asleep she remembered that Henry had never before volunteered to remember anything at all, and that Frederick William Burlingame had wonderfully sharp blue eyes. Other thoughts, too, just grazed her memory. The tutor's clothes fitted him perfectly. The black suit had been wrinkled in the train quite naturally. And in four sets of tennis she hadn't won a single game. She was afraid he knew what a child she was, and that her social ambitions were a child's dream of a star. She really didn't care two cents, but she did want companionship. He probably thought her a baby for her anger that morning.

IV

JUNE slipped into July, and July melted into August. The family—meaning the parents of Stephanie and Henry—made their annual pilgrimage to the dancing waters of the Thousand Islands, but Stephanie, under pretense of keeping an eye on Henry, remained in Blankville and kept both eyes on Burlingame.

Little by little the flaccid Henry became less flaccid. Each morning he ran his allotted mile, studied, lunched, studied, and came to the shank of the evening with a spirit approximating human interest. Right on his heels at every turn was Burlingame, working with him, playing with him, prescribing his meager menu, his hours of sleep, his forms of recreation. Twenty pounds of useless flesh came off Henry's frame; a comparatively enormous weight of information went into his brain and stayed there.

"It's wonderful!" said Stephanie in bewilderment. "It's simply wonderful! I don't see how you could do it!"

Burlingame, a trifle stouter now and tanned the color of his walking shoes, grinned delightedly. They were almost at the end of their favorite walk on Saturday afternoon, in the only woodland worthy of the name near Blankville.

"Yes," continued Stephanie, "it's wonderful. I remember your saying when you first came that it's really your start in your profession, and your future depends on your success. Well, your future must be all boxed and crated and ready to deliver."

Burlingame grinned again. During these days he seemed to be grinning constantly.

"It's been a novel experience," he admitted. "As a matter of fact, I never tutored a young boy in my life before I came here."

"What! Why, then, you're a double-dyed genius, aren't you?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so," said Burlingame deprecatingly. "It wasn't so hard as it seemed. All I had to do was to find what Henry's tastes are and play into his hand. That was good fun, like chess. The best part of it all, though, has been your home. I never saw one just like it at close range, and I shall miss it. Every few days I think of getting back to cold beans ——"

"Cold beans! Good gracious!"

"Metaphorically speaking, of course."

"But cold beans, even metaphorically!"

"Didn't you ever eat any?" asked Burlingame.

"No, never!"

Spending Money Getting Low?

WITH summer holidays half over and spending money getting low, most young people are commencing to think about replenishing empty purses. If you are among the number the remedy is all ready for you.

Thousands of young folks have this summer been turning what would otherwise be idle hours into bright, shining dollars. You can join them if you wish to do so, and you can continue the work in the fall. The best of it is that it doesn't interfere with other work or household duties. You can devote just as much or as little time to it as you wish.

To any person we will pay a liberal monthly salary and an extra cash commission for looking after our renewals and for introducing The Saturday Evening Post and The Ladies' Home Journal to new readers.

There is not one cent of expense to you. Your only investment is the whole or a part of your time. You can be just as successful as all the others have been. A line of inquiry will bring everything necessary for trying the experiment now.

Circulation Department

The Curtis Publishing Co.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The "Curved"

Shumate

Tungsteel

Introducing

The Double Sliding Stroke

This razor breaks all traditions—embodies a new scientific principle. The delicately curved blade gives the new *double sliding stroke*, both in shaving and stropping.

Hold the razor at the usual angle and you *automatically* obtain this stroke, which insures a shave equaling that which the best barber can give you.

The Curved Blade—
A Remarkable Razor Innovation

This seemingly simple change in design is based on a new principle and assures greater speed and smoothness in shaving—more perfect results in stropping. *Another vital advantage:* Shumate incorporates an alloy of Tungsten in his steel, which insures a keener and more lasting edge than any steel known.

Shumate's Masterpiece

Shumate has made millions of razors. This is his masterpiece. The only razor in existence that gives the double sliding stroke. The sweeping curve of the blade is the most important advance in razor-making in 50 years. Therefore this Tungsteel razor is

Guaranteed for Life

and Shumate will hone it free or exchange for a new one, regardless of condition, at any time

Price $2 By Mail or Through Your Local Dealer

You ought to add a Shumate Curved Tungsteel to your collection, Mr. Man. It will immediately shave its way into your favor

DEALERS—Get our latest Special Offer.

THE SHUMATE RAZOR CO.

621 Locust St. *(Est. 1884)* St. Louis, Mo.

BUILD YOUR HOME

7 rooms $2700

LIKE THIS

—or from any of the 153 PLANS shown in our

2 BIG BUNGALOW BOOKS

—containing the cream of over 2000 artistic homes we have to offer you. Nine style and comfort and are suited to any climate in the world. "Practical Bungalows"—Book "A"—

to $

Send 50c today for either book or 90c for both books postpaid (complete architect's floor prints only $5

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY

335 O Bullard St., Los Angeles, California

FILMS DEVELOPED

10 CENTS PER ROLL

ALL SIZES

VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3½ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 3c, 5c

Send us two negatives and we will print [illegible] without charge as a sample of our work. We are [illegible] and guarantee to [illegible] than any [illegible] can [illegible]

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

MOVING WEST?

[illegible] Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates via [illegible] avoiding transfer to and from Western States. Write today for [illegible]

TRANSCONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY

508 Bedford Bldg. Chicago 29 Broadway New York
1004 Old South Bldg. Boston Mass.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St. New York

Select, Home like, [illegible] Suites, $2.00 daily. Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $3.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet G with free map of city

Jenner Medical College

Oldest and Best NIGHT SCHOOL in existence. You can work in the day time and study medicine at night. Four years' course. For catalog address

Dr. J. D. MacKellar, Sec., Box 80, 225 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

"There was a time," said the tutor reminiscently, "when I never ate much of anything else."

"That reminds me—let's rest awhile," suggested Stephanie, as they came to a tufted hummock in the shade of a clump of young maple trees—"that reminds me," she went on, glancing down at the tutor, who preferred to sit on the ground, "I don't like to mention it now, but—women are curious creatures, you know, and the office that recommended you spoke of your position in society."

"I belonged to a few clubs at college," said Burlingame diffidently; "but I worked my way through."

"Oh!"

"Too much for your nervous system?" asked Burlingame quizzically.

"Oh no, not that. Father hasn't been rich for very long, you know."

"I'm not ashamed of it—not much! I tutored some of the freshmen. When I said I'd never tutored a boy for college before I meant that I'd never taken this preliminary canter. My work was all advanced. Well, I worked in the library, and typewrote essays and papers, and one summer I sold books."

"Sold books!"

"You sound as though you don't like it. They were good books—history of the world in thirty volumes, nothing down and anything a week. And once I had the local agency for a cigarette firm."

"Oh!" said Stephanie suddenly. "Had you noticed that Henry has stopped smoking them?"

"Um-hum."

"How did you make him?"

"Bet," said Burlingame, separating the leaves of a bunch of clover.

"You did?" Stephanie was incredulous.

"Yes. I bet he couldn't quit for two months and"—he chuckled—"the pig-headed kid got all over wanting to smoke after two weeks. He used to burn up one or two boxes a day, and now he'll win our little wager hands down."

"How much was it?" asked Stephanie curiously.

"Not very much."

"How much?"

"A hundred."

"Frederick Burlingame! Why, that's three weeks' salary!"

"Anything less than a hundred wouldn't have been a good bet to Henry. You see," he explained, "I couldn't measure it by my own standards; it had to be by his."

"But why," said Stephanie, "why did you do it? It wasn't part of your work."

"Henry has a lot of pride," he said after a long pause. "You never suspected it, I know. He has what you might call sporting instinct too. Now when your father made so much money that he lost sight of Henry in the excitement, the boy simply dropped to the level of these countrymen round here. He wasn't open to reason. I had to make a sporting proposition out of our work to keep him from throwing up the sponge."

Stephanie sank her chin in the cup of one small hand and thought diligently.

"Mr. Burlingame, did you bet anything else with Henry?"

"Only once."

"About his examinations?"

"You're a good guesser."

"How much—a hundred dollars?"

"Yes—— Why, isn't that your motor coming?"

"It is," replied Stephanie. "I told the chauffeur to meet us somewhere along here to take us back. But listen! You were to be with us twelve weeks, and you're practically presenting Henry with half your salary! If what you've told me is true it's a sure thing for him—he can't lose. I won't have it! He mustn't take it! I won't let him!"

"Yes, you will," declared Burlingame, his eyes still fixed on the motor. "You will because you're a good sport."

The motor stopped silently before them and Burlingame helped his employer into the tonneau. The silence during their ride was punctuated only twice.

"He takes his exams in Cincinnati in ten days," said Stephanie apropos of nothing in particular.

"And henceforth I and my immediate family won't ride in touring cars. We'll walk."

A little later Stephanie spoke again:

"Did you ever really do anything in athletics?"

"Only football—played end."

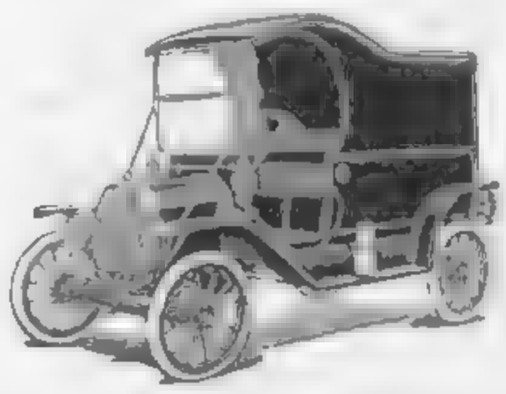
"Who was captain your year?"

"I was."

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

New days demand new methods. The store of yesterday can't compete with the store of to-day. An expense-reducing and efficiency-increasing Ford delivery car is the best evidence you can furnish your trade that yours is not a store of yesterday.



More than 75,000 new Fords go into service this season—a proof that they must be right. Three passenger Roadster $590—five passenger touring car $690—delivery car $700—f. o. b. Detroit, with all equipment. Catalogue—and name of nearest representative—from Ford Motor Company, Detroit.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents obtained by us advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journal.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys

983 F Street Washington D. C. Established 16 years

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED [illegible] free. How to Obtain a Patent. What to Invent. List of inventions wanted, prizes offered, etc. sent free. **FREE**

Main Offices VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington D. C.

Doctors Know What Babies Need In Hot Weather

IF you who are grieving over the sufferings which the heated season has caused your baby, could read what experienced Doctors write us about the effect of Ridge's Food on just such ailments, you would take new heart and hope. The following, for example, came to us all unasked. Read:

From Dr. ——*, Derby, Vt.:—"I have used the samples you sent me of Ridge's Food, and can advise that it seems to be just what has been wanted in Summer-Diarrhœa in infants and young children."

A Worcester Doctor* writes:—"I have every confidence in Ridge's Food both for infants and invalids. Have used it ever since it was introduced into America. It has always proven a success in my use. It saved the life of a child last summer during the severe heat of 1911. It saved the life of my daughter when an infant nearly forty years ago."

From Dr. ——*, St. Joseph, Mich.:—"I have just had excellent results in feeding twin eighteen months' old boys with Ridge's Food during a severe dysentery."

A Detroit Doctor* says:—"During the past 30 years I have frequently prescribed Ridge's Food and it has never belied my faith in it as a perfect food for children. It does not cause gastric disturbance as it is non-irritating, is tasty and easily digested."

*(*Names given on request. Not printed here because we have no right to burden our friends with unwanted correspondence.)*

Right feeding is the one important baby problem; on it depend his happiness, growth, comfort and sleep. Natural food, or a truly scientific substitute for nature's diet, is generally all that is needed to bring back health and strength. Ridge's [illegible] The Correct Milk Modifier because [illegible]'s milk it makes a food which meets every natural need. Send the coupon for large free trial package.

RIDGE'S FOOD CO., 242-258 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

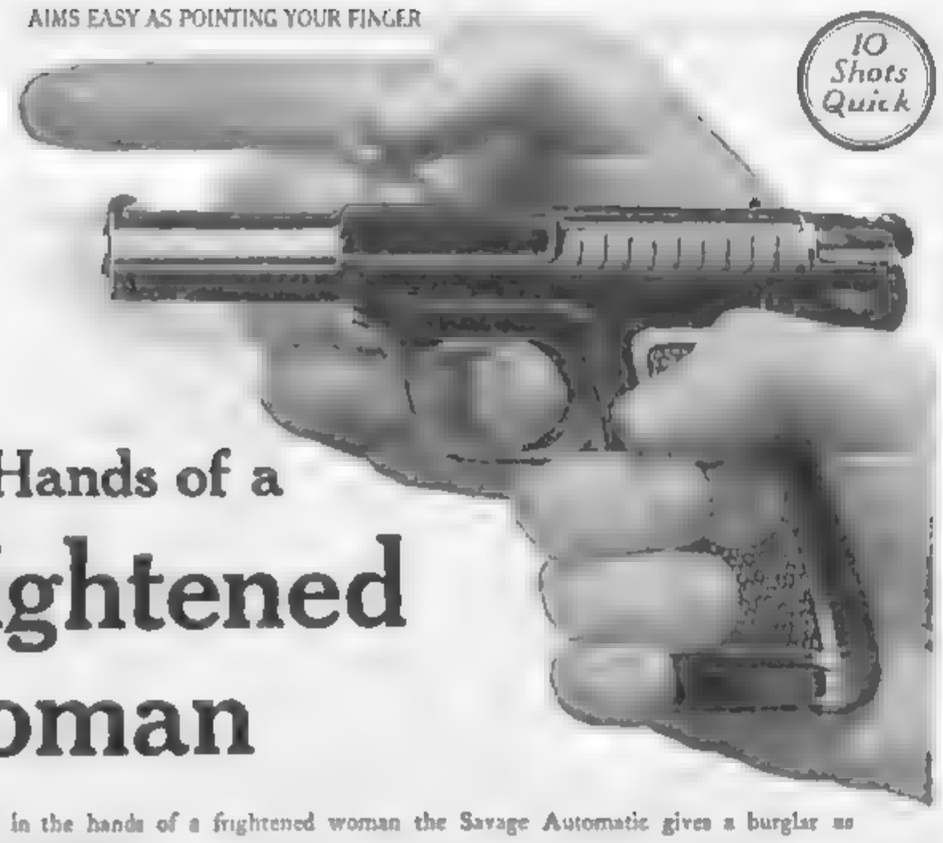
(S. E. P.) RIDGE'S FOOD CO., Boston

Mrs._____

Address_____

Druggist

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



In the Hands of a

Frightened Woman

EVEN in the hands of a frightened woman the Savage Automatic gives a burglar no *chance whatever.*

Try this and prove it. Tell her to point her finger at some object. She points at once by instinct, invariably straight. Then hand her a Savage and let her point in the same way. She will cover any mark off-hand. Then go to an open place and let her shoot it.

When she sees the hole in the target—it is there, all right—her fear of fire arms is gone. She is elated. It dawns on her that this Savage is her protector. It will fight for her—it is her friend. Depend on it, a woman's heart goes out spontaneously to her protector, whether man or mechanism. And the more she fears the burglar, the more she trusts the Savage.

She can aim it accurately, quickly and surely, can shoot once to each trigger pull, can shoot ten times. 'Phone your dealer for a Savage Automatic today.

Books containing advice by eminent police authorities, telling what to do when you find a burglar in the house, sent you for 6 cents in stamps. Send today.

A 20-Shot Repeater for $6.50

A .22 repeater that shoots "shorts" with utmost accuracy! Specially chambered, and rifled with a special [illegible] to bring out the full accuracy of the handy 22 short. You load it muzzle down—no boy should be allowed to have a rifle that loads with muzzle up. This is the first law of gun safety. Simple, durable military bolt action, will stand hardest wear and usage. Strong extractor pulls out empty shells easily and quickly. And yet it is [illegible] made, tested, inspected and targeted just as carefully as the most expensive rifle—costs only $6.50. An accurate, serviceable 20-shot repeater—good enough for any sportsman—at a price within the reach of anyone. Write today for catalog.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 77 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, NEW YORK

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

AGENTS!

Become partners in our business through our profit-sharing plan. Sell BRANDT'S AUTOMATIC STROPPER. It hones and sharpens [illegible]

A. BRANDT MFG. CO. 42 Hudson St. New York

Join a Band!

We Will Send A Big Book Free

which gives the lowest prices on reliable instruments, and also a wealth of information upon the formation and successful conduct of a band. This book is invaluable. Hundreds of illustrations. Write today.

LYON & HEALY
25-97 E. Adams St., CHICAGO

Be Your Own Boss

Do as many others have—Operate a Kingery Peanut Roaster and Corn Popper. Over 30 styles. Liberal terms, excellent profits. Kingery's book of possibilities and No. 39 catalog tell you all about it.

Kingery Mfg. Co. Pearl and Ludlow Sts. Cincinnati, Ohio

THE BEST LIGHT

Brighter than electricity or acetylene, cheaper than kerosene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Makes and burns its own gas. Lighted instantly. No dirt, grease nor odor. Agents wanted. Get catalogue and prices.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
6-26 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

New Guaranteed Typewriter $18

[illegible] Fisher Billing Machine [illegible] Other machines have $70 to $370 [illegible] $18

THE BENNETT PORTABLE

C. B. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO., 366 Broadway, N. Y.

VACU-MIRROR

Attached to window by rubber Suction Cup. 6 inch Bevelled French Plate $3.00. 6 inch Concave Magnifying Plate $4.00. At your dealer's or we will supply you direct; express prepaid. Booklets upon request.

AUSTIN SALES CO., 18 Vesey St., New York, N.Y.

College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago

[illegible] Annual Session begins October 1, 1912 [illegible] Write for catalog.

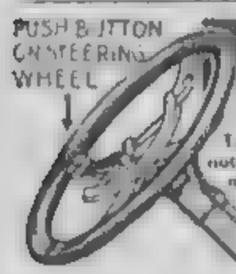
DR. FRANK H. EARLE, Sec'y, Box 22, Congress and Honore Sts., Chicago

Moth-proof your closets by lining them with —the new moth-protector EX-MO

Better than camphor or tar-balls. Lasts for years and absolutely protects your clothes. Comes in sheets of various sizes. Easily tacked.

SEND 10c to help cover postage, etc., for 2 samples 6 x 8. Write today!

EUGENE CARRAINE 1616 22 [illegible] St. [illegible]



TUTO ONE NOTE ELECTRIC HORN $25.

"THE HORN THAT DOES EVERYTHING"

The TUTO gives a soft low note for regular service and a loud note for emergency from one button on the steering wheel. Either note is instantly produced without confusion or interference with the operation of the car. Ask your dealer for a TUTO book or write us.

The Dean Electric Company

The price $25 for any finish includes everything necessary to make a neat and permanent installation.

And so they came to the Powell home, with each of them wishing that the other would say something.

v

FROM Cincinnati Burlingame telegraphed her according to his peculiar personality:

ATE THEM ALIVE! WHO'S A FAT-HEAD?

And Stephanie, according to her peculiar personality, responded briefly:

ME

When they arrived she met them at the station, and drove them to the house at a pace that made the Blankville police force pull his whiskers and wish that he dared arrest the daughter of Theodore Powell for speeding.

They dined with ceremony—slightly strained, but still ceremony—so that the frosty-faced butler reported to the voluble French maid that when her parents were away "Miss Stephanie didn't care what she be a-doing of." Later they sat in the library, where their tongues wagged to their hearts' content—and, with the exception of Henry and Burlingame, all three were very good talkers when occasion demanded. At ten o'clock Henry yawned and scrambled to his feet.

"Confound you, Burly!" he said, while Stephanie gasped at his familiarity. "You've got me feeling so fit that I've got to go to bed so's to be up in time to get in my tennis tomorrow morning!"

"You keep it up, and don't eat too much and don't start smoking again, and a year from now you'll be playing on the freshman eleven," laughed Burlingame. "Good night. See you in the morning. My train leaves at noon."

"Good night," said Henry, and they listened until his footsteps died away in the long hall.

Silence then and thoughts incoherent.

"Light the fire," said Stephanie suddenly. "It isn't cold, but it makes the room much cozier."

Burlingame obediently kindled the fire already laid and pulled his chair in front of it.

"Before you go," said she abruptly, "I want to tell you that I think you're perfectly crazy."

"For what reason, please?"

"Those bets with Henry."

"Didn't he make good?"

"Yes."

"Well—that's the answer."

"Thank you," said Stephanie, and she laid a grateful hand on his coat sleeve.

"He may not be a wonder, but he'll do," remarked Burlingame.

He leaned back in his chair and surveyed his companion from the top of her dainty head to the tips of her small shoes. What he saw must have reassured him, for with merely the formality of clearing his throat somewhat more violently than was necessary, he observed:

"I haven't very much money, you know."

"Money isn't everything," responded the daughter of two millions.

"The University wants me to go back this term as instructor—at fifteen hundred a year."

"It's enough," said Stephanie faintly.

The tutor drew her eyes to his by sheer force of will.

"Stephanie," he asked, "is it enough?"

"If—if there are other things," she said more faintly still.

"You understand how little it will mean?"

"Not so little—after all," she whispered. "How poor I shall be after all this?"

She nodded, and her eyes spoke more than her action.

"Then—then ——"

He gathered her into his arms, and the importance of the Powell fortune dwindled and died as he kissed her.

. . . . . .

Two hours later a shrill whistle outside the door brought them to their feet in alarm. Burlingame was starting toward the doorway when the stout figure of Henry pushed through the portières. He looked from one to the other, a wide smirk giving his face the appearance of an intelligent Jack-o'-lantern. The situation was unmistakable.

"I sat up to congratulate you," announced Henry pathetically. "After 'twas quiet down here for so long I guessed it was my cue. Am I a fat-head, Burly? Am I?"

What of Your Future?

Have you a good chance of advancement in your present employment?

Several more traveling representatives are needed to appoint agents-under-contract to sell

The Saturday Evening Post

The Ladies' Home Journal

We employ some roadmen, on a salary, bonus and expense basis, to do special promotive work in cities of 10,000 inhabitants and over; others, on a liberal commission basis, to appoint agents-under-contract to sell in small towns and villages. Some devote their entire time to our work, others only their spare time.

Our salaried roadmen are recruited from the full-time workers that make good on a commission basis. Our Branch Office Sales Managers, Home Office District Managers and Sales Correspondents are obtained by promotions from our staff of salaried roadmen.

On a commission basis we want more men to appoint agents to sell our publications. The commissions are 50% and 75% to new men. Exclusive territory as soon as you qualify for it. Good chance of advancement to staff of salaried roadmen.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Roadmen's Section

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Castings of Quality For Particular Manufacturers

Whether you own your own factory or intrust your casting work to some one else, this advertisement should interest you.

We offer special service in making light malleable and gray iron castings from the finest quality iron. We have been doing nothing else for years.

Our product is of the highest grade material, workmanship—unsurpassed in beauty of finish.

We are centrally and conveniently located, in Franklin Park, a suburb of Chicago. That means great shipping advantages. And we guarantee quick shipments as well as the satisfactory quality of the product.

We are equipped to execute large orders or small.

We are also in a position to make complete and market any articles made from a gray or malleable iron casting. While quality is the first consideration, you will find *real* economy in sending your work to us.

We believe that there are readers of The Saturday Evening Post to whom this proposition especially appeals. We invite correspondence from them. Address

FRANKLIN PARK FOUNDRY
FRANKLIN PARK, ILLINOIS
(A Suburb of Chicago)

Send Us Your Films

Every Amateur Photographer who desires the finest developing and printing should write for our special offer. Our Craft Laboratories are the largest photo-finishing plants in the United States, and the work of [illegible] is known all over the World, over. Quality and prompt service guaranteed

FREE [illegible]

Stemmerman Photo-Craft Laboratories
276 Passaic Street
Passaic, N. J.

Write for a Sample Cake

For 2c, we'll send you a sample of

JERGENS
Violet Glycerine Soap

enough for a week. In this crystal clear soap, we have caught the *real* fragrance of fresh violets. Write today for your sample. Address

The Andrew Jergens Co.
Dept. P Spring Grove Av.
Cincinnati, O.

Portable Fireproof Garage

In successful use over 3 years

Pruden System

of interlocking [illegible]

Nothing like it. No wood. Easiest to erect. Strong durable, handsome as masonry. Write for catalog and prices. Immediate shipment from stock. $100.00 up.

METAL SHELTER CO. 6-43 W Water St. St. Paul, Minn.

Patentees and Sole Mfrs. Pruden System Buildings
Delivered anywhere East of Rocky Mountains

All the Big
MEAT PACKERS

U S INS. PSD. EST. 316 A

Brand their meats with the Vul- [illegible] Brander. Sanitary [illegible] Also brands bread, [illegible] and contracting business.

Write for description

VULCAN ELECTRIC HEATING CO., Dept. A-11, Buffalo, N. Y.

LEARN SCIENTIFIC FARMING

Winona College of Agriculture. 11th year begins September 16th. Two years course [illegible] of farming. Practice on college farm in [illegible] live stock, dairying, fruit growing, etc. [illegible] Also prepares for teaching agriculture. For catalog write

J. C. Brockenridge, D. D., President, Box K, Winona Lake, Ind.

THE CAVE ON THUNDER CLOUD

Continued from Page 9

He talked for quite a long time in the darkness, telling us of his adventures. He remembered perfectly about getting back the silver for the church, and about Tish's Italian, and then at last, finding us good listeners, he told about the girl.

"Is it—er—money?" Aggie breathlessly asked.

"Well—partly," he admitted. "I don't make much, of course."

"But with the rewards and all that?" asked Aggie, who'd been sitting forward with her mouth open.

"Rewards? Oh, well, of course I get something that way. But it isn't steady money. A chap can't very well go to a girl's father and tell him that, if somebody murders somebody else and escapes and he captures him, he can pay the rent and the grocery bill."

"Is she pretty?" asked Aggie.

"Beautiful!" His tone was ardent enough to please even Aggie.

He sat without speaking for a time, and none of us liked to interrupt him. Outside it had stopped raining, and the moon was coming up over the Camel's Back. We could hear Modestine stirring in the thicket and a watery ray of moonlight came into the cave and threw our shadows against the wall.

"If only," said Sheriff Muldoon thoughtfully—"If only I could get my hands on that chap with the red beard!"

We all went to bed soon after. Aggie, as usual, went to sleep at once, and soon, from behind the kimono screen across the cave, loud noises told us that Mr. Muldoon also slept. It was then that Tish crept over and put her mouth to my ear.

"That may be Muldoon all right," she whispered. "But if it is he's got a wife and two children. Mrs. Muldoon is related to Hannah."

SOMEHOW, with the morning our suspicions, if we had had any, vanished. Mr. Muldoon had been up at dawn, and when we wakened he had already brought water from a near-by spring and was boiling some in the teakettle.

Seen by daylight, he was very good-looking. He had blue eyes with black lashes and dark-brown hair, and a habit of getting up when any of us did that kept him on his feet most of the time. His limp was rather better—or his ankle.

"That's what a little mothering has done for me," he said gayly, over his coffee and mackerel. "It's a long time since I've had any one to do anything like that for me."

"But surely your wife ——" began Tish. He started and changed color. We all saw it.

"My wife!"

"You've got a wife and two children, haven't you?"

He looked at us all and drew a long breath.

"Ladies," he said, "I see some of my painful history is known to you. May I ask—is it too much to beg—that—that we do not discuss that part of my life?"

Tish apologized at once. We could not tell, from what he said, whether he had been divorced or had lost them all from scarlet fever. Whichever it was, I must say he was not depressed for very long, although he had reason enough for depression, as we soon learned.

"It's like this," he said. "They know I'm here in the glen—the outlaws, I mean. The red-bearded man, Naysmith, has sworn to get me."

"Get you?" from Aggie.

"Shoot me. The other three all owe me grudges, too, but Naysmith's the worst. He's just out of the pen—I got him a ten-year sentence for this very thing, robbing an express car."

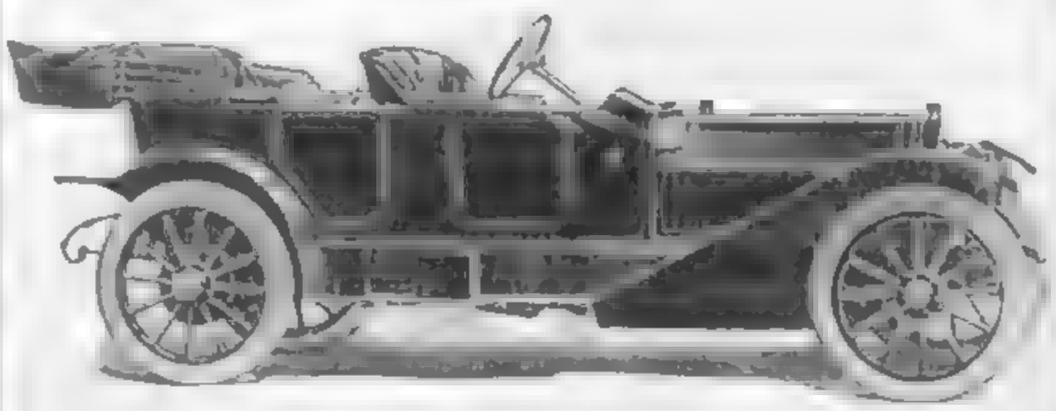
"Ten years!" I exclaimed. "You look as if you hadn't shaved ten years!"

He looked at me and smiled.

"I'm older than you think," he said; "and, anyhow, he got a lot off for good behavior. It's outrageous, the discount that's given to a criminal for behaving himself. He got—I think I am right when I say—yes, he was sent up in '07—he got seven years off his sentence."

We all thought that this was a grave mistake, and Tish, whose father was once warden of the penitentiary, observed that there was nothing like that in old times,

Mitchell



YOU automobile buyers are in two classes: the ones who own cars and have reached their desire for certain things through experience, and the ones who are buying a car for the first time and must depend to a large extent on what others tell them.

An advertisement can't very well appeal to both of these classes, and the fact that so many experienced drivers are buying Mitchell cars shows that the car itself is the best reason they can have for making this selection.

To the inexperienced man we will say—In a Mitchell car you get simplicity with power—easy to understand; you get speed with perfect safety; you get low cost of operation and long life for the car; you get a handsome appearance and luxurious ease in riding; and most important just now to you—you get careful attention and explanation of everything you don't understand about automobiles both before you buy and afterwards. The Mitchell service is a great help to the beginners.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City Seattle London Paris

Make Fun of the Sun in Easy-Breezy B. V. D.

Let it blaze and broil! In Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits *you* are cool, comfortable and care-free from breakfast to bed.

They are made of light, durable woven materials, soft to the skin. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship and long wear are assured and insured by

The Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. April 10th, 1907) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the suit.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, NEW YORK.
London Selling Agency 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

ARE, without doubt, the best known motor trucks in the United States today. Among the prominent users of motor trucks in this country, the owners of White trucks are by far in the majority.

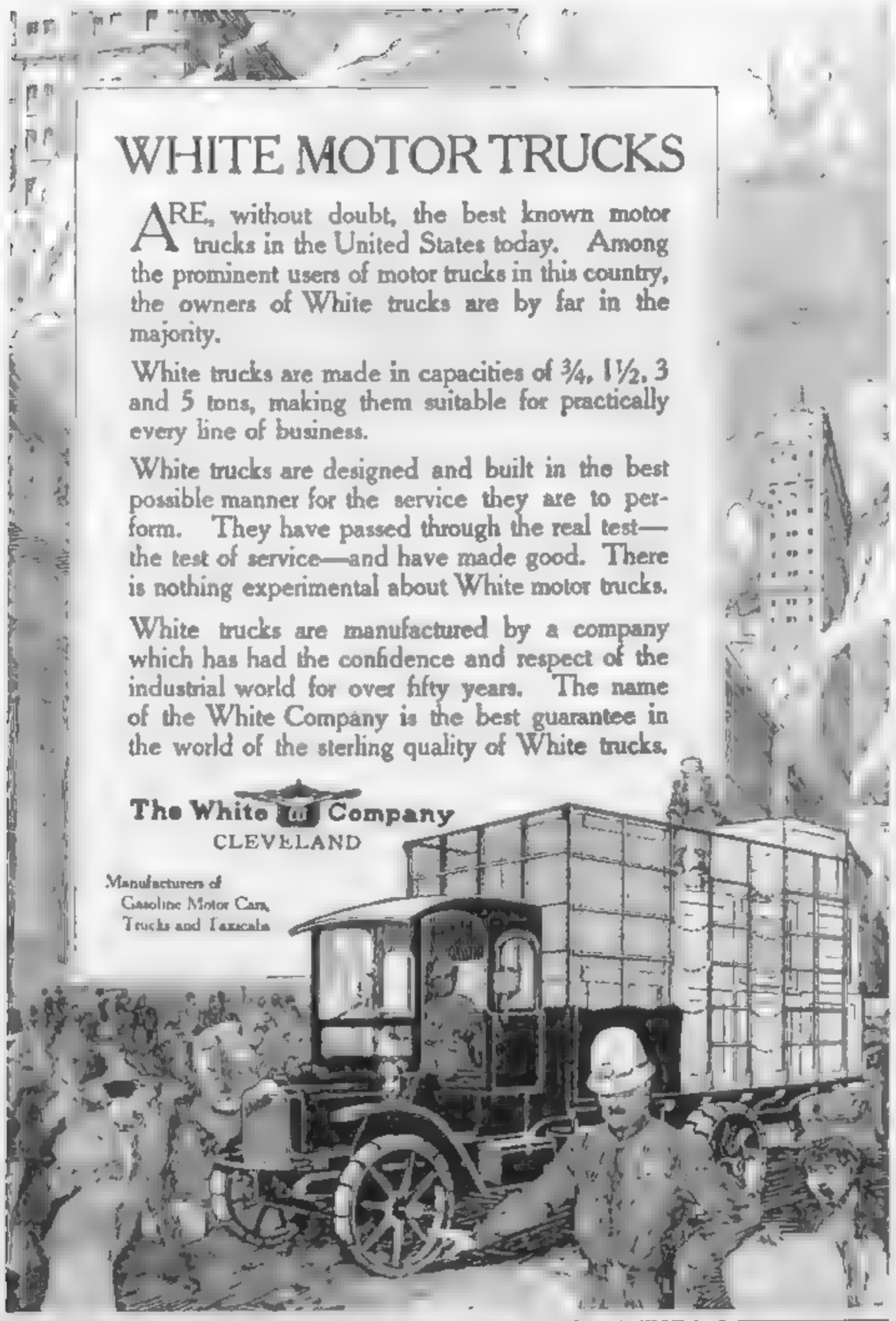
White trucks are made in capacities of ¾, 1½, 3 and 5 tons, making them suitable for practically every line of business.

White trucks are designed and built in the best possible manner for the service they are to perform. They have passed through the real test—the test of service—and have made good. There is nothing experimental about White motor trucks.

White trucks are manufactured by a company which has had the confidence and respect of the industrial world for over fifty years. The name of the White Company is the best guarantee in the world of the sterling quality of White trucks.

The White Company
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of
Gasoline Motor Cars,
Trucks and Taxicabs



10 cents a Day Buys this Machine

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter is the latest model of one of the best typewriters on the market. Touch is perfect, action quick, alignment absolute. Has back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, universal keyboard. Writing visible at all times. Fully guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere. We have a special proposition whereby you can for a small service which we will explain

Get a Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter without spending a cent

Send for our special 30-day offer—greatly reduced prices and easy terms. Write to-day and say to us in a letter: "Mail your FREE OFFER."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Dept. 29, Union Bank Building *Established 20 Years* PITTSBURGH, PA.

There are lots of Clever Women

who feel the lack of "pin money." There is no need of such lack. A few hours a week devoted to representing *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* will supply you with lots of spending money. Let us tell you how thousands of other women have made and are making successes.

Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

and she would write to the governor about it. Tish has written to the governor several times, the last occasion being the rise in price of brooms.

"It's like this," said Mr. Muldoon. "They've got the glen guarded. There's a man at each end and the rest are covering the hilltops. A squirrel couldn't get out without their knowledge. I might have before I got this leg, but now I'm done for."

"Oh, no!" we chorused.

"It amounts to that," he said dejectedly. "They've been watching you women and they're not afraid of you. As long as I stay in the cave here I'm safe enough, but let me poke my nose out and I'm gone. It's an awful thing to have to hide behind a woman's petticoats!"

We could only silently sympathize.

It was bright and clear that day. The sun came out and dried the road below. It would have been a wonderful day to go on, but none of us thought of it. As Tish said, here was a chance to assist the law and a fellow being in peril of his life. Our place was there.

Even had we doubted Mr. Muldoon's story, we had proof of it before noon. A man with a gun came out on a ledge of rock across the valley and stood, with his hands to his eyes, peering across at our cave. Tish was hanging some of our clothing out to dry, and although she saw the outlaw as well as we did she did not flinch. After a time the man seemed satisfied and disappeared.

Tish came into the cave then and took a spoonful of blackberry cordial. As we knew, her intrepid spirit had not quailed; but, as she said, one's body is never as strong as one's soul. Her knees were shaking.

We put in a quiet and restful afternoon. Mr. Muldoon had a pack of cards with him and we played whist. He played a very fair game, but he was on the alert all the time. At every sound he started, and once or twice he slipped out into the thicket and searched the glen in every direction with his eyes.

He had asked us, if the outlaws surprised us, to say that he was Tish's nephew, Charlie Sands, and to stick to it. "Unless it's Naysmith," he said. "He knows me." From that to calling us Aunt Tish, Aunt Aggie and Aunt Lizzie was very easy. At four o'clock we stopped playing, with Mr. Muldoon easily the winner, and Aggie made fudge for everybody.

Late in the afternoon Tish called me aside. She said she did not want Mr. Muldoon to feel that he was a burden, but that we were almost out of provisions. We had expected to buy eggs, milk and bread at farmhouses, and instead we had been shut up in the cave. She thought there was a farm up the glen, having heard a cow-bell, and she wanted me to go and find out.

"Go yourself!" I said somewhat rudely. "If you want to be shot down in your tracks by outlaws, well and good. I don't."

Aggie, called aside, refused as firmly as I had. Tish stood and looked at us both with her lip curling.

"Very well," she said coldly; "I shall go. But if I get my neuralgia again from wading through the creek bottom don't blame me!"

She put on her overshoes and, taking a tin bucket for milk and her trusty rifle, she started while Mr. Muldoon was showing Aggie a new game of solitaire. I went to the cave mouth with her and listened to the crackling of twigs as she slid down into the valley. She came into view at the bottom much sooner than I had expected, having, as I learned later, slipped on a loose stone and rolled fully half the way down.

The next two hours seemed endless. Mr. Muldoon, tiring of solitaire, had rolled himself up in a corner and was peacefully sleeping, with his injured foot on Aggie's hop pillow. Aggie and I sat on guard, one on each side of the cave mouth, and stared down at the valley, which was darkening rapidly.

Tish had been gone two hours and a half and no sign of her, when Aggie began to cry softly.

"She'll never come back!" she whimpered. "The outlaws have got her and killed her. Oh, Tish, Tish!"

"Why would they kill her?" I demanded. "Because she's trying to buy milk and eggs?"

"B-because she knows too much," Aggie wailed. "We've found their lair, that's why—don't tell me this isn't an outlaw's cave. It's just b-built for it. They'll do away with her and then they'll come after us."

Aggie never carries a secret weight in her bosom. She always opens up her heart to the nearest listener. This probably relieves Aggie, but it does not make her a cheerful companion. Eight o'clock and darkness came, and still no Tish. I went into the cave and brought out my gun, and Aggie roused Mr. Muldoon and explained the situation to him. He grew quite white.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What possessed her anyhow? To the farmhouse! Why, they'll ——"

His face more than his words convinced us that the matter was really serious. He examined Aggie's revolver, which he mostly carried in his hip pocket, and, going to the mouth of the cave, listened carefully. Everything was quiet. The cave and both sides of the valley were in deep shadow, but over the ridge of the Camel's Back across from us there was still a streak of red sunset light. Mr. Muldoon looked and pointed.

Against the background of crimson cloud a man's figure stood out clearly. He was peering down toward us, although in the dusk he could hardly have seen us, and he carried a gun. Mr. Muldoon smiled faintly.

"Well, they've spotted me, I guess," he said. "I'd better move on before I get you into trouble. They won't hurt women."

"Why don't you shoot him?" Aggie asked. "It would be one bandit less. If you do arrest him, and he gets nearly all his sentence off for good behavior, he'll be out again in no time, doing more mischief."

But at that moment we saw the man on the hill throw his gun to his shoulder and aim at something moving below in the valley. Aggie screamed, and I believe I did also.

"Tish!" cried Aggie. "He's shooting at Tish!" And at that instant the bandit fired. He fired three times, and the noise of his gun echoed backward and forward among the hills. We thought we heard a yell from the valley. Then the next second there was a faint crack from below and the outlaw's gun flew out of his hands. Mr. Muldoon's jaw dropped. "Did you see that?" he said feebly. "Did—you—see—that—shot?"

The outlaw disappeared from the skyline and perhaps ten minutes later Tish crawled up to the cave and put down a tin pail full of milk, a glass of jelly wrapped in a newspaper, and a basket of eggs. Aggie fell on her and cried with joy.

"Be careful of those eggs," Tish warned her. "That outlaw charged me forty cents a dozen."

"You gave him a good fright anyhow," said Aggie fondly.

"Fright?"

"When you shot at him."

"Oh, that one! I'm talking about the woman at the farm."

"And—the one on the hill over there?"

"Oh! Well, he fired at me and I fired back. That's all."

With an air of exaggerated indifference Tish swaggered into the cave and took off her overshoes.

"Hurry up supper, Ag," she said—never before or since has she called Aggie "Ag"—"I'm starving."

She said she had heard little or nothing. She had found the farmhouse, had bought her supplies from a surly woman and had come away again. Asked by Mr. Muldoon if she had seen any men, she said she had seen a farmhand milking. That was all, except the outlaw on the hill.

But under her calmness Tish was terribly excited. I could tell it by her glittering eyes and the red spot in each cheek. Manlike, Mr. Muldoon did not see these signs; he ate very little and sat watching her, fascinated. Only once, however, did he broach the subject.

"I had no idea you were such a shot, Miss Letitia," he said. "It—that was a marvel."

"Oh, I shoot a little," said Tish coolly. "Only for my own amusement, of course."

Mr. Muldoon made no reply. He was very thoughtful all evening, did not care to play whist, and watched Tish whenever he could, furtively.

Tish herself was in an exalted mood, but not about the shot—she was modest enough about that.

And with cause. Months after she told us how it happened. She said she was carrying the eggs and milk with her left hand and had the gun in her right, when a shot struck a tree beside her. She was so startled that her finger pulled the trigger of her own rifle, which was pointed up, with the result we know of. She would

probably never have confessed even then, had she not taken rheumatic fever and thought she was dying.

When Mr. Muldoon went out to fix Modestine for the night Tish called us to the back of the cave.

"I bought the milk and eggs," she said hurriedly, "and having a dime left—your missionary dime, Aggie, I borrowed it—I went back and bought a glass of jelly. Men like preserves. The woman wrapped it in a newspaper, and there is a full account of the robbery and of Muldoon being after the outlaws. He's after the outlaws, but he's after the reward too. They're quoted at a thousand dollars!"

"He can have the thousand dollars for all of me," said Aggie.

"A thousand dollars!" said Tish. "A thousand dollars to hand in to the church as the return from your missionary dime! And if we don't get it Muldoon will! As soon as he can get about on his leg he'll cease being hunted and begin to hunt. Why should he have it? He has plenty of chances, and we'll never have another."

That was all she had a chance to say, Muldoon joining us at that moment.

We retired early, but I did not sleep well. I wakened from time to time and I could hear Tish stirring next to me. At last I reached over and touched her.

"Can't you sleep?" I whispered.

"Don't want to," she whispered back. "I've got it all fixed, Lizzie. We'll take those outlaws back to the city, roped two by two."

It was a cool spring night, but I broke into a hot perspiration.

V

TISH began with Mr. Muldoon the next morning. He could not leave the cave to carry up water, for daylight revealed another guard across the valley and it was clear we were being watched. While Aggie and I went to the spring Tish talked to him.

She told him that he had undertaken too much, single-handed, and that he should have brought a posse with him. He agreed with her. He said he had started with a posse, but that they had split up. Also he insisted that but for his accident he could have managed easily.

"I'm up against it," he said, "and I know it. They'll get me yet. For the last day or two they've been closing up round this cave, and in a night or two they'll rush it. They've got their headquarters at that farmhouse."

"The thing for you to do then," said Tish, "is to get out while there is time. You can get help and come back."

"And leave you women here alone?"

"They're not after us," Tish replied, "and we've managed alone for a good many years. I guess we'll get along."

But when she proposed her plan, which was that he should put on Aggie's spare outfit and her sun veil and ride out of the valley on Modestine's back in daylight, he objected. He said no outlaw worthy of the name would fall for a thing like that, and he said he wouldn't wear skirts, and that was all there was to it.

But in the end Tish prevailed, as usual.

"I'm going to the farmhouse this morning and I am going to say that one of the ladies is leaving this afternoon and going back home. That will be you. I wish you had a razor, but the veil will hide that. They'll not molest you. You'll not only look like Aggie—you'll be Aggie."

Well, it seemed to be his best chance, although none of us dared to think what might happen if the hat blew off or Aggie's gray alpaca ripped at the seams.

We worked feverishly all day, letting out the dress and setting forward the buttons on her raincoat. Mr. Muldoon was inclined to be sulky. He sat at the back of the cave, playing solitaire and every now and then examining the road maps. Aggie was depressed too. But, as Tish said, getting rid of Muldoon was the first step toward the thousand dollars, and even if Aggie never got her gray alpaca again it had seen its best days.

That morning, while Aggie and I sewed and ripped and Mr. Muldoon sat back in the cave with the road map on his knees, Tish went to the farmhouse. She came back at eleven o'clock with a chicken for dinner and a flush on each cheek.

"I've fixed it, Mr. Muldoon," she said. "I talked to one of the outlaws!"

"What?" screeched Aggie.

"He'd come in for something to eat—the red-bearded one. We had quite a chat. I told him we were traveling like Stevenson—with a donkey; but that one of the ladies had an abscess on a tooth and was going home. He said it was no place for women and offered himself as an escort."

Mr. Muldoon groaned. "What am I going to do if one of them comes up and makes an ass of himself?" he demanded. "Kiss him?"

Tish looked at him coldly.

"You'll have your jaw tied up," she said. "That will cover your chin, and you needn't speak. Point to your jaw. Anyhow, they'll not bother you. I said the toothache had affected your disposition, and we were just as glad you were going. The red-haired man says he's got relatives near the mouth of the valley and you can stay there overnight. One of the men folks pulls teeth in emergencies."

It is hard, writing all this of Tish, to remember that she has always been a truthful woman. As Charlie Sands said later, when we told him the story and he had sat, open-mouthed, staring from one to the other of us, no one knows what depths of mendacity lie behind the most virtuous countenance.

We started "Aggie" off at two o'clock that afternoon, sitting sideways on Modestine, jaw tied up, veiled and sun-hatted, with Aggie's flowered-silk bag hanging to one wrist and a lunch-basket on the other arm. Tish and I saw "her" down the hill and kissed "her" goodby.

This was Tish's idea. I thought it unnecessary, but as a matter of fact, no matter what Charlie Sands may say, it was not a real kiss, going as it did through a veil and a bandage.

The man with a gun watched "her" off, and Tish, having waved "her" out of sight round a curve, looked up at him and nodded. Far away as he was, he saw that and swept his hat off with quite an air.

Tish's plan was very simple. She told us as we cleared up the cave after the day's excitement.

"When I go for the evening milk," she said, "I shall mention that we have a young man with us, a stranger, who has hurt his ankle and cannot walk. And I'll ask for arnica. That's all."

"That's all!" Aggie and I exclaimed together.

"Certainly that's all. Sometime tonight they'll rush the cave."

"You're a fool!" said Aggie shortly.

"Why?" demanded Tish. "We won't be in it. We'll be outside. The moment they are in we'll start to shoot. Not one of them will dare to stick his nose out."

When we told this to Charlie Sands he slid entirely off his chair and sat on the floor. "Not really!" he kept saying over and over. "You dreamed it! You must have! A thing like that!" I hastened to explain. "Tish planned it," I said. I remember him looking at Tish—who was crocheting as she told the story—and moistening his lips. He was quite green in color.

VI

CLIPPING from the Morning News of May the seventh:

SHERIFF AMBUSHED

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF MULDOON AND PARTY IN THUNDER CLOUD GLEN

An extraordinary state of affairs was discovered by the relief party of constables, city and county detectives and state constabulary sent to the relief of Sheriff Muldoon and his posse, who have been on the track of the C. & L. train bandits since last Monday.

The relief party was sent out in response to a telephone message from a farmhouse in Thunder Cloud Glen, and transmitted from the farmer's line to a long-distance wire. This message was to the effect that the sheriff and his posse, shut in a cave, were being held prisoners by the outlaws, being shot at steadily, and that so far every attempt at escape had been thwarted by the terrific fire of the bandits.

A relief party in automobiles was rushed at once to the scene.

Thunder Cloud Glen is a narrow valley between the Camel's Back and Thunder Cloud Mountain. A mile or so from the entrance to the glen the road, always bad and now almost washed away by the recent heavy rains, became impassable. The party abandoned the machines and in skirmish order proceeded up the glen.

Within an hour's time firing was heard, and the rescuers doubled their pace. Passing

No metal can touch you

You may just as well have the best garter when you pay 25 or 50 cents. Your dealer knows which one it is; if he is uncertain about it, you tell him.

Paris Garters give comfort.

They stay up; they keep the hose snug and trim; and they're made for long service.

All dealers in men's wear sell them
25 and 50 cents

A. STEIN & COMPANY, *Makers*
Congress St. and Center Av., Chicago

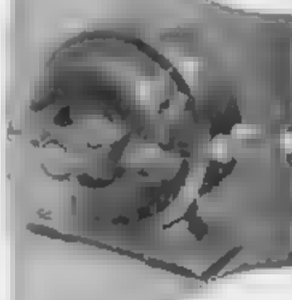
Buy Your Small Motor of *Specialists*

17 years of *specialization* on building small motors (up to 15 h.p.) has allowed us to give the mechanical world the very best, most refined and most economical motor in existence.

True perfection after 17 years of ceaseless endeavor has been achieved in Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Small Motors.

More Efficient Power at Lower Cost by Adopting the "STANDARD"

There is a place in *your* business where only a "STANDARD" Motor will lower operating cost.



Robbins & Myers STANDARD Motors

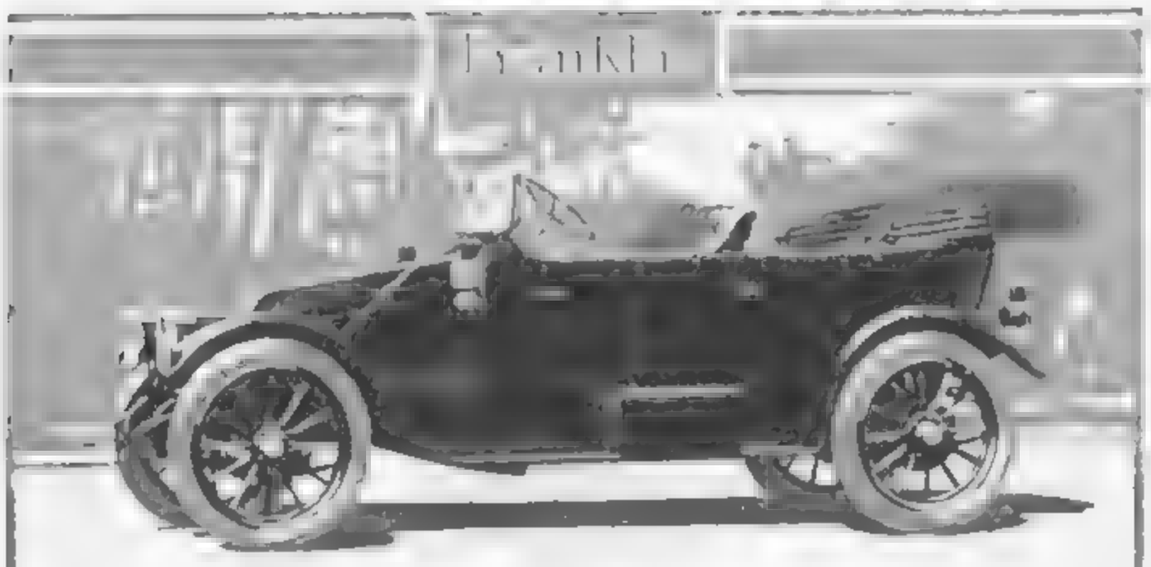
1/30 to 15 h. p.

The shops, factories, stores, farms and homes where these splendidly efficient motors are installed are paying only for the *actual power used. Consult with our power experts free.* Write our Engineering Department how much power you are using and how many machines you operate, and an expert will give your case individual attention without cost or obligation on your part. He will tell you how much power you should use and how much you can save by Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motor Service. Write today for free information and catalog.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Atlanta and Rochester.

We also manufacture a complete line of Alternating and Direct Current Fans—Desk, Bracket, Ceiling, Oscillating and Ventilating—for Office, Factory and Home. (51)



Barred Out

The Quaker City Motor Club of Philadelphia conducted an economy run for motor cars, in April, open to all pleasure cars with the exception of air-cooled cars—**and the only air-cooled car in Philadelphia is the Franklin.**

What They Did

In the Quaker City Motor Club contest—open to water-cooled cars only—first prize for economy was awarded to a two-passenger car that used 2 gallons, 28 ounces of fuel and covered 61.8 miles. The average was 22.7 miles to the gallon.

What We Have Done

46.1 miles on one gallon of gasoline was the Franklin record in an economy contest conducted by the Automobile Club of Buffalo open to all.

87 miles on 2 gallons of gasoline was another Franklin record made in an economy run held by the Automobile Club of America open to all.

Sales of Franklin cars in Philadelphia are 300% over sales for last year

Franklin economy records have never been beaten. They are the highest proof of the superior efficiency of the Franklin air-cooled motor. The world's economy record for motor trucks, 44, 100 of a cent per ton mile, is held by a Franklin.

Franklin "Little Six" is the solution of the problem of heavy upkeep. A small six-cylinder car, it costs no more to run than a four-cylinder car of the same size and power.

Write for this folder, "They Barred Us Out"

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Thousands of Boys

are making money each week by selling

The Saturday Evening Post

Any boy can make a lot of spending money between now and the time school opens and at the same time get some of the finest premiums ever offered to boys. If you want to try it and to convert your spare time this summer into money and premiums, send a line addressed to

Sales Division

The Saturday Evening Post

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

a bend in the valley, the scene of the outrage lay spread before them: On the left the low mouth of a cave, and across the valley, on a slope of the Camel's Back, a faint cloud of smoke, showing where the outlaws had their lair. As the rescuers came in sight the firing ceased and an ominous stillness hung over the valley.

The relief expedition had been seen by the imprisoned party also. Muldoon's well-known soft felt hat, tied to the end of a pole, was thrust from the cave mouth and waved vigorously up and down, showing that some of the imprisoned party still lived. One solitary shot was aimed at the hat, followed by profound quiet.

Using every precaution, Deputy Sheriff Mulcahy deployed his men with the intention of closing in on the outlaws from all sides at the same time.

At this time an interesting interruption occurred. From the underbrush at the foot of the Camel's Back emerged three elderly women, their clothing in tatters, and in the wildest excitement. They insisted that the outlaws were in the cave, and, hysterical with fright from their terrible experience, declared that they had been holding the bandits in check and demanded the reward for their capture. They were rational enough in other ways and explained that they had been on a walking tour with a donkey. There was, however, no donkey.

Deputy Sheriff Mulcahy, who is noted for his gallantry, sent the three women to a safe place at the rear of the party and detailed a guard to make them comfortable. It being thought possible that the women were accomplices of the outlaws, precautions were also taken to prevent their escape.

No trace of the outlaws was found. Sheriff Muldoon and his three deputies, now enabled to leave the cave, joined the searchers. Every inch of Thunder Cloud Glen was searched, but without result. Across from the cave mouth, behind a heap of fallen rocks, was found the spot from which the outlaws had been shooting. The ground was trampled and the rock chipped by the return fire from the cave. Here, too, was found a new automatic revolver, a small rifle and another gun of antique pattern. In a crevice of rock was discovered a flowered-silk bag, containing various articles of feminine use, including a packet of powders marked "hay-fever," a small bottle labeled "blackberry cordial," and a dozen or so unexploded cartridges for the revolver.

Convinced now that the three women were accomplices of the outlaws—and this corroborated by Sheriff Muldoon's statement that he had positively seen one of the three women peering over the rock and aiming a rifle at him, and that the same woman, two days before, had fired at him from the valley, knocking his gun out of his hand—Deputy Sheriff Mulcahy promptly arrested the women and had them taken in an automobile to the city.

At the jail, however, it was discovered that an unfortunate error had been made, and the ladies were released. They went at once to their homes. While their names have not been divulged it is reported that they are well known and highly esteemed members of the community, and much sympathy has been expressed for their disagreeable experience.

Up to a late hour last night no trace had been found of the outlaws. It is believed that they have left Thunder Cloud Glen and have penetrated farther into the mountains.

. . . . . .

Charlie Sands came for us at the jail. He asked us no questions, which I thought strange, but he got a carriage and took us all to Tish's. He did not speak a word on the way, except to ask us if we had no hats. On Tish's replying meekly that we had left them in the cave, he said nothing more, but sat looking like a storm until we drew up at the house.

I dare say we did look curious. Our clothes were torn and dragged, and although we had washed at the jail we were still somewhat powder-streaked and grimy.

Charlie Sands led us into Tish's parlor and shut the door. Then he turned and surveyed the three of us.

"Sit down," he said grimly.

We sat. He stood looking down at each of us in turn.

"I'll hear the story in a minute," he said, still cold and disagreeable. "But first of all, Aunt Tish, I want to ask you if you realize that this last escapade of yours is a disgrace to the family?"

"Nothing of the sort," Tish asserted with something of her old spirit. "It was all for Aggie's missionary dime. I——"

"A moment," he said, holding up his hand. "I'm going to ask a question. I'll listen after that. *Did you or did you not hold up the C. & L. express car?*"

We were too astounded to speak.

"Because if you did," he said, "missionary dime or no missionary dime, I shall turn you over to the authorities! I have gone through a lot with you, Aunt Tish, in the past year."

Aggie and I expected to see Tish rise in majesty and point him out of the room. But to our amazement she broke down and cried.

"No," she said feebly, "we didn't rob the car. But oh, Charlie, Charlie! We nursed that wretch Muldoon, and fed him and sent him off on Modestine in Aggie's gray alpaca, and he got away; and if you say to go to jail I'll go."

"Muldoon!"

"The wretch who said he was Muldoon. The—the train robber."

Well, it took hours to tell the story, and when we had all finished and Aggie had gone to bed in Tish's spare room with hysteria, and Tish had gone to bed with tea and toast, Charlie Sands was still walking up and down the parlor, stopping now and then to mutter: "Well, I'll be ——" and then going on with his pacing.

Hannah brought me a cup of junket at eight o'clock, for none of us had eaten dinner. I was sitting there with the cup in my lap when the doorbell rang. Charlie Sands answered it. It was a letter and a package, both addressed to all three of us.

We called Tish and Aggie and they crept in, very subdued and pallid. Charlie Sands opened the letter and read it:

Dear and Charming Ladies: I am abject. What can I say to you, who have just come through such an experience on my account? How can I apologize or explain? Especially as I am confused myself as to what really happened. Did Muldoon actually attack the cave? Were you in it when he arrived? Or is it possible that, with my foolish fabrication in your mind, you attempted —— But that is absurd, of course.

Whatever occurred and however it occurred, I am on my knees to you all. Even a real bandit would have been touched by your kindness. And I am not a real bandit any more than I am a real sheriff.

I am an ordinary citizen, usually a law-abiding citizen. But as a result of a foolish wager at my club, brought about by the ease with which numerous trains have been robbed recently, I undertook to hold up a C. & L. train with an empty revolver, and to evade capture for a certain length of time. The first part was successful. The train messenger, on seeing my gun, handed me, without a word, a fat package. I had not asked for it. It was a gift. I do not even now know what is in it. The newspapers say it is money. It might have been eggs, as far as I know. The second part would have been simple also, had I not hurt my leg.

Things were looking serious for me when you found me. I shall never forget the cave, or the omelets, or the tea, or the fudge. I can never return your hospitalities, but one thing I can do.

The express company offers a reward of a thousand dollars for my little package. Probably they are right and it is not eggs. Whatever it is, it is buried under the tree where we tied our noble steed, Modestine. Please return the package and claim the reward. If you have scruples against taking it remember that the express company is rich and the Fiji Islanders needy. Turn it in as the increased increment on Miss Aggie's missionary dime.

(Signed) THE OUTLAW OF THUNDER CLOUD.

We found the package, or Charlie Sands found it for us, and the express company paid us the reward. We gave it to Aggie, and with the exception of fifty dollars she turned it all in at the church, where it created almost a riot. With the fifty dollars we purchased, through Charlie Sands, a revolver with a silver inlaid handle, and sent it to the real Sheriff Muldoon. It eased our consciences somewhat.

That was all last spring. It is summer now. Tish is talking again of flowering hedgerows and country lanes, but Aggie and I do not care for the country and the mere sight of a donkey gives me a chill.

Yesterday evening, on our way to prayer meeting, we heard a great noise of horns coming and stopped to see a four-in-hand go by. A young gentleman was driving, with a pretty girl beside him. As we lined up at the curb he turned smiling from the girl and he caught our eyes.

He started, and then, bowing low, he saluted us from the box.

It was "Muldoon."

THERMOS

Vacation Uses For Thermos

NO vacationist should leave without Thermos. Thermos gives the traveler cold, clean drinking water and prevents danger from disease-breeding, public drinking cups. At summer hotels and boarding houses, pure drinking water is assured by boiling it and keeping it cold, clean, germ and fly proof in Thermos. When fishing, hunting, motoring, boating and camping Thermos allows you to have cold, refreshing water, tea or lemonade or steaming hot coffee or other beverages, when far from ice or fire. Thermos keeps babies' milk cold, pure and sweet, when traveling.

Thermos keeps liquids ice cold for 3 days or piping hot for 24 hours.

Thermos Bottles $1 up
Thermos Lunch Kits $2.50 up

On sale at best stores

There is only one *genuine* Thermos. If your dealer will not sell you products plainly stamped Thermos on the bottom of each article, we will ship you express prepaid upon receipt of price. Write for catalog.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
Thermos Building, New York.
Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

No Money
With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL in your own home, then **10 CENTS-A-DAY** payable monthly. Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON **the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.**

Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter made, until after we send you an EMERSON to try. **YOU CAN EARN ONE** for a slight service, without paying us one cent. We will mail you names of people in your own town or state who have recently earned EMERSONS without cost, or you may exchange your old typewriter, or have a sample, or **MAKE BIG MONEY** representing us. Liberal reward for your spare time. Reference — McHenry County, State Bank, Woodstock.

For all our offers, on a postal card or in a letter to us, say: "Mail me your offers."

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

New Business

Quick profits. No canvassing. Work all or spare time—traveling or at home.

MANDEL Post Card Machine

New invention.

Photos Direct on Post Cards — No Plates — No Films

One minute post cards. One minute profits. "Mandel" machine takes, finishes and delivers 3 original photo post cards a minute RIGHT ON THE SPOT. In the country, on the streets, at picnics, carnivals, fairs, the one minute post card man makes big money. $26 buys a complete outfit. Sales from post cards shipped with outfit practically return money invested. Simple instructions enable you to begin work immediately. Write today for BOOKLET FREE. Learn more about this wonderful 6-pound portable post card gallery.

CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
300 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill. or Dept. 300, Public Bank Bldg., New York, N. Y.

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster Brakes and Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 3 yrs.

LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles at exceedingly low prices. Other reliable models from $12 up. **A few good second-hand machines $3 to $5.**

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U. S., *without a cent in advance.* **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *an attractive new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.*

TIRES **Coaster Brake Rear Wheels**, lamps, parts, and sundries *half usual prices.* **Rider Agents** everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. S-55 CHICAGO

WURLITZER FREE

WE SUPPLY THE U.S. GOVT.

New Band Catalog

300 pages. Thousands of Illustrations. Every musical instrument. Highest quality and lowest prices. Easy payments. Write today and mention instrument you are interested in.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
123 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati 302 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial
Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

For Sale Everywhere

AYVAD MAN'F'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

ON MAIN STREET

(Concluded from Page 18)

season, there are always certain types to be found therein. Of a forenoon early the bar is reasonably sure to contain one or more young Princes of the House of Hangover. At the tea hour of the afternoon great numbers of old ladies with young faces and young ladies with old faces are to be observed in the tea room drinking tea Russian style, which is to say with rum in it—only sometimes they have been known to forget the tea part altogether—and consuming vast quantities of those gummy products known as English muffins, which taste so good when buttered and would no doubt taste even better if they were cooked.

At all hours lobbies are frequented by visiting millionaires from Butte and Pittsburgh, and by those plausible gentlemen who make a specialty of interesting transient capitalists in dubious gold mines and other permanent forms of investment. When the horse show opens the sporty crowd is on hand, and when the grand-opera season begins the musical crowd shows up in force. But we are now speaking of the summer, and it is in the summer that the hotels would languish and lose money were it not for the round-tripper from distant points. Then the café and the grill are chock-a-block with folks from out of town who have money to spend and earnestly desire to spend it. Special menus of tempting — and costly — hot-weather dishes are prepared for the summer visitor; and to tickle his palate new wrinkles in iced drinks are thought up on the inspiration of the moment by gifted barkeepers.

By day he goes about looking at the things of which New Yorkers are so proud, personally, and of which, personally, they know so little—the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, the Public Library, with many hundred thousand volumes on the shelves and also twenty or thirty others that people sometimes read; Ellis Island, where the immigrants land and are promptly landed on; the Statue of Liberty, with her face turned resolutely away from Wall Street in order to keep from breaking out laughing; Grant's tomb; the Bronx Zoo, containing over five thousand caged creatures, no two of which look alike or smell alike; Chinatown, which may be reliably depended upon to provide any novelties along the line of weird smells that the Zoo overlooked; and all the rest of it. By day he makes the grand tour, and by night he visits the near-by beaches, like Coney and Rockaway, or else takes in the roof gardens. Were it not for this out-of-town patronage these last would be hard put to it often to last the season through.

The Strangers on the Street

As early in the season as the middle of June, the writer knows of an occasion when two men, both strangers in New York, stood at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway one morning, laying out their plans for the day. A third man came up to them and asked what car line he should take to reach a certain uptown address. Not knowing how to advise him, the first two began questioning passers-by. In succession they stopped five men, each one of whom pleaded ignorance on the ground of being a stranger in town, before there came along a sixth, who lived in New York and knew the proper route. In other words, out of nine casual pedestrians on Broadway that morning, the first eight were from other cities than New York. This may have been above the average, but the instance helps to show the condition.

And this condition is largely responsible for the fact that along toward eleven o'clock this evening Broadway will be a veritable Midsummer Night's Scream, what with crowds and noise and twinkling lights and the odors of money burning up, and exhilarating excitement and bustle everywhere. And while the man from Gallipolis or Galveston, as the case may be, is enjoying all this, the New Yorker who proudly advertised his home town as the greatest summer resort in America and then went elsewhere for his vacation will, as I pointed out previously, be lying on his back with his nose against the rafters, and a great surging wave of homesickness sloshing up and down against the sides of his soul, while the low-browed pinching bug maneuvers for position with a view to falling in his eye and blinding him.

For a real bath, use Lifebuoy

Millions of active energetic people think Lifebuoy is the only soap worth using.

It does more than ordinary soaps can possibly do. It cleanses thoroughly, purifies, actually kills *all* odor of perspiration.

It produces a gloriously radiant skin — the very picture of health.

Use it *just once*, and the Lifebuoy habit will win *you*.

Lifebuoy is made of pure cocoanut and red palm oils and contains a mild carbolated solution making it antiseptic.

It's the soap with the clean smell.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
(Carbolated)

For Toilet, Bath and Shampoo.

5c. at your Druggist's or Grocer's. If he hasn't it, send 5c. (stamps or coin) for a full size cake to LEVER BROS. CO., Dept. 8, Cambridge, Mass.

College Trained Farmers

demand a *balanced mental ration* rich in the *protein* of progress and free from a surfeit of *dry matter*. They demand the best product of the trained minds of the agricultural experimenter, the trained observer and the experienced farmer. They demand the proper *ratio* of the results of fundamental science and successful practice, a balance that will assure *mental* growth.

The vital questions in farming are national. They concern the safeguarding of fertility; the increasing of yields of crops and the production of animals; the reduction of costs of production; the elimination of wastes in marketing; coöperation to guard the farmer's interests and increase his profits; the improvement of his home and community for his family. Personal stories by successful farmers of their methods of assuring big yields, high quality in crops and livestock, and fair prices in the market form the most convincing literature of farming.

The Country Gentleman

The Oldest Agricultural Journal in the World

has undergone the modernizing influences of the times and now represents the ideals which college men have been trained to keep before them. It presents the significant aspects of the countryman's broad business and social interests in articles that are interesting and accurate. College-trained farmers who can tell how they have put their scientific knowledge to profitable use will find in this weekly other experiences of this character told in an interesting and helpful manner. Suggestions for articles should be sent to

The Editors, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Independence Square ***The Curtis Publishing Company*** **Philadelphia, Penna.**

Cars That Lose Their Grip

By R. E. Olds, Designer

The Favorites Forgotten

In the 25 years I have spent in car building I have watched countless cars come and go. And so have some of you.

For a season or two a car becomes a sensation. Men say it's the coming car.

Then suddenly the buyers desert it. The popular car becomes a drug on the market. And note that it never comes back.

That is going on now. Think of the cars which have risen and fallen, within the past few years.

The Reason Is This

Those cars were unworthy, and men found them out.

Some were built by the inexperienced, some by the careless, some by men who tried to skimp. They were sold on claims which never were fulfilled.

In a season or two weaknesses developed. Users saw the shortcomings and told them to others. And nothing on earth can sell a car which owners don't approve.

Why Reo the Fifth Will Live

This year's sensation is Reo the Fifth—my finest creation.

In the 25 years I have spent in this industry I have never seen a car so popular.

And this is my 24th model. Men have used some 60,000 cars which I have built. When men flock to this car, after all that experience, I am proud of the faith which it shows in me.

And Reo the Fifth will hold its place because it justifies that faith.

Built to Endure

This car embodies all I have learned in 25 years of car building. It represents my limit—marks the best I know.

I regard every car which goes from this shop as a pledge of my good faith. My fame is at stake on it.

I insist on a thousand inspections—on radical tests such as never before were attempted.

Each lot of steel is twice analyzed, before and after treating. Gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. I do not depend on a hammer.

The driving parts are all designed for a 45-horsepower engine, so the margins of safety are all extreme.

Engines are submitted to five radical tests, requiring 48 hours. Completed cars are tested out until we know they are utterly perfect.

Costly Features

In Reo the Fifth I use the costliest steel that is made for automobiles. I use roller bearings instead of the cheaper ball bearings. There are 11 Timken bearings in Reo the Fifth, and 4 of the Hyatt High Duty. I use 190 drop forgings.

The carburetor is doubly heated to avoid the troubles with low-grade gasoline.

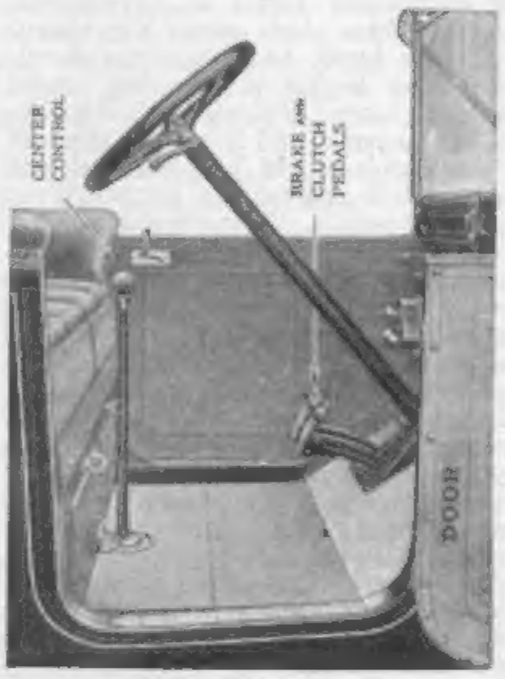
The body is finished with 17 coats. The upholstering is made of genuine leather, deeply filled with genuine hair.

The wheels are large, the tonneau is roomy. I avoid all the usual petty economies.

The result of this is, every car which goes out is bound to sell twenty others. And the craze for this car will endure.

Center Control

Left Side Drive



Reo the Fifth has the center control, as nearly all cars will have next year.

But most center controls merely place the side levers between the two front seats. We use a small handle, placed close to the seat. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there is no reaching—nothing in the way. The front doors are unobstructed.

This permits the left side drive, to which all cars are coming. The right side drive is, a few months from now, likely to be very much out of date.

The driver should sit close to the cars he passes, and on the up side of the road. This has always been so in electrics. It should be so in all cars when we get rid of side levers.

Price Going Up

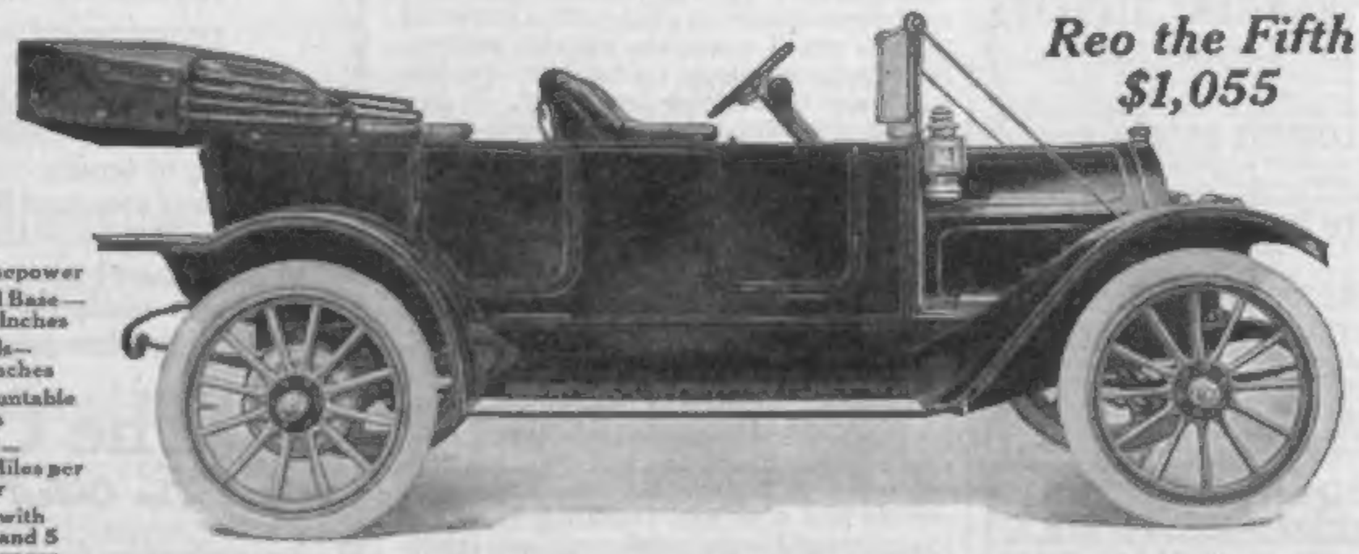
The price of this car must soon be advanced because of advancing materials.

We are now using up the last materials bought at lower prices.

I have known that a higher price had to come, for the car today is much underpriced. But the price for this month remains $1,055—the lowest price at which a car of this class ever sold.

1,000 Dealers

Reo the Fifth is sold by dealers in a thousand towns. Write us for our catalog showing the various bodies and we will tell you where to see the car.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

R. M. Owen & Co., General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(96)

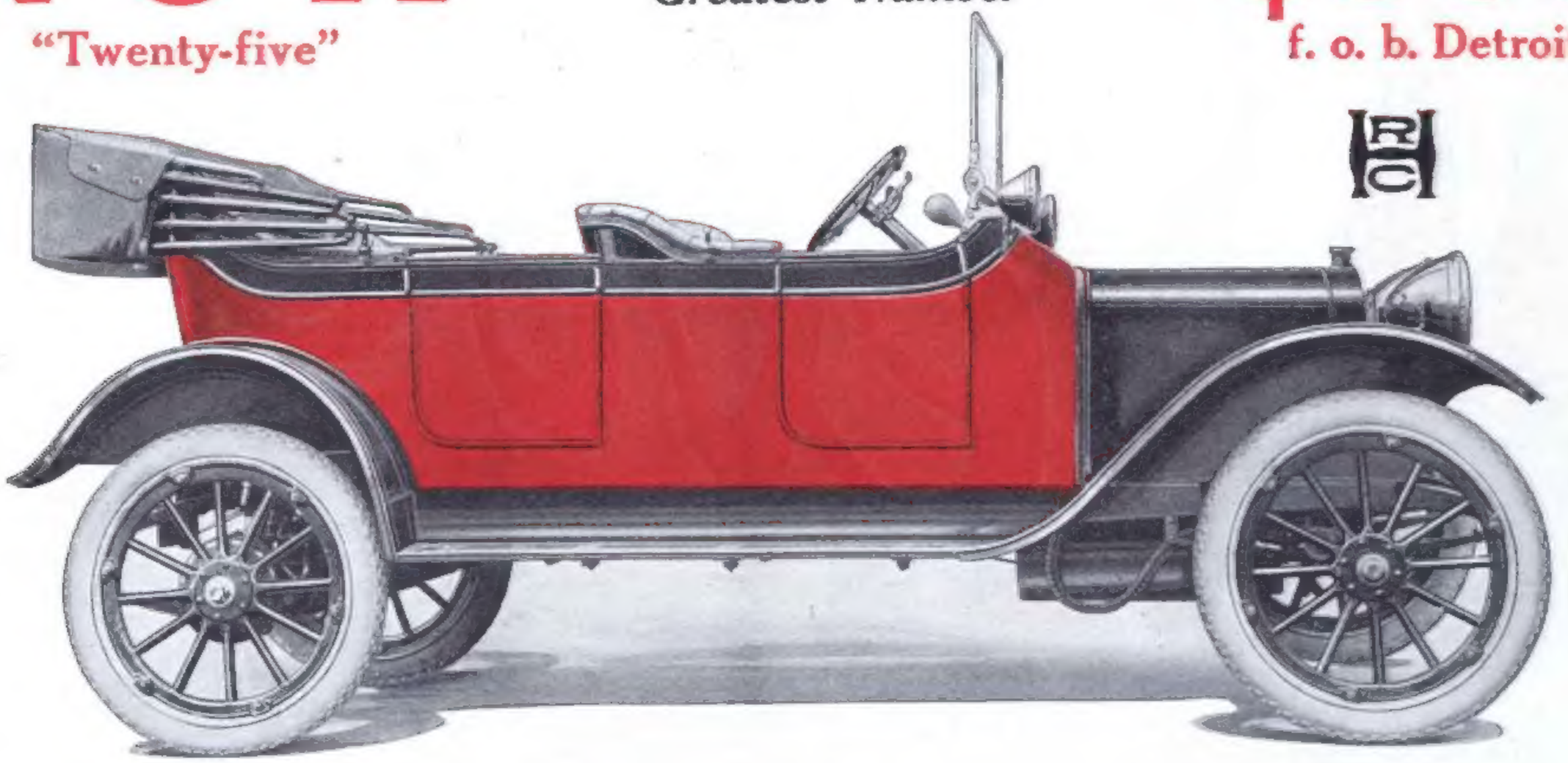
R-C-H

"Twenty-five"

"The Greatest Car for the Greatest Number"

$900

f. o. b. Detroit



Compare These Two Columns For Yourself

What Constitutes a Fully Equipped Car?	How the R-C-H meets the Requirements	A Fair Valuation
1. Complete protection from wind, rain, dust, sun and cold.	1. A stout, serviceable, attractive top, with cover. One-piece windshield—integral with the body.	$90 00
	A complete set of Jiffy curtains—not the old-fashioned, hard-to-handle side curtains. They can be adjusted in a minute without leaving the seat.	25 00
2. A Dependable, Economical Lighting System.	2. 12-inch Bullet electric head-lights, double parabolic lens; 6-inch Bullet electric side-lights with parabolic lens; and battery.	75 00
3. Reliable Ignition.	3. Bosch Magneto (assurance of perfect magneto satisfaction).	75 00
4. Accurate Speed Indication.	4. Warner Auto-Meter (assurance of perfect speed indication and record).	50 00
5. Tires gauged to the proper size for the weight of the car; and provision for safe driving on slippery roads.	5. 32 x 3½ tires—non-skid all around. (Valuation given is a fair one over smooth tread.)	30 00
6. Provision for quick change of tires when necessary.	6. Demountable rims. Valuation given is a fair one over ordinary rims.	50 00
7. Provision for rim change.	7. Extra rim and holders.	15 00
8. Adequate warning signal.	8. Special Tally-Ho Horn.	10 00
9. A device to enable the driver to see behind the car, guarding against rear-end accidents.	9. Rear-view mirror.	3 00
10. Necessary equipment for repairs and adjustments to machinery or tires.	10. Tool-kit, Jack, Tire Repair Kit, Pump.	15 00
11. A place for robes or extra garments.	11. Robe-rail.	3 00
		$441 00

THIS is all equipment essential to complete motoring satisfaction; it is of the very highest quality; and the figures given are a fair estimate of what the items would cost you if bought separately. Some cars have **some** of these items; you **need** them **all.**

When considering a car, note how many of these accessories are missing, or of a lower grade; and add their cost to the price asked for the car.

Then note the specifications, construction details and performance of the R-C-H as compared with the other car, no matter what its price—and act accordingly.

Specifications

Wheelbase—110 inches. **Motor**—Long stroke; 4 cylinders cast en bloc; 3½ x 5. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive—Left side.**—Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch steering wheel. Spark and throttle control on steering column. **Control—center lever** operated through H-plate integral with universal joint housing just below. Hand-lever emergency brake at driver's right. Clutch pedal operated by left foot. Service brake operated by right foot. Foot accelerator in connection with hand throttle. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Transmission**—3 speeds forward and reverse; sliding gear, selective type. **Construction**—Drop-forgings wherever practicable; chrome nickel steel used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high-carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness. **Body**—Full 5-passenger English type; extra wide seats; 10-inch cushions specially upholstered. **Wheels**—Artillery type.

R-C-H CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches — ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.; BOSTON, 583 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.; CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.; CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.; DENVER, 1520 Broadway; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.; KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.; LOS ANGELES, 1242 So. Flower St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 330 No. Broad St.; WALKERVILLE, ONT., CANADA

Velvet

"The Smoothest" TOBACCO

10¢ Tins - Handy 5¢ Bags - One pound glass humidor jars.